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O'CONNELL'S MISSION.

THERE is one main distinction between the Government of Earl Grey and the Melbourne Administration, which should never be lost sight of in judging of the conduct of the latter. During Lord Grey's Administration, obstruction to many of those reforms which the People are seeking, lurked within the Cabinet itself, in the timidity or openly-proclaimed disinclination of its chief; but, at present, opposition is concentred in the House of Peers and its Tory dependants. The existence of Lord Grey's Government was, in fact, hastening to become a much worse evil than the late audacious usurpation of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel—because it divided the Reformers. The Grey Government was, in many instances, obstinately blind, if not wilfully inimical, to the wrongs, the claims, and the interests of the Irish nation. It had, by coldness and reluctance to move onward, lost the confidence of a large section of the British Reformers, and completely alienated the powerful party led by O'Connell. It had produced a state of things which bore out Sir Robert Peel in his calculations (avowed, the other day, at Tamworth) of being justified in taking office with a fair prospect of maintaining himself in power, if not by the confidence of the People, yet by the dissensions among Reformers, and by O'Connell's hostility to the Whigs. The wary politician overshot the mark. Well did he know, and tacitly he confessed, what his coadjutor, Wellington, has lately proclaimed—the power of the leader of the Irish People. O'Connell, neutralized, or in hostility to the Whig party—if not coalescing with Peel—was looked to as the corner-stone of his Administration:—when that failed, all gave way. He had grievously miscalculated the character of the "Great Agitator." When the worst clog upon the progress of Reform was seen to be removed from the Cabinet by the resignation of Stanley and Earl Grey, the hostility of the Irish party was disarmed—for the practical genius of its leader was not slow to discover that it was wiser now to forbear, and even to yield a little to the constitutional infirmities of our well-inclined friends, the Whigs, than either to peril revolution, or to place the new-created Reform Bill, and with it all our dawning hopes and expectancies, at the tender mercy of a Peel-Wellington Government. We are the better satisfied with the moderated views of O'Connell, that, from the moment of the accession of Lord Melbourne's Government, they have been those which we have entertained and endeavoured to inculcate. And we now feel gratified and proud that our opinions have received so high a sanction. And what have been the results of these moderated and practical views—this wise and generous forbearance? Why, in the first place, by the cordial union of the Whigs and Reformers, English, Irish, and Scottish, the Tories have been baffled in all their schemes:—at the end of three months, they retreat in disgrace—Peel practically telling the men of Tamworth—"We hoped, while these vociferous wranglers were quarrelling about the shell, we might quietly swallow the oyster; but they have been too many for us. Who could have imagined it? One party turns a deaf ear to our 'clap-traps;' the other buries all private jealousies and animosities the moment we, the common enemy, are seen to be in the field. Radicals extend the right hand to Whigs. The Irish and British people, for the first time in history, unite to discomfit us."—And are such results not worth gaining, by the sacrifice of a little time and patience—by a conciliatory spirit and some small concessions?

But our gains are of far richer account. For the first time, the Irish and the British people are brought into cordial affinity, in the peaceful but determined pursuit of a common object. This incalculable blessing of union—for which the generous conduct of the Irish politicians and the Irish nation, throughout our protracted struggle, had paved the way—will be confirmed by the Mission of O'Connell. At last, the Union of the three kingdoms promises to be completed; not by bribery and fraud forwarding the purposes of injustice, but by the People themselves—too long kept asunder by ignorance and prejudice, but, above all, by the artifices of their oppressors—cordially uniting, and striving, more and more, to aid each other in obtaining the great ends of all this excitement and struggle, in the reform of every defective institution, in the removal of all abuses, and, above all, in justice to Ireland. Any liberal man, witnessing the enthusiastic, the glorious welcome, given to O'Connell in this city, and in every town he has

visited, and contrasting it with the cold or rather virulent feeling towards Ireland which existed in the metropolis of Scotland, even so late as the date of that ineradicable stain on the Grey Government, the Irish Coercion Bill, must have congratulated himself upon so sudden and so blest a change. It is a lamentable truth that too many of the English and Scottish Reformers were long worse than indifferent to the wrongs of Ireland. They were sceptical about her grievances, impatient of her complaints, which they called clamours, and only half alive to that grossest enormity ever perpetrated in the name of Protestant Christianity, her rapacious and bloated Church Establishment. They were more:—the obligation which the cause of British Reform owes to the undeviating support of the Irish members, was coldly felt and reluctantly confessed, or accepted as a homage which a dependant owes to a superior, and therefore entitled to no gratitude. There was, indeed, a small, a very small section, in which we have been proud to enrol ourselves, who all along viewed the claims of Ireland upon the single grounds of immutable justice, and who never looked with doubt or anxiety upon the conduct of her champion, but from single-hearted attachment to her cause. Thank Heaven, all occasion of doubt, and almost of anxiety, is past! Shrewd and selfish Reformers have fully discovered that we cannot do without the Irish—that they are, at least, as necessary to us as we can be to them. It is practically felt that *we can't afford* to be disunited. The discovery, that we could not have done without them, has been made by sure appeal to Cocker; and Sir Robert Peel confirms the testimony. The very first symptom of Whig inclination to do tardy justice to Ireland—even small justice—a beginning—measures far short of the mischief—was magnanimously met by O'Connell. The will was taken for the deed; and, during a session in which the Irish members have given the Whig party the most efficient support, and, in fact, ousted their opponents, they have only acted in well-grounded hope of better things next time: for nothing is yet done for Ireland. One by one, every small measure of redress for that country has been rejected; but the fault, for once, was not with the Whig party; the obstruction was, this time, not in the Cabinet; and, therefore, it has deservedly received the support of that man who has faithfully earned for himself the glorious name—a name far above that of king or emperor—of the LIBERATOR of his native land. But, though little apparent progress has been made in this session, much real work has been done. In the first place, the rubbish has been removed, the foundations have been dug and cleared, the scaffolding has been contrived; and, these preliminary labours accomplished, we shall, next year, see the renovated social fabric springing up as if by magic.

Still we shall look to the cordial union into which Reformers have been driven by Tory audacity, as the most auspicious feature of the present session; but, above all, to the union effected between the Reformers of Britain and our oppressed brethren of Ireland. And this we owe a little, no doubt, to the operation of time and reflection, but immeasurably more to the admirable policy displayed by the leader of the Irish nation: admirable because identified with every principle of disinterested honesty—and not more with the happiness of Ireland than with the peace and prosperity of England and Scotland, and, through these, with the freedom and amelioration of the whole human race. The atrocious conduct of that cutpurse of empire—that canker of kings—Louis Philippe—whom Peel has so warmly eulogized, has again made Britain the ark of the Old World's liberty. How vigilant, at this particular time, should her guardian spirits be, when Tory domination, however short-lived, were doubly dangerous; and how grateful to those men who, sinking all minor differences, heartily co-operate in the great object of *keeping out the Tories!* An hour of them is dangerous, but a year were fatal; as, by attempting to retard or destroy our liberties, they must, to certainty, provoke a violent and sanguinary revolution.

We are more disposed, upon ordinary occasions, to sympathize with those manly spirits who revolt and chafe at the shadow of concession to the Tories, than with the timid and over-conciliatory men who yield everything to fear, and who dare nothing in the conscious strength of a just cause. But, upon the late occasion of the Municipal Bill, we must think, with O'Connell, Hume, and many other tried Reformers, that the concession has been made to the interests of our own cause at a very peculiar crisis—to prudence—to ourselves, in short; and not, save in appearance, to our blinded enemies. The Liberal Members of the House of Commons have been wise enough quietly to pocket what O'Connell calls ten shillings and sixpence in the pound, of a debt which not long since looked desperate. We do not reckon it quite so much as ten shillings and sixpence; but call it only five shillings, and it is still so much clear gain; with this farther collateral advantage, that it in part supplies the sinews of war for the next campaign. The liberal party are enabled to face the next election in greater strength, armed with even this mutilated and dismembered Corporation Bill. The five shillings in hand gives us more power to employ agents and advocates in the House of Commons, to call up the rest of our just debt. But had the Government, upon this partial, first, and extorted payment, given a final quittance—a receipt in full—then we should have had cause for discontent. It has, on the contrary, declared, again and again, that this is no final measure. The Government is in short still pledged to the principles of its original and undefaced bill. Had the Commons pushed collision farther, what might have been the result? We should, in the first place, have wanted the small portion of good already secured by the imperfect measure, and soon to be operative. Instead of giving their Lordships pause

for reflection, they would have been urged to some fresh and desperate attempt, which, though ultimately ruinous to themselves, might meanwhile have been fraught with great mischief to the country. The scenes of November last might have been enacted over again, in imaginary self-defence, while the Tories would have enjoyed the advantage, in the eyes of the nation, of not being so manifestly in the wrong as forbearance has placed them. In the strength of plunder-filled purses, they would once more have inflicted ruinous election contests upon the Liberal candidates —one insidious means of crushing Reform, by wearing out its ablest advocates. There were here many perils to be avoided, and some advantage to be secured. Both objects have been attained. Opposition to Reform—the spirit of antagonism to all social and political improvement—has been fairly expelled from the Cabinet, and driven into its fitting stronghold—the hereditary chamber; but, above all, again and again we proclaim it, Britain and Ireland have been brought into cordial union, and in that union have found strength. We shall, we trust, see no more impatience of Irish claims, and no longer hear of preference, even in point of time, to *British objects*. The people of both islands have but one grand object—justice to each—justice to all—speedy, effectual, and peacefully obtained. And this is the object of the Mission of O'Connell: to prepare the minds of Scotchmen and Englishmen for obtaining what they alike desire—their hearts are gained already;—to cement a real union, and to strengthen its bonds by argument, by eloquence, by sympathy. For this mighty purpose, the Irish missionary has been openly meeting the men of England and Scotland in their halls and in their streets; while the despots of Europe are secretly confederating in unholy league at Kalisch—Sir Robert Peel agitating from Tamworth—and Mr O'Sullivan and Mr M'Ghee scattering their firebrands through the country. These are the kind of men who pretend that their firebrands are lighted at God's holy altar; while the accomplishment of their diabolical purposes, of stirring up religious hatred for base political purposes, stops not short of extinguishing them in the blood of his creatures. Thank Heaven, the eyes of men are opening to these priestly arts—to this Protestant jesuitry! and this important end has been greatly promoted by the Mission of O'Connell. It is with no common feeling of satisfaction that enlightened men hail the appearance, for the first time, at public meetings, of Protestant ministers of the gospel, who come forward and frankly meet a distinguished Catholic upon the high but neutral ground of the civil rights common alike to all men, whatever may be their sect or their faith. No part of the numerous eloquent addresses, delivered by O'Connell in his triumphant progress, have been more enthusiastically received by clergymen and laymen, by hearers and by readers, than his rational and liberal declarations on religious subjects; for upon these there existed great delusion, artfully spread, and influencing men who ought to have known better. With one sentence, he swept away that refuge of lies; denouncing the unholy compact of Church and State, and proclaiming the VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE. That principle was avouched by a Catholic, which is the destruction of priestcraft in all countries and among all sects. If there be any man who still believes that O'Connell is the agent of the Pope and the minion of the priests, we shall reprint that memorable sentence for his benefit. We are aware that some persons will pretend, under adroit teaching, to believe that to which their secret consciences give the lie. But to most men, whatever be their degree of illumination, this declaration of sentiment leaves no resource, except saying that O'Connell is not to be believed upon his solemn and deliberate testimony, given in the face of thousands of Scotsmen—men not apt to yield a hasty or implicit faith to mere words—not wont to be over-credulous to professions—but who yet received his assurance as worthy of all acceptation. If there was a moment at the Edinburgh Festival in which enthusiasm was wound up to the highest pitch, it was then, when the only doubtful point was cleared up, and the lie publicly given to those fallacious and mischievous statements which have tended to excite heart-burnings among us, and to keep asunder Reformers of different faiths. It is not the least remarkable fact that these declarations of religious freedom were made in an assembly in which there were men of all religious sects, though ninety in the hundred were Protestants; and that the exulting shouts with which they were received by Protestant ministers were returned by the cheers of Catholic priests. This, indeed, was union; and well may the enemies of the people—Peel, who calculated on our intestine divisions, and the dotards of high Toryism, who calculate upon nothing—tremble at its progress. Mr O'Connell was speaking of the disfranchisement of the corrupt borough of Stafford, resisted, in common with every good measure, by the Peers. But he said that there were other bills:—

> Oh! I should detain you for the night were I to go through them. (Go on.) There was the Irish Church Bill. (Hear, hear.) There was this principle established in that Bill—that the Protestant Establishment in Ireland should be kept up to the full amount of the wants of the Protestant population in that country. That was a recognised principle of the Bill. Now, for my part, I own it candidly, I am for the *Voluntary principle*.

If this be not sufficient to stop—to choke in their throats the outcry of the *spoliation* and *No Popery* faction, we can only give them our pity, so far as they are honest in their bigotry, and leave them to truth and time. But we have too long delayed the immediate business on hand —the Progress of O'Connell.

The saying is quite just, that, if men could meet and talk together every day, prejudice and narrow-mindedness, where there are no contravening selfish interests, would soon be banished from society. Books and newspapers can only in part supply the place of personal intercourse. One or two individuals in this city, who had re-

marked how far actual contact dispels delusion, and the important consequences produced on the public mind by the noble burst of liberal feeling displayed by Lord Durham at the Grey Festival, last year, felt a longing for a renewal of such impressions; and to what man could they look, who, from character, position, influence, talents, and, far above all, patriotic feeling, might be compared with O'Connell! Their reiterated invitations led to this Mission, which opens a new chapter in English history; that which shall record that Great Britain and Ireland, too long alienated, were at length knit together in the bonds of brotherhood. The invitation of the metropolis of Scotland being frankly and cordially accepted, led to many other invitations; and O'Connell came among the congregated masses of manufacturing England, and of the most populous parts of Scotland, as the representative and advocate of his injured and ill-understood country; and, as he has called himself, a *missionary* to preach down the unjust domination of the House of Lords. In both capacities, he has been signally successful; and we believe we could not employ a few of our pages more pleasantly, and certainly not more usefully, than in briefly recording his progress. It is no great secret that, until within the last few months, O'Connell, save to a chosen few, has been more wondered at than admired by the British public, whether Whig or Tory. His actual appearance has dispelled much delusion, and removed many ridiculous prepossessions. There is some truth as well as point in the joke of one of our newspapers, that the Edinburgh children—who, until they shall be old men, will retain a pleased recollection of his manly, good-humoured, and handsome Hibernian countenance—were at first rather astonished to find that the Agitator had, after all, no *tail*. There is, indeed, immense good in public men coming abroad and actually getting into contact with the people. The Tories know this well. They are gnashing the teeth with impotent rage at the triumph of O'Connell's Mission. They know well that the living voice, the kindling eye, the sympathetic chord, struck and thrilling through the hearts of assembled men, are worth volumes of sober argument, and cart-loads of dry political discussion. They know that O'Connell, who has roused and concentrated the energies of the Irish nation, had only to appear, to give a new impulse to the masses of England and Scotland.

O'Connell's first appearance on this memorable journey was at Manchester. He reached that city upon the evening of Wednesday the 9th September, and met the assembled people on the following day. Many of them, and especially his own proud countrymen, were marshalled in procession. At the different places he has visited, he has uniformly addressed the multitudes that could get near him in the open air; and more select assemblies at the public entertainments given to him in the evening. As his own sentiments, opinions, and eloquence, formed the rarest parts of those banquets, we shall be excused from noticing anything of inferior moment. At Manchester, he first stated the extent of obligation which the people of England and Scotland, or all of them who value Reform, owe to Ireland. He said he was come to awaken the sympathies of England for his country; and, after warning the people against violence, and solemnly disclaiming unlawful acts and unlawful societies, he reverted to the other part of his duty, the House of Peers.

"I am engaged in that mission," he said; "I am labouring in that vocation; I trust I may say it without profaneness, I am working out my salvation by the single instrumentality of endeavouring to do good to my country and my countrymen. I want that the advantages of your civil institutions shall not only extend throughout the remotest portions of the empire, but that they shall be ameliorated in their progress, and improved in the course of their extension. I want that you yourselves—for here we have common cause—shall have that machinery of legislation which shall enable you to reform every abuse, to cut away every corruption, to ameliorate every portion of your institutions, and to secure to you that progress which you have secured to yourselves in arts, in science, in commerce, and industry, and literature—I want to secure to you the same progress in the great arts of good and of cheap government. I will come to the point at once. You have one House of Legislature, the majority of which is disposed to do its duty. You have another House of Legislature avowedly against the people—having an interest that tells them to stop the progress of improvement, and faithfully acting up to that interest, you may be sure. Well, now, if any man can suppose the House of Lords ten times worse than it is, (and, Heaven knows, he must have a powerful imagination!) what remedy have you? How would you control them? You cannot turn them out. Can you, without violence and revolution, have any species of redress? Are they not there, from father to son, fixed in their seats, in spite of you, without any species of correction but that which we should abhor? I remember some one asking, at a meeting in London—'What do you mean by cleansing the Augean stable of the House of Lords?' 'Why, the Augean stable was cleansed by turning a river into it.' 'Oh, I have it now; but if, instead of turning the river into the Lords, suppose we turn the Lords into the river.' (Laughter.) Now, that's a plan I totally disapprove of. I am afraid, amongst other reasons, there is so much lead in the upper regions, and that there would, therefore, be so much alacrity in sinking, that they would stick in the mud. (Shouts of laughter.) But, in sober sadness, is this great country come to that point? Do you ask why have we not arrived at it long since? Because the Lords were masters of the House of Commons, when Old Sarum had representatives, and Manchester had not; for the majority of the House of Commons were nothing but the nominees, stewards, and servants of the House of Lords. The machine went on perfectly well, because there was but one locomotive power to it; but if you put an engine at each end of a train of your railway carriages, and each engine pulls in a different direction, you would first have a stand-still as long as the two moving powers were equal, and, when this ceased, there would follow a subversion or a burst. It is so at present with the State machine. We have come to a rest. They will do nothing but pull their own way. See what a slaughter they have made of good measures in the present session!"

In his speech at the Edinburgh dinner, he enumerated these slaughtered measures; and, as our object is rather to give the pith of his discourses than to observe order in detail, we may here bring them in. In praising the perfection to which machinery had been brought in England, he thus, with playful sarcasm, adverted to their Lordships:—

If a man were to come and tell me that spinning with

the distaff is an ancient institution, and therefore to cry "Down with the spinning jennies, and up with the distaffs —it is blasphemy to use the spinning jennies, the old women used to spin very comfortably"—would we be justified in taking his advice? What would become of the manufactories of this country, if we were condemned to have no yarn but what was spun from the distaffs? I am for the new and improved machinery. Sir Robert Peel is in favour of the spinning-jennies in manufactures, and yet he comes forward, the child and champion of the oligarchy, and hurrahs for the distaffs in politics. (Cheers.) But then he is a friend to the Dissenters. Mighty like a friend, as we say in Ireland. (Laughter.) He reminds me of an individual who interfered in a duel in Ireland, without being a second. When asked what was his business there, he said, "I am a mutual friend." "Oh! then," said the querist, "we must have a mutual friend on the other side." (Laughter.) So I suppose Sir Robert Peel is a mutual friend of the Dissenters—on one side. (Continued laughter.) He a friend of the Dissenters! Now, was there anything ever yet heard so audacious as this? Why, didn't he oppose the Dissenters even more than he did the Catholics? Did he not say that one great argument for not emancipating the Catholics—for whom, on account of their numbers, he admitted there was some show of justice—was the fear that it would lead to the emancipation of the Dissenters: that was his argument. But even an unreformed House of Commons would no longer endure that one class of Protestants should be stigmatized by another class for differing with them in judgment—and what did Peel do? He got petted, the angry boy, and walked out of the House in the face of his party, who were obliged to apologize for the infirmity of his temper. (Great laughter.) And even no farther than last year he refused to the Dissenters the poor privilege of obtaining degrees at the Universities. And yet Peel calls himself the friend of the Dissenters! But the Dissenters will rather confide in the promises of Lord John Russell. They will speedily be put on a perfect equality with the rest of their Protestant brethren. They will have their own marriages—Why not? They will have their own mode of baptism—Why not? They will have the burial of their dead—Oh! that law should interfere between a Christian and the last rites he pays to his departed relative! Peel would have continued this system, but I am sure that Lord John Russell will abolish the last particle of these stigmas, and the Protestant Dissenters will laugh to scorn the hollow promises of Sir Robert Peel.

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Oh, what a quantity of mischief have they, (the Lords,) not done in the last session! How many useful measures have they not checked in their progress! There was the prisoners' counsel bill. You will be surprised to hear in Scotland, that if a prisoner in England is charged with a misdemeanour, he may have counsel, but if it amounts to a crime—if his life is in danger, such is the *humanity* of the English law, that he is denied the benefit of counsel. The counsel, to be sure, can cross-examine the witnesses; but, if he dares to speak as to the merits of the charge, he is put down by the judge, who tells him that the prisoner may speak for himself. A very pretty proceeding this is! But the bill which was introduced to do away with that anomaly was annihilated in the House of Lords. (Hear.) Another bill was brought in, to disfranchise Stafford, where, out of 521 electors, how many do you think were bribed? Why, gentlemen, only 520! (A laugh.) There was just one found faithful, and to his honour be it said, he was a clergyman of the Church of England. (Hear, hear.) But the 520 individuals, every mother's son of them, were bribed. (Great laughter.) But what did the House of Lords do with the disfranchisement bill? Why, they took a religious notion, and having *one* just man in Stafford, they forgave the 520!—(renewed laughter)—with most exemplary piety, they left the 520 to be bribed again. (Mr O'Connell alluded to another bill for facilitating the administration of the effects of deceased persons, and proceeded.) There was another bill—but really if I were to enumerate all the bills, I would detain you all night—(laughter)—I say there was the Irish Church Bill. Now, the principle of that bill was, that Protestantism should be kept up in Ireland as long as Protestants remained—the pastors being paid out of the funds of the State. Now, for my own part, I candidly tell you, I am for the Voluntary principle. (Cheers.) Those who differ with me on that subject—and those who differ have an equal right to their opinions as I have to mine, and I do not mean here to impugn their opinions—but I say that those who differ with me ought to be content with this, that so far as you find a Protestant in Ireland, he shall be provided with spiritual instruction out of the funds of the State. We did not go the length of your own sturdy ancestors, who insisted on having the creed of the Established Church the same as that of their forefathers. There are about 800,000 Protestants in Ireland, while there are six millions of Catholics. But we offered cheerfully to pay for the religious instruction of the 800,000, and only asked that the surplus funds should be appropriated—and to whom? To the six millions? No, but to the purposes of general religious and moral instruction. Oh, but you say the Catholics of Ireland do not become Protestants, because they (the Catholics) are ignorant, benighted, and uninstructed. If that be so—if there be such ignorance and darkness, the way to dispel it is surely to spread the light of education. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Well, I don't think, after all, we were very unreasonable; we only, as I have already said, wanted the surplus for the purposes of religious and moral education. But what did the Lords do? Why, the clause for religious and moral education was totally unfit for the House of Lords, the Bench of Bishops, and all; because, if there were education, there would be no longer Toryism. There really could not, and my own opinion is, that there will not be Toryism much longer. Toryism is really and essentially dishonest. I will tell you why. Strip Toryism of its delusion, and pray, what is it, but that my uncle or my cousin should get place or emolument? (Cheers and laughter.) Some Tories are foolish enough to be content with a bow from a great man, but those are silly Tories; the real Tory is quite a different animal—he likes corruption, because something will come out of it. But it will soon vanish—and the time will speedily come when a man will shrink from the appellation of Tory as much as if he were called a rogue. (Hear.) They now, to be sure, attempt to style themselves by the immaculate name of Conservatives; but shorten that title, and call them rogues in future. (Great laughter.) To return to the Irish Church Bill: the Lords thought differently this session from what they did last. This session they agreed to reduce the incomes of the Protestant clergy to £72 : 15s. per cent., although last session we offered them—and I myself drew the clause—£77 : 10s. per cent., which they rejected. (Hear.) Well, but Paddy is determined not to pay tithes, and there is no determination in which a man can be so fixed as *not to pay*. (Laughter.) He was cited to the ecclesiastical court, he would not pay; he was sued in the Exchequer, and he would not pay; he was sued at common law, and he would not pay; he was called on by the police, yet he would not pay. (Laughter.) They brought out horse, foot, and artillery, still not a doit would he pay; and, as if to make religion more Christian in his eyes, they shot as many Paddies as they could. (Renewed laughter.) There they lay, nine of them in one slaughtered heap—but still he would not pay. (Cries of Hear, hear.) Then the Lords offered to take the £72 : 15s. per cent.; but Paddy would not give it to them—they must swallow the bill entire—they must take the moral and religious instruction clause, or take nothing at all. The pill was, however, too bitter for them, and so there was an end of it in the House of Lords. There were other bills relating to Ireland, and one particularly, which, although it might create very little attention in Britain, north or south, was yet of very considerable importance to families in Ireland. In Scotland, you all know that the marriage law is the most open that can well be. A marriage contract can be formed without celebration, by a distinct and open avowal. In England, the contract is wound up in a thousand forms; and thus, in the most important contract that can be made by human beings, something may

be omitted that will be fatal to children. In Ireland there is a middle state. Every marriage is valid that is celebrated by a clergyman of any order or description. If by a Protestant clergyman, it is valid between a Protestant and Catholic, or any other persuasion. But there is one exception; if celebrated by a Catholic clergyman between a Roman Catholic and a person who is a Protestant, or who even was so within twelve months before the marriage, it is totally void and null. Is the priest punishable? Not at all. Is the husband punishable? Not at all. Is the wife? Yes, she too often is; for it enables many a seducer to accomplish his vile purposes, who would be treated with scorn and contempt if he were to come without such a mask; and I have known instances of the most cruel misery resulting from this law. The children who have done no wrong are made to suffer. Well, we brought a bill into the House of Commons to remedy this crying evil. It passed nearly unanimously—it went up to the Lords, and what do you think? Why, because *I* advocated it, they had the atrocity to throw it out, and leave the innocent children to suffer. (Cries of shame, shame.) It may be said this is a small matter. Oh, no, gentlemen. It bespeaks a great principle, and it shews with what vile pertinacity the Lords use their influence against everything that has the appearance of justice, or that is in conformity with the wishes of the people.

Though the topics upon which O'Connell descanted at his several stages, were necessarily much the same—namely, the wrongs and claims of Ireland, the infatuation of the Peers, and the necessity of immediate Reform in the Upper House, together with religious freedom, universal brotherhood, and the wisdom of the people seeking their mighty objects only by peaceful and lawful means; his expansive eloquence, genial feeling, copiousness of imagery, and felicity of illustration, gave infinite diversity to his speeches. Yet they all seemed to arise from the spontaneous feeling of the moment, without much design or any arrangement. They were, literally, the out-pourings of a full heart, and, therefore, the highest species of natural eloquence. He gave way to every impulse as it arose—the gay, the playfully sarcastic, the sportive, the pathetic, the humorous; and appeared alike at home in every varying mood; in every case giving that surest proof of mastery—the carrying his audience enthusiastically along with him. If art in elocution was there, its efforts were invisible—an admitted consequence of the consummate perfection of oratory. Thus, even as a mere speaker, O'Connell has agreeably surprised our northern audiences. Even the slight nationality of accent sometimes apparent, fell pleasantly on the ear, like the distinctive character of a national melody.

O'Connell was very cordially received at Newcastle—a town honourably distinguished for the spirit, intelligence, and steadiness of its reforming leaders. He there sat down to dinner upon the 14th, with about 340 gentlemen. There, as everywhere, the want has been space to accommodate the thronging guests. The chair was taken by John Fife, Esq.; Mr A. L. Potter, Mr Charnley, Mr John Rayne, Mr H. Shield, and Mr M. Dunn, officiating as Vice-Presidents. On the right of the chairman sat Mr O'Connell, Sir David Erskine, Mr Doubleday, Mr Larkin, Col. Campbell, Mr Losh, Rev. Mr Worswick, &c. On his left were Morgan O'Connell, Esq. M.P., (Mr O'Connell's second son,) Mr Morton, Mr Rayne, Mr J. Mather, George T. Dunn, Esq., Rev. Mr Riddle, &c.

It is worthy of particular notice, that, at every assembly collected in honour of the Catholic O'Connell, there were clergymen present. Religious liberty has gained as much by his Mission, as civil rights. The noble passage which we cite from his speech at Newcastle involves both of these great questions. He was commenting on Peel's late speech:—

The next part of Peel's speech referred to the Protestant Dissenters. These hypocrites have bad memories—Joseph Surface is liable to forget. I have the honour to be acquainted with a great many Protestant Dissenters. They are generally well informed; there are blockheads amongst them; there is one in this neighbourhood, who, though a Dissenter, stands up for the Establishment. If there be such a member, what a fellow he must be! If the Establishment be right, he ought to join it; if wrong, he should not attempt to support it. The most of Dissenters that I have met with are intelligent and well-informed. Does Peel think that they forget his history? He stood against the repeal of the test and corporation act. Ireland, Catholic Ireland, called for it—Protestant England called for it—the unreformed House of Commons were ashamed of persecuting their brother Protestants; and when Lord John Russell proceeded to divide the House upon it, Peel acted the part of the angry boy, got into a passion, went out of the House, leaving his friends to apologize for his want of temper, for his zeal getting the better of his good sense. If this were to be known at Cape Clear, it would excite a laugh from there to the Giant's Causeway. Last year there was a question whether Dissenters should be allowed to take degrees in the Universities. Honest Peel, the friend of the Dissenters, opposed it. (Laughter.) And, at the end of his Tamworth speech, he sets about praising Louis Philippe, the French despot, who stops the freedom of the press, which teaches men to know their rights—which expands the power of the human mind. He stops the progress of the most valuable information—information that teaches men to defend their liberties, but not to endanger the peace of society. This was the Prime Minister of last year, who wishes to be Prime Minister again! The trial by jury in effect is annihilated, and the House of Peers of France turned into a kind of perpetual criminal court. A majority of the jury is sufficient to convict; their names are not even to be published, but they are to write them down individually, and hand them to the judge. If this were done in England, is there a man in England who would not rather be ready to die than submit to it? (Long-continued cheering and applause.) I expected that; if you had not given me that response, I should have appealed to the bones of your fathers, and your grandfathers, and your ancestors, and they would not have remained quiet in their graves. Why do I appeal to you on this subject?—it is because the Prime Minister of last year praises the man who brought in that infamous measure. I think that he ought to be impeached elsewhere. If ever I see him again in office, I will ask him, are you the man who praised the wickedness of Louis Philippe? Were you not the Prime Minister who had the audacity to use such language? Would not such language set Tory, Whig, and Radical into one universal outcry? Is it not outraging the public voice from the Land's End to the distant Hebrides? The French nation seemed to pause in the hope that the people of this country would sympathize with them in their persecution, and up starts Peel—an upstart, indeed—(laughter and great applause)—and he, the organ of a party, and the Prime Minister of last year, halloos on the despot in his career of despotism. No man praises that which he would not, or ought not, to imitate. Peel, therefore, approves the measures of Louis Philippe, and ought, if he dare, to carry into action the measures he has sanctioned by his laudation. He is tied up with the policy of Louis Philippe, but he dares

not do that in England which he praises in connexion with France. (Applause.) I cannot conclude without appealing to your generosity. I call upon you to remember, that, if the Peers are allowed to rule, there will be no peace for Ireland. The artillery and cavalry will be again let loose, but, after all, the people of Ireland will not pay tithes. (Great applause.) The honourable gentleman here alluded to some cases of great cruelty and barbarity that have recently occurred at Rathcormac and other places in Ireland, in consequence of the present system of collecting tithes, and added—Are these massacres committed in some savage country, in the wilds of America? No! they occur in Ireland, where the people speak the same language as yourselves, where they sympathize with you, and rely on you, the good people of England, under the blessings of a kind Providence, to rally round them, to aid and support them in obtaining a release from their oppression. (Great applause.)

From Newcastle Mr O'Connell proceeded to Edinburgh, stopping on the way to receive deputations or to address the crowds that waylaid him. The day of his entrance into Edinburgh was Thursday the 17th September. The weather was propitious in the midst of bad weather. It was mild and bright—"a sunshine holiday." Mr Aytoun, Dr Browne, and Mr Tait, went out of town in an open carriage for eight or ten miles, to meet, welcome, and escort a guest, Illustrious, not by courtesy. We shall here borrow the account of *The Scotsman*, which has not hitherto been suspected of any violent Irish prepossessions:—"At ten o'clock, according to previous arrangement, the Trades met on the Mound, with their respective flags, insignia, and bands of music, where they formed in procession under the leadership of their delegates. The morning was bright and beautiful, and the sensation produced by the enlivening music, and the stir and bustle created by the mustering of the different Trades, soon became general, and the streets were early crowded with persons anxious to witness the spectacle, but more especially to get a view of the distinguished individual whose political power had become so towering as to frighten even the puissant Lords of England! The Trades being marshalled in order, proceeded down the Mound and along Prince's Street, at the east end of which they were joined by the Trades of Leith. The procession then marched, three deep, by the North Bridge and Nicolson Street, south to Newington, where it was arranged that Mr O'Connell should join them. After a short interval, Mr O'Connell, accompanied by Mr Aytoun, Mr Tait, and Dr Browne, drove up in a carriage-and-four, Mr Morgan O'Connell, M.P. following in his father's private carriage. The learned gentleman was greeted with loud cheers from the multitude assembled, which he courteously acknowledged. He was dressed in a green surtout, vest, and pantaloons, with a green travelling cap, encircled by a gold band, and seemed in excellent health and spirits. The people crowded around his carriage in their eagerness to get a near view of him, and he replied to their salutations with the greatest affability and good humour. One part of the procession having filed round Mr O'Connell's carriage, the remaining portion took their place in the rear. In this order, the whole moved back to the town, proceeding along the Bridges to the Waterloo Hotel. The turn-out of the Trades, although not so numerous as on the occasion of Earl Grey's visit, had nevertheless a very imposing appearance, the line of flags and banners extending to fully half a mile in length, and the individuals composing the procession being all attired in their holiday clothes. The United Irishmen, in particular, to the amount of about 400, had a most cleanly and respectable appearance, the whole wearing white trowsers and green silk sashes in uniform."

The marshalled *Trades* were twenty-six in number. "Mr O'Connell appeared in an open carriage, about the middle of the procession, and stood up the whole time, acknowledging the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, by smiling and bowing to the spectators as he passed. The procession having reached the Waterloo Hotel, Mr O'Connell left his carriage, and entered the large room, where the committee and several ladies were assembled to receive him. After having been introduced by Mr Aytoun to these gentlemen, and also to some of the ladies, the committee formed three deep, placing Mr O'Connell in the centre, and walked to the hustings, which were erected on the north part of the hill immediately behind the National Monument. The vast assemblage who congregated on the Calton Hill, amounting to 30 or 40,000, formed perhaps the most imposing spectacle of the day. The top of the hill was covered by a dense mass, in the midst of which floated the banners of the Trades, while the various roads leading to its summit were thronged with individuals going and returning; and a great portion of these being elegantly dressed females, the hill at a distance had the appearance of being belted with figured ribands, and otherwise garishly trimmed. The whole of the arrangements connected with the procession were conducted with the utmost order and decorum, and we have not heard of the slightest accident having occurred throughout the day. Mr O'Connell appeared to give general satisfaction by his affability and courteous manner to all." When the party had reached the hustings, the Address of the Trades was read, and in answer to that, Mr O'Connell made his first speech in Edinburgh. He said—

Men of Scotland,—I have news for you—I have come here to tell you the news. The Tories of England say, that they will regain their power again. (No, no.) They repent that they permitted the Reform Bill to be carried; and I have no doubt that their repentance is very sincere. (Laughter.) There is no mockery at all about it; and I can tell you, that although they have put forth much hypocrisy and delusion, they are equally sincere in their intention to defeat the operation of the Reform Bill, and to bring back the tyranny of Toryism. But they never shall. (Tremendous cheering.) I have seen 100,000 proofs to-day that they never shall succeed. I have traversed the broad lands of England—I have attended in her great commercial towns—I saw swarms of her intelligent operatives pouring forth by hundreds of thousands—and I saw in the countenance of every one of them the determination written, that "Britons never shall be slaves!" (Loud cheers.) I have come to your lovely land. I never had the honour to set my foot on Scottish ground till yesterday; and, from the first moment I entered your cultivated soil, till this instant,

when I have the honour to address you, and when I see such a multitude assembled to meet me, my heart has throbbed with pleasure, and glowed with new animation in the cause of human freedom. (Cheers.) And when I look around me, not only on the vast number of goodly beings who have surrounded me this day, and the congregated myriads I now see before me, but when I look upon the splendid panoramic view which now meets my eyes on every side—Oh! how can I see that beautiful scenery, lover of nature as I have always been, and my entranced soul not exclaim—

Where is the coward who would not dare
To fight for such a land!—(Loud cheers.)

Yes! we are safe from the inroads of Toryism! Long has Scotland felt the galling chains of the Dundas tribe—that gang of peculators who fell off from the public body, only when, like leeches, they were gorged with public plunder, and could swallow no more. (Laughter.) But they had in reserve a fresh gang of Dundas leeches, to suck the life-blood of the people. (Great cheering and laughter.) I remember the time, when a man in Edinburgh who would have dared to address a public meeting, as I am now addressing you, would have, the next day, or the next week, so soon as the forms and mockeries of justice would have permitted, been sent on board a transport, to visit the far distant shores of the Pacific, if he was lucky enough to escape a morning walk to the Grassmarket. (Laughter, and cries of "True.") During the Dundas reign, thought itself was not free—for a man in whose countenance might be read one idea favourable to human liberty, or whose brow bore a frown of indignation, was held to have committed an offence against the majesty of Toryism, and was deemed worthy of dungeons and fetters; but, worse than that, they employed spies—they sent among the Liberals of the day their minions of blood, who promoted the spirit of freedom that they might the more easily sell it for lucre and for gain, and enrich themselves with the blood of their fellow men. (Great cheering.) Scotchmen, are such scenes ever again to be acted in Scotland? (No no.) You will zealously help us to keep the Tories out. You have sworn it, and Scotchmen never broke their vow. (Cheers.) When England attempted to coerce the consciences of your ancestors, they registered a vow in Heaven—drew their broadswords on the mountain side, and they never sheathed them till they had asserted the liberty of belief; and it was not merely in the fight they succeeded, but even in the midst of their defeats they shewed that they were a persevering and unconquerable people; and Peel and Wellington might as well attempt to shake this rock to its base as to drive back the people of Scotland in the cause of freedom. (Cheers.) And can there be a stronger proof of this than the manner in which you have this day received the humble and personally insignificant individual who now addresses you?—(No)—With an Irish accent which must grate upon your ears—(laughter)—and a Popish creed which you have been taught to hate; with every prejudice, national and religious, against me, yet here have I been received among you with an enthusiasm which I have never seen exceeded even in the green vales of my own lovely land. (Loud cheers.)

So great was the demand for tickets to the dinner, from the town and different parts of the country, that it was found no room in Edinburgh would nearly accommodate the guests. The gentlemen who had superintended the affair with great zeal and devotion, in this exigency, obtained the large hall of the Portable Gas Company, which is 120 feet long by 71 broad. This apartment was hastily but tastefully fitted up. The pillars which supported the roof, being sixteen in number, were decorated with laurels, as was also a large representation of Mr O'Connell's crest and arms, which was placed immediately behind the chairman. The whole was brilliantly lighted by twenty-one gas lustres. The tables ran across the room; that of the chairman and croupier being placed in the centre of each side, and elevated above the rest. A gallery was fitted up at the south end for the ladies. Mr O'Connell entered the room at half-past five, and was received with loud cheers, which continued for a considerable time. The chairman was supported on the right by Mr O'Connell, Mr Tait, Dr Bowring, M.P., Dr Browne, Advocate, Dr Epps of London, the Rev. Mr Nisbet, Counsellors Russell, Richardson, Meudell, and Counsellor Mitchell of Leith, &c. &c. Upon the left, by Mr Ruthven, M.P., Dublin, the colleague of Mr O'Connell, Mr Gillon of Wallhouse, M.P., Mr Morgan O'Connell, M.P., Mr Kinloch of Kinloch, &c. &c. Above 1500 persons were present.

After the routine business, O'Connell commenced his Address to this vast dinner party in a very striking manner:—

Gentlemen, he said, I do not mean to make a speech, I rise rather to ask a question—*What has brought you all here?* (Laughter and cheers.) It seems a trivial question; yet it is not unimportant in the history of nations at the present moment. What brought you here? Curiosity, some! I have been too much abused, and too much praised, not to be the object of some interest; but did ever curiosity draw together 1500 Scotsmen before? (Cheers and laughter.) Why, that very curiosity bespeaks a foregone conclusion; and the many who have come not from curiosity, but from sympathy in my opinions, and from a consentaneous co-operation in my exertions, humble as they have been—those who come to evince that their principles of action and mine are identical, being, of course, the overwhelming majority of you whom I now address—indicates something that statesmen would do well to ponder upon. Those who think they regulate the destinies of nations, may have *materiel* for deep contemplation. (Hear.) It may be said, that this is arrogance in me; but how can that man be arrogant, to whom 1500 persons have voluntarily assembled to do honour? It may be said it is presumption; but I have travelled through England, passed through her manufacturing communities, and have seen her commercial wealth, and all that intelligence and energy of mind which it has created; and I have been cheered as a son or a brother, because, while announcing to them a mission of peace, I am, at the same time, determined to improve their political being, and to put an end to the oligarchical despotism of the Lords, who would endeavour to stifle liberty, and stop the progress of national improvement. (Loud cheering.) It is animating to think, that their opinion, in accordance with my own, shews the absolute necessity of doing away with the obstacles to peaceable improvement—the absolute necessity of preventing the country being driven to anything approaching to revolution and anarchy; and even the exaggerations in the Chairman's speech, respecting myself, violent and extravagant as those were, as applicable to me—(cries of "No, no")—yet these are sympathetic of the public mind; and your very endurance of that over-measure of praise proves how deeply you are convinced that the humble individual before you is an instrument, weak as he is in himself, yet powerful in your hands, for achieving good to England, Scotland, and Ireland. (Great cheering.) Let your statesmen weigh that lesson.

Having taken a retrospective view of the last four years, and particularly of the session just closed, he proceeded:—

Having got rid of this connexion between the two Houses, you find the Lords have taken their position. They are dictating to the country. But are you prepared to submit? (Cries of "No, no.") Your presence here is sufficient evidence, without the expression of your voices, to shew you are not; for here am I, a missionary,

to preach down the House of Lords. While the House of Lords exists in its present state, it is impossible to have honesty and justice. I repeat, if suffered to exist in its present state, it drives us to revolution, and this country is not to be driven to revolution by anything but the most extreme and inevitable causes. The changes in the British constitution for two hundred years, have all been effected in peace, calmness, and security, and wo to the land if the hand of force shall ever be employed to take from them that usurped power which can no longer be tolerated, because it is no longer of utility to the British nation! (Hear.) The franchise, in my opinion, is not sufficiently extensive. The duration of Parliaments, in my opinion—and, gentlemen, you will concur with me—is too long. The mode of voting is liable to too many modes of control, and, above all, to bribery. These ameliorations we want, and, unless we can check the House of Lords, we will not get any of them; for they are the self-styled tribunes of the people, and, as such, they only preserve as many of the voters as may be bought for about £2 a-head.

Among the other speakers on this memorable night, besides the chairman, were Mr Ruthven, M.P., Mr Gillon, M.P., Mr Morgan O'Connell, M.P., Dr Bowring, M.P., Dr Browne, Mr Tait, Mr Christie of Dundee, and many others; but we shall be pardoned for passing their speeches, as all our space is required for the LIBERATOR.

The three days succeeding the Festival were spent by Mr O'Connell in viewing the city, and in the private society of his new friends and numerous admirers—Whig, Tory, and Radical. And here, again, we must borrow the sanction of *The Scotsman*, which has, up to this time, been no inordinate admirer of O'Connell, and whose testimony will, on that account, be thought entitled to the more credit.

"Mixed with the crowd in front of the hustings, we saw Whig and Tory lawyers, some of the magistrates, several professors, and men of every grade, profession, age, condition, and party—many of them brought, of course, by mere curiosity, to hear and see the remarkable man, whose life forms a portion of the history of his country. The dinner was, upon the whole, well conducted. The conduct of the company was extremely orderly, and the pervading spirit excellent. It has been called a "Radical" dinner, and it was planned and executed by the Radical party; but a large proportion of the persons present, perhaps a half, were Whigs,* and many of them men of property and standing. We should have been well pleased to see some of the Whig leaders there; but an exertion for a public cause, and a compliment to an individual, are two different things. The one is a duty; the other a matter in which every man is at liberty to indulge his taste and predilections; and we are not entitled to censure those who, though fellow-labourers with Mr O'Connell in the work of Reform, thought that the points on which they differ from him afforded a sufficient reason for denying themselves the pleasure of sharing the banquet on Thursday. *Mr O'Connell may rest assured that a more respectable company than the one whose guest he was, has rarely assembled in Edinburgh. The Grey Festival is, perhaps, the only exception.*"

Upon Saturday, Mr O'Connell met a deputation of his countrymen, the United Irishmen of Edinburgh, in the Waterloo Rooms, when a splendidly-chased cup was presented to him, bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented by the Irish Inhabitants of Edinburgh, to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P., Liberator of Ireland, and Friend of Man, in testimony of their attachment to him, and to the principles of his public life, and in grateful acknowledgment of those exertions through which they, in common with the Irish nation, have been restored to civil and religious liberty."

O'Connell appeared deeply affected by this testimonial of the regard of his countrymen. One passage of his address to them we shall give, as it confirms what we have repeatedly said above, of the tendency of his Mission to destroy bigotry and intolerance, and draw together Protestant and Catholic in the bonds of Christian charity:—

"When I was born, the natives of Ireland—men descended from the chiefs of old, who inherited, with their parents' blood, the creed for which so much of their ancestors' blood was unjustly shed—were marked with slavery and degradation. The Catholics were only permitted to breathe and labour in their native land. I could not endure that this stigma should remain. I recorded an early vow in Heaven, that I should never submit to it; and, beginning with small means, with coadjutors not amounting to a fiftieth part of those now before me, by incessant energy, by unwearied agitation, by bringing reason and truth to bear upon her claims, I succeeded in making Ireland and Irishmen, for the first time, combined and united—and the voice of seven millions of men, like the voice of the thunder of Heaven appalling the guilty, affrighted Peel and Wellington into doing one act of justice to Ireland. (Long-continued cheering.) But the triumph which was then achieved was not narrow or sectarian. Of course, I believe my own religion to be the best upon earth, otherwise I would not adhere to it for a single moment; but I respect sincerity in every man, whatever his form of faith; and I have always held that religion was a question between man and his Creator, and that no man had a right to interfere with another in the matter. How, then, was this triumph achieved? Was it by violence? No. Was it by turbulence? No. Was it by stimulating to crime, or an appeal to force? No. Was it by shedding one drop of blood? No. Did we create one pain or pang, except in the minds of the bigots?—we had a right to vex them—(Great laughter.) No. I appealed to the people of Ireland, and told them that obedience to the law was their strength, and that one illegal act would tarnish our cause, and only tend to give power to our enemies. I told them that secret societies and secret oaths were criminal, and only afforded an opportunity to their enemies to traffic in their blood. I appealed then not to the turbulent spirits, not to those who were ready to engage in battle and in violence, but I appealed to the good fathers, by the affection they bore to their children—to the good brothers, by the care they had for their sisters—to the affectionate sons, by the reverence and duty they owed to their aged mothers—and thus all the moral worth of Ireland rallied round me, until she became too big and too mighty for her chains, and they burst asunder as the cobweb is burst asunder by a sparrow. (Cheers.)

Early on Monday morning, O'Connell, accompanied by his son, Mr Morgan O'Connell, and Mr Ruthven, set off for Glasgow, by the Linlithgow road. The people in the different towns through which he passed were all upon the alert; and so much time was lost, or, as we should say, improved, in addressing the assembled inhabitants of Falkirk, Cumbernauld, &c. &c., that the *two hundred thousand* * persons abroad on that day in Glasgow had some hours to wait before the LIBERATOR could reach them. This they did with great good-humour, rewarded for their pa-

* We demur to this. They were *Whigs, and something more.*

* We are edified by a noted High-Church and Tory paper of Glasgow endeavouring to represent the O'Connell turn-out in Glasgow as a very paltry affair, and to detract from the numbers, by stating that there were only about 65,000! persons assembled in Glasgow Green. Now, granting this were true, a trifle of 65,000 souls turning out in one town is not to be sneezed at, to our thinking.

tience when he appeared at last. He was dressed exactly as when he entered Edinburgh, and had no sooner appeared on the hustings, and been fairly recognised, than "he was greeted," says the *Glasgow Chronicle*, "with a shout that must have gone to his heart, as an irresistible proof that the men of Glasgow sympathized with the wrongs of Ireland." An eloquent Address from the Trades was then read, and Mr O'Connell commenced his reply, by a happy apology to his 200,000 of audience, for his tardy appearance among them. In tact and readiness upon such incidental occasions, O'Connell is unrivalled.

He said, he had risen early enough in the morning: he had looked at the map and knew precisely the distance; he was sure how many hours he would be upon the road, and arranged so as to be here in ample time. But he had forgot one thing in his calculations—he saw on the map the distance, but he had forgot one thing that was not to be found on maps—that there were human beings along the line—(great cheers)—and he regretted, too, for the first time, that they had turned out in thousands, and with bands and insignia, and detained him for three long hours beyond the time he had calculated upon. He could not avoid coming by Falkirk—there were a thousand associations connected with that place in his mind which left it impossible for him not to go there. It was not on account of its ancient stories; not that Wallace, though he did not fall there, left to his countrymen a legacy of freedom won from tyranny — (cheers) — and left his nation determined never to submit to slavery. (Cheers.) It was not because of the Graham of a hundred fights—not such a Graham as the silken proser of Cumberland, who having been defeated in his efforts to raise the price of corn, and to depreciate the currency, now resorts to bigotry and intolerance, to give himself an importance:—it was another reason which induced him to visit that place. It was the place that had returned to Parliament one of the five Scottish members who stood by Ireland when Stanley levelled his infernal machine, the Coercion Bill, against it. He could not avoid seeing one of the best friends of liberty and of mankind—Gillon of Falkirk. (Cheers.) He would assure them of this, that he did not leave his carriage to consume a morsel of food; and so desirous was he that there should be no delay, that the only food he had taken since yesterday, was what he had swallowed in his carriage. (Great cheering.) He stated these things to shew how very little he was in fault, except in his calculations, and he hoped the apology would be accepted. (Cheers.) All he required to do to make a speech was to adopt the address which had been presented to him, except where they exaggerated the praise of himself—(No, no)—and yet he was proud even of that exaggeration, as it shewed the powerful feelings by which they were actuated, when they put such a small frontispiece on the lofty eminence to which they had raised him. (Cheers.)

After concluding his speech on the hustings, and listening to the eloquent address of Mr Abram Duncan, a very remarkable man even among the intelligent operatives of Glasgow, O'Connell proceeded to the *Soirée* given in his honour by the Trades in the Bazaar, which was tastefully fitted up with mottoes, flowers, evergreens, &c. &c. It was filled to overflowing. Mr Tait, of the *Liberator* newspaper, presided here. When the health of the distinguished guest had been given, he addressed the meeting; and we conceive some of his observations, time and place considered, of great moment.

"The Lords," he said, "might attempt to intercept every measure of good to the people; but the waters are accumulating. Here they are! They will soon overtop the paltry dam, and give life and liberty to their current again. The real state of the case is simply this; the House of Commons are, at the present time, acting for the people. Ministers have acquired wisdom, from experience of the past. They have found the deceitfulness of Court favour. But the nail which nailed them to office is that driven by the hammer of twenty-four millions. Oh! how delightful was it to see the friends of liberty marshalled onward by the Ministers of the King! We never saw the like of it before. Hurrah, then, for the Ministry! (Great cheering.) The Tories imagine that they are yet strong. Strong in what? In their intellects? Oh, the blockheads. In their honesty? Oh, the knaves. They are strong only in the division of Reformers, in the estrangement of the Whigs from the Radicals, and of the Radicals from the Whigs. (Great cheering.) But the Whig-Radicals must unite against the knaves and the blockheads, and the victory is gained ere the battle is begun. The Tories were fond of saying that in supporting a Whig Ministry the Radicals swerved from their principles. He denied this. The Whigs of the present day were no more those of four years ago, than were the old clothes of yesterday, the dandy toilette of to-day. (Laughter and cheers.) The Whig-Radicals were combined, not for revolution as the Tories maintained; they disclaimed everything of the kind—not for the exercise of physical force, for they abhorred it. But they combined that they might advance their country in the science of government—that the human mind might have its full share of power—that the moral strength of combined and rational men might put away every oppression, lighten every burden, extend every franchise, ameliorate every institution, and establish this great country in the same position in politics that it occupied in manufactures, agriculture, commerce, science, and literature. (Cheers.)

In proposing the toast—"The Trades and non-electors of Glasgow," O'Connell made a happy and humorous allusion to the late advent of the Rev. Murtach or Mortimer O'Sullivan, and Mr M'Ghee, in that city. As the mission of these reverend gentlemen is to extend to other towns in Scotland, it may be desirable that something more than was unfolded by Larry O'Branigan in our last number should be known about them; and we can have no better authority than that of their countryman, O'Connell. He said—

A ground-swell of knowledge had made its appearance—not that of the storm, which threatened destruction, but of that healthy agitation by which was imparted life and joy. How was this powerful heaving of the public mind sought to be neutralized? By dividing it into sections. Many of their clergy were even to be found who, forgetting or neglecting the benevolent precepts of Christianity, were heard to preach division and enmity. They said, hate that Irishman. It might be asked in return, is he not a good citizen? Does he not exert himself on every occasion to benefit his fellow-men, and to accommodate the institutions to the wants of society? This may all be admitted; but still it is argued that he is a Papist, and therefore it is your duty to hate him. And, as if you had not enough of these teachers among yourselves, you have got an importation of O'Sullivans and M'Ghees to tell you that Christianity inculcates detestation of one another. This was pretty preaching; but it was still better than they would imagine. This same fellow, O'Sullivan, was born of Catholic parents like himself. For the truth of this, he could pledge himself; for he had seen his name in Father O'Flannerty's register—(cheers and laughter)—a name which he had now thought proper to cast off, but which was all the same as *Murtach*, nevertheless. (Great laughter and cheers.) Temporal interest, however, offered a premium for desertion, and *Murtach* O'Sullivan was not the boy to do anything for nought. (Great laughter.) He had a great regard for creature comforts, as they called them; so he whipped himself off from Popery and penury, and embraced Protestantism with full pockets. But O'Sullivan

came not alone. He was accompanied by a chap of the name of M'Ghee. O'Sullivan had contrived to make himself comfortable; not so, M'Ghee—at least, as yet. Poor M'Ghee was only a curate, and they all knew what Swift said—that the poorest of all rats were the cu-rats. (Laughter.) The rattlesnake was said to be the most dangerous of all snakes; but nature had in her kindness compelled it to give warning of its approach. Now, he would tell them what sort of a rattle was in the tail of *Murtach*. (Laughter and cheers.) He set out by a round of railing at the Catholics; while he took care that there were none to answer his charges. They had heard of a permission to dance in fetters; so *Murtach* would not allow an opponent to speak, unless authorized by a Catholic Bishop—he would not permit a Catholic to dance unless the Bishop was to play the piper. (Cheers.) Was not this a rattle by which to detect the reptile? By the law of England, he who stabs the King can only be tried when freed from fetters; so, any one who was really anxious for fair argument, ought to give all liberty to those who opposed them. Another feature in O'Sullivan's career was, that he always appeared to be in a great passion. This, Mr O'Connell said, reminded him of a dog in Tipperary. The people saw that the dog was mad, and they very properly set about killing it. But the owner was averse to losing his dog, and he called to his neighbours that the dog was not half so mad as he pretended to be. So O'Sullivan was not half so mad as he pretended to be. He was on the outlook for a Bishopric, and the other, M'Ghee, for a rich living; and he must say that he wished they would succeed, were it only for the fun they had given them this evening—enabling him to laugh with the trades of Glasgow at hypocrisy and bigotry, and to join in the support of right and justice.

We have not, we trust, exceeded the proper bounds in tracing the footsteps of O'Connell. His mission has been—and its rousing and blessed effects will long continue to be—a most important part in that great political and moral drama now performing, which has the people of Great Britain and Ireland for actors, and those of all Europe and America for deeply interested spectators. O'Connell left London, placed by the Duke of Wellington—who is liable to captious fits of candour—in his true place, in the first rank of political power. And how much has this long-gathering moral force been augmented by his brilliant transition over new ground! One great object of his journey was, as we have said, to draw Britons and Irishmen more closely together; and that has been triumphantly accomplished. The men of Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, have pledged themselves for justice to Ireland; and O'Connell has become the depositary and guarantee of the sacred engagement. His next object was to preach down the Lords, or the impediments they present in the way of Reform; and, although their Lordships have been singularly industrious and most successful in leaving him little work to do, he has not failed to shew them handsomely up, and to leave the minds of his multitudinous audiences stored with facts and with images of the ignorance of all good knowledge, the folly, pertinacity, and attempted injustice of the Upper Chamber, which must, we trust, have the most beneficial tendency even upon themselves.

One main charge formerly brought against O'Connell was that he is a *Repealer*. But who, now, are seen to be the Repealers? He has again and again declared, that if justice be done to Ireland—and its tone of demand is moderate indeed—he seeks no *Repeal;* but, on the contrary, that his desire is to rivet—to confirm—to substitute a real national union for a parchment bond. And who prevents this? The Lords! They, then, and not O'Connell and the Radical Irish Members, are the true *Repealers*—they, whose contemptuous denial of justice make repeal necessary. Those men who set their faces against every reform demanded by England and Scotland, are now the only Repealers. But we have driven them up into their own chamber. Their influence is expelled from the councils of the King; and it is, notwithstanding every artifice, and a lavish expenditure of money, fast decaying, even in that narrow section of the country where they can still operate. The Reformers are united; the Melbourne Government is strong in the support and confidence of the people; but, above all, the English, Irish, and Scottish, at last move cordially and peacefully onward together, united in heart and spirit. What power shall much longer oppose their demands for their rights? Assuredly not that of the HEREDITARY LEGISLATORS!

*** We must notice one circumstance particularly honourable to Glasgow, and instructive to the civic authorities in all other towns. The immense crowds collected to receive Mr O'Connell naturally excited some degree of apprehension; but the Lord Provost thought no precaution necessary, save to request Colonel Fleming, the officer commanding the military in the barracks, to keep the soldiers within the walls on that day; and that such officers as wished to witness the spectacle, should come to the town in coloured clothes. The precaution was quite sufficient: not the slightest disturbance or accident took place.

CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS OF CERTAIN LORDS.

LETTER FIRST.

LORD L—ND—ST TO LORD B—GH—M.

DEAR Hal, the session's over now,
And I am devilish glad 'tis past;
Thank Heav'n, (if Heav'n *my* thanks allow,)
It is the last, or *near* the last;
For such a lesson as we've shewn,
In mind, in manners, and in tone,
By ranting, roaring, fighting, raving,
Has put us past the pow'r of saving!

Our cause owes much to L—nd—nd—rry;
(Too dull to make spectators merry,
Like S—bth—rpe, in another place,
By idiocy of mind and face;)
But raising, by his words and motions,
A number of destructive notions;
And people, when they hear him howling,
And see him, like a maniac, scowling,
Can't help a little meek surprise
That such a zany thus should lord it;
And say, with upturn'd hands and eyes,
"Isaac is right—'We can't afford it!'"

Afford it! Curse them, brainless knaves,
Illustrious raffs, and titled slaves!
I tell you, Isaac, though you know me
To be no saintly chick of Pascal's—
In short, an out-and-outer—blow me,
If I e'er knew such scurvy rascals!
Such selfish, grasping, silly creatures,
So ravenous in mind and features—
That, though I've scann'd the felons' faces
At my own bar, and other places,
And seen the villanous expression
Of rogues and murderers by profession,
Yet, though *their* faces bore the stamp
Of the low vice that held them thrall—
Thief, Burker, swindler, pimp, or scamp—
Our noble House still beats them all!
God surely meant the forehead low,
The slavering speech, confused and slow,
And the dull, leaden, pig-like eye,
The seal of our nobility.
If so, what numbers of us stand
True nobles, under God's own hand!

* * * * *
* * * * *

The fools, to think a man like me—
A Democrat by birth—should be
A champion to uphold their claims,
To trample on a people's right!
As if big words and sounding names
Put Truth and Justice out of sight.
No! wrong me not! for——
Pshaw! what nonsense,
For ME to talk of truth and conscience!
As if you did not know me th'roughly,
And laugh'd at my pretences coolly!

But, stay—when, for one noble aim,
I've sunk in infamy my name;
A traitor to each cause I've aided;
With fortunes lost, and honour faded;
By all the *good* and *wise* rejected;
By others praised, and yet suspected;
By *Whigs* despised, by *Tories* fêted;
By all the *honest* scorn'd and hated—
You'll grant that I have shewn my game,
In bearing up against the sneers
Of my old friends, for one sole aim,
That shall be gain'd ere many years.
Yes! when the mockery is o'er,
And R—d—ns give us laws no more—
When F—rnh—ms, W—ckl—ws, and such praters,
Beget no more our legislators,
But sense and wisdom take the place
Of pride, and folly, and grimace—
Historians, Isaac, will fulfil
Their glorious task with little skill,
If to all times they fail to shew
'Twas *I* who dealt the heaviest blow;
'Twas *I* who clearest gave to view,
The weakness of the reptile crew—
Their meanness, pride, and impotence,
Their pow'r of words and want of sense—
Till the rous'd people, hot with zeal,
Rais'd in the air their iron heel;
And, spurning off the fatal pest,
Crush'd the vile snakes, and smok'd the nest!

Since this my aim, now, tell me, Peter,
Was ever triumph known completer?
Last session, see what we have gain'd:
Ireland's wild cries for help disdain'd;
The bigot's brand again illum'd;
The precious hours in brawls consum'd;
The HOUSE made odious—yet *not fear'd*—
For, truly, 'twere a dubious boast,
When most *I* prais'd, and most *you* sneer'd,
Which of us floor'd the noodles most!

But the best plot of all (I own
I'm proud of the deep skill I've shewn)
Was bothering them with long orations,
'Bout those old fusty corporations;
Proving—while every noble head
Bow'd cadence to each word I said—
That we, who take our stand so proudly,
And boast our own good deeds so loudly,
Are nothing—(how *you* chuckled then?)—
But legislative Aldermen!!
Touch one, and down the others fall—
The House of Wisdom and Guildhall!
Hint but that Winchester's a fool,
And Haddington applies the rule!

O clever rogues! to lash their boat,
To the old barge that scarce can float,
With canvass rent, and rotten cord,
And a land-lubber crew aboard!
Fit only, on a summer day,
To float in sunshine far away
On the smooth Thames—portentous freight,
The fearless Argonauts of Bait!

If, after what that bill bestowed,
In a rich harvest of disgust,
We wished for some still heavier load,
To crush our peerages to dust;
The Orange job—oh, job of jobs!—
Was just the very thing to do it;
But now, I think, "the mob of mobs,"
It's very self, begins to rue it.
'Twas sport, indeed, to hear the lying,
The swearing, vowing, and denying,
By which 'twas tried to hide a case,
Plain as the nose upon *your* face;
And—if you'll pardon me the hint—
With just as many twistings in't!

K—ny—n and W—nf—rd—what a pair!
Unmatched in Bartlemy's own fair.
Grand—grand—and grandest of the grand,
His Holiness of C———nd!
With such a glory round his lips,
As puts e'en S—bth—rpe in eclipse!

He shew'd that he may swear what strikes him—
As little or as much as likes him;
His word is weighty as his oath,
And WE know just the worth of both!

And so, dear Hal, the session's done—
Few such, I fancy, are before us;
Thank Heav'n! as I at first begun—
And here *you'll* join me in the chorus—
Thank Heav'n! that certain noble spoons,
Some scoundrels, and a few buffoons,
Have shewn their weakness with their spite—
Their toothless impotence to bite!
Thank Heav'n! that soon "The House" will be
Changed to a House of Industry!
Thank Heav'n! the fudge will soon be past,
Of the cold mockery of caste!
No single tribe monopolize
The stateliest rank and richest prize;
No Pariah live without a scope
For Fame's and Fortune's parent—Hope!
I, a Hindoo, shall join the *Seiks*—
And each, as luck or fancy strikes,
'Neath a friend's fig-tree quaff the bowl—
'Twill be delicious, 'pon my soul!

L—ND—RST.

Letter II. Lord K—ny—n to Lord W—nf—rd, and Letter III. Lord Br—gh—m to Lord L—nd—rst, will appear in our next Number.

SAM POGSON'S GAME-COCK;

A SKETCH.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

This history of Sam Pogson's game-cock, or "ar cock," forms an "interesting" episode in the memoirs of that "Bilberry Thurland" who was presented to our readers lately. Upon a hot dusty day, Bilberry, having been dismissed from his place by the breaking up of the establishment of his late master, Mr Zachary Blunt, is faring forth in quest of other employment, having, as Galt says, "espoused his fortune." Fatigued, and in want of refreshment he halts at a village public-house, and has the following adventures:—

While the landlady was waiting upon him, Bilberry casually glanced out of the corner casement, which commanded a view of the front door, and beheld two men, who, with a ladder reared against the wall, were endeavouring to hang a new sign upon the hooks of a beam which projected from the wall, above the door. This sign had upon it the newly-painted figure of a cock in the act of crowing—at least the artist had so intended; though, not being the most skilful man in his profession, as was sufficiently evident in this specimen, he had inadvertently given a more accurate representation of a bird vomiting, than of one proclaiming victory.

The landlord, who, by his look, was exceedingly satisfied with the ornament about to be added to his house—for he himself appeared as though he were about to crow, like his effigy—stood beneath, with a pipe, not in his mouth, but very near to it, and ready to go in at the first opportunity, watching the proceedings of his men; and, at every critical moment, when the hooks were all but slipping into their places, giving such hair-breadth directions for their final accurate adjustment, as caused them to be thrown entirely off again. Bilberry watched their ineffectual efforts a considerable time, and would have watched them still longer, had not his thirst drawn him again to the other side of the room, where, after drinking three-parts of his can at a draught, he sat down to rest himself.

Shortly after, he heard some one outside utter an exclamation, which was repeated by two or three voices, as though one might not be taken for surety of the fact—"It's on, it's on!" and, in another minute, the ladder crossed the window as it was lowered to the earth, and then the door opened, and there entered the smiling host, puffing like a whale, followed by the two workmen who had just achieved the difficult business of suspending a sign.

"Well, we've got it up," said the landlord, with very visible satisfaction, to his wife, as he advanced across the floor; "but it has been no easy job—has it, Tom?" Tom, thus appealed to, smiled like a man conscious of a new feather in his cap, and, as he bent himself to take a seat, replied, "No, I'm dash'd if it has. You happen fancy sich a thing as that might be done as easy as winking; but it takes more doing than anybody would think." And then he cast at Bilberry a look out of the angle of his eye, which plainly told who anybody was.

"It isn't like hanging a leg of mutton up, Missis," added the second workman, with a laugh; though what about, or what for, it would take a deeper philosopher than the author of this book to determine. "Did you see it, young man?" asked the host, addressing himself to Bilberry; upon which that discreet youth gave him to understand that he had some time been watching them through the window.

"And what think you on't?" he again asked, in a tone which evidently declared that, if he did not think well, the landlord would not give a dust for his opinion. Bilberry perceived what kind of an answer was expected from him, and, being a young man too wise to offend people about trifles, replied, that indeed it was very well painted. "Ay," said the landlord, partly by way of rejoinder, and partly in the manner of a soliloquy, "it *is* well painted. This person"—directing his finger to one of the men—"this man painted it—self-taught, and th' best thing he ever did in his life."

"You're right there, mester," observed the painter; "so it is; and so it ought to be, for I can tell you I've had some anxiety in my mind about it."

"It does you a deal of credit, sir," said Bilberry, who observed they were knocking at his door for a compliment; "you are not without your talents."

"Talents!" exclaimed the host, raising his voice to a pitch equal with the occasion—"why, it's as good a likeness of AR COCK, as eyes ever see'd i' this world. If they were both hung up together, I'll be boun' no divil could tell which were which." And he clapped himself down beside Bilberry.

"What! it is a portrait, is it?" inquired the latter gentleman, turning to his friend the host.

"It is a portrait," replied that satisfied personage, "and as like the original as two Cheshire cheeses. A rare cock he was, too. I shall ne'er see that cock's like again, if I live till mid-day." By which we rather imagine the speaker meant doomsday, though this is but conjecture.

"A famous cock, was he?" asked Bilberry.

"You may be sure of that," answered the landlord, "or else do you think I should have had his likeness took? Do you think I should have changed my sign for him? No, by leddy, I'd see'd him dom'd first. I'm none so fond of new signs to old houses, as that comes to. They never hardly do no good. Only, you see, everybody knowed *him* so well—that was what confluenced me to alter mine. If you ever passed through this village afore, my sign was th' Black Bull; but now it's th' Cock, and th' Cock it shall be as long as I live, and my son after me—if I have one;" and then he cast his eyes on Mistress, who stood in the bar, looking at the company. But no sooner did this modest lady hear her husband's last observation than she turned completely round, as if on a pivot, and, shewing them the back of her stays, muttered loud enough to be heard by all present—"Hold your bother, Sam; when you've got a sup of ale, you're so soft!"

The three bachelors present smiled, without saying anything; and then Mr Bilberry Thurland, who felt anxious to hear the history of the cock who had sat for his portrait, again made some insignificant inquiries of his host, which, being meant only as a sort of corkscrews to draw the story out, we need not repeat here. The conclusion of the matter was, that, while Bilberry, the two workmen, and the host himself, drank their liquor, the last-mentioned gentleman gave the following whimsical account of that valiant bird, which, in its rank, was now all but deified over the pot-house door.

"You see," said he, putting a fresh charge into his pipe, and wedging it down with the end of his little finger, "this cock was one of my own breeding."—And here, in the very beginning of the story, ensued a pause, while the narrator fetched himself a spit-box. Having sat down again, and spit, he proceeded with his story:—"I bred this cock myself. He were hatched—but that's of no consequence, or else I could tell to the very day and hour when he comed out o' th' egg. Well, I seed at first he were a big un; so I took him up out o' th' nest into my hand, all bum as a chicken is, and I carried him into th' house to my Missis. Says I, 'Kitty, if this don't prove game down to th' stumps, I'm mista'en more than ever I was in my life afore. Mark me,' said I, 'mark my word if I don't speak gospel. So, you know

I rears him up particularly. I takes care he is not threshed by bigger cocks when he's larning to crow, as most cocks is; and thataway they lose their sperit, mark me. I feeds him on plenty of bits o' meat, and grubs, and worms; for I send Dick—that was ar lad—out by daylight in a morning, to gether 'em for him. I cuts his comb and wattles off as soon as ever I could get hold of 'em; and, i' short—as these gentlemen here beside you knows—I treated him just like a man."

"That shall be true," said the painter. "I can speak to that of my own knowledge."

"So it is," added the second man. "I know if my faither had used me no worse, I should not have grumbled much—that's all. Only I shouldn't have liked my comb and wattles cut off."

Hereupon the company laughed; and the host, having taken several breathing puffs of his pipe, drew the end of it from between his lips, but continued holding it within an inch and a half of them, and then resumed his story.

"Well, Sir, you see, when this cock had come to his full growth, I turns him fairly out into th' yard, to stand his own ends as well as he could, agen any other cock about. So, just as I guessed he would, he soon gets into a battle; it was with Jos. Bennet's cock—Tom, you knowed him—that was the first cock ar cock ever fought. Well, as I was saying, I turns him out, and he licked Jos. Bennet's cock i' five minutes; ay, as clean as ever you see'd onything done i' this world. I niver see'd ought like it. Jos.'s cock fought hard at first; but, i' five minutes, all at once, he turns him round and bolts straight out o' th' yard as fast as he could lay leg to th' ground, with his tail drawling along th' floor like a mop. I niver did see sich another thing done; nor nobody else, I'm like to say. Well, you know, that same afternoon—same afternoon, you know—who should fly onto th' top of ar gate, but Nat Mills's cock—him as used to come and see ar hens when we hadn't got a cock of ar own—flies onto th' gate, and crows just as he used to do afore. As soon as ar cock heard him, he crows again, like station, and runs out to look for him. When he see'd him a-top o' th' gate, he goes bang at him—knocks him slap-bang onto th' floor—downs after him, and leathers away at him, like a four-year-old. They fought agen the gate, till, at last, ar cock fairly basted Mills's cock, till he couldn't see; and so the poor divil sometimes fought th' bars o' th' gate. At last, I were just going to part 'em, and take Nat Mills's cock away, when, at that very minute, Nat comes up. 'Dom it,' says he, 'Sam, let him have fair play, onyhow. 'He has had fair play,' says I, 'and ar cock's licked him blind.' 'Then, I'm dom'd if he has had fair play,' says he; 'for I know my cock's mester of all th' cocks in th' parish.' 'Well,' says I, 'if you think so, turn him down agen, and I'll back this cock of ars to kill him clean out; and, if you don't reckon that fair, what do you?'—Wasn't that right, young man?" And our host, who was gradually warming by his own argument, turned towards Bilberry, for that gentleman's sanction of his conduct. Bilberry replied that nothing could be more fair; whereupon the landlord, pleased to find himself supported by his auditor, continued his narrative.

"Upon that, Nat puts down his cock. He strokes him, and bobs him backwards and forwards at ar cock, to make him peck. Then they goes at it; but his cock—dom if I warn't sorry for him—he tumbled down first on this side, then on that, becos he hadn't got a leg to stand on; and his wings hung down like rags. 'Nat,' says I, 'you're cruel. Don't you see your cock has'nt got the shadder of a chance?' 'Dom you,' says he, lifting his head up, 'if you say I'm cruel I'll fetch you a rap i' them dom big teeth of yours.' 'Don't be saucy,' says I, 'cos I've got fists as big as yours ony day, though I arn't going to fall out wi' you about this trifle.' Wi' that he said noat no more about it, only he egged his cock on madder and madder; but it were all of no use, for this cock of ars, he knocked him down every fresh time he got up, till Nat got into a rage and was going to fetch his cock a kick as would have lifted him clean o'er th' pales, only I happened to see what he meant, and I gives him a push back. 'Nat,' says I, 'you shan't do that. Your cock isn't a match for arn, I very well know, but he's game for all that, and if you know no better than to serve a brute bird that how when he's done his best, why, dom me, if I wunna tache thee.' Well, do you know, for all his boasting and bragging afore, he looks frightened when I said that; and says he, 'Thou's sarved me right, Sam—I were in a passion wi' him, but it isn't fair.' And then he were going to pick him up, when this cock of ars goes at him agen, as he lay on th' floor, and all in a moment he runs his spur 'raight into one of his eyes and out o' th' other, as clean as a skewer through a beef steak. 'Lord!' says I, when I see'd it, 'if this don't beat all!' So I picks 'em both up, one hanging to t'other, like a chain. 'Now, Nat,' says I, 'what think you of ar cock?' 'Sam,' says he, 'I don't know what to think. He quite puzzles me. He's Bonaparte,' said he. 'That's well said,' says I; 'he *is* Bonaparte; and from now I'll call him Bonaparte. It's a good name, Nat, and he shall keep it.' So, I gied him th' name of Bonaparte from that day to this.

"But, after all, somehow or other, do you know, Nat could'nt stomach it. In about a fortnight after what I've tou'd you, he brings another cock to put down to ar cock, as he felt sartin could lick him, for he had hunted th' country round to find a prime good un. However, this cock of ars he threshed him an' all, and, in two or three days, drove him clean off o' th' walk. So you see this cock of arn, he comed to be a reg'lar cock o' th' walk, for he whopped all th' cocks they could bring to him, far and near. Upon this, I gets proud of ar cock, you know, as I well might; for, if ever there were a cock on earth as a man might be proud on, it was this cock of ars. Well, you see, young man, as ar cock was sich a bang-up game, I keeps him, though I were often bid money for him. But, to speak th' truth, I wouldn't, at that time, have selled this cock of ars at no price. Why, Squire Elksland—he lives at this big house here a-top o' th' hill—he once clapped me down a true guinea i' king's goud upon this very table as we are drinking off on, for him—ay, that he did;—but says I, 'I should like to 'blige you, Squire, only, when I look at a cock like this cock of ars, money in a reasonable quantity isn't ony consideration. If I did part wi' him to onybody it would be to you; but really I can't bring my mind to it—at least not just yet, though there's no knowing what I may do in a bit. Only, Squire, if I should, I'll let you know.' 'Ay,' says the Squire, 'if I live till I hear from you about that cock, I shall wear th' ground out under my feet.' 'There's no telling,' said I. But he put th' guinea in his pocket agen directly, and went off in a flush, and I niver see'd him come near my house of six month after. However, I didn't care for that; for, as I said to my Missis at th' time, I wasn't going to part wi' ar cock to 'blige nobody as didn't know when to be satisfied."

And here the heroic landlord stopped to relight his pipe, which had extinguished itself long ago. This pause also gave the two workmen an opportunity, for which they had some time been upon the look-out, of calling for two more cans of ale. Bilberry likewise emptied his can and called for another, laying a particular injunction on the landlady to let him have it fresh out of the cellar, as nobody liked a sup of ale new drawn better than he did. Lest, however, the reader should imagine this can was only his second, it is incumbent upon us to explain, that, during the time Mr Thurland's host was telling his story, Bilberry had silently sucked up a second can between the first mentioned and this present one; although, as at the time he himself made no noise whatever over it, we felt it no less our duty to be equally silent, until a gap should occur in the conversation where that fact might be thrust in without inconvenience.

Each man's respective liquor being placed upon the table, Mr Thurland, whose curiosity was excited to know the conclusion of this winged champion's career, inquired of his host in what farther engagements the bird had distinguished himself. In answer to which, this obliging person proceeded in his history; though there are entertained some doubts whether he did not do so as much to please himself—he being one of those remarkable people who are mightily delighted in listening to a tale of their own telling—as in gratifying his customer.

"Let's see," said Sam Pogson, pointing his eyes at the bowl of his tobacco pipe—"where did I leave off? Oh, about th' Squire. Well then, young chap, the next thing after that as happened to ar cock was this:—One night, about three or four weeks after I wouldn't sell him to th' Squire, i' th' dead o' th' night, when I were fast asleep—for you know I always sleep as sound as a roach—my Missis there gives me a thump i' th' side, and says she, 'Sam, there's summut amiss i' th' henroost.'"

"Nay, nay," shouted the landlady across the bar, "you're forgetting, them warn't my words; my words was this: 'Sam,' said I—for you know I always call him Sam for familiarity—'Sam,' I says again, for he was very hard to waken—'*Sam!*' says I, 'I'm sure somebody's robbing th' henroost, for I hear 'em flustering about in a queer way.'"

But the interrupted husband would not listen to her corrections any longer. "Well, well," he observed very sourly, "what different do you call that to what I said? Only you mun be having your tongue in somehow, that's all. As I were saying, she gives me a punch, and says she, 'There's somebody robbing th' henroost.' 'Then,' says I, 'I'll bet ten pounds they're after that cock of arn.' So I jumps out of bed in my shirt, and wi'out stopping to put on either my breeches or shoes, I runs down stairs and takes the gun off the mantelpiece, cocks it, unbolts that back door there, and slips out. 'Dom you,' says I to myself, 'if I can get a fly at you, I'll pepper you so as you shan't sit down agen in a hurry;' and I goes behind th' pump and listens. Do you know I hears noat. Thinks I, Missis mun be mista'en; but, as I am here, I'll stand a bit. So I sets my eye on th' stable door over where th' roost is, and there I stood with my bare feet dabbling i' the cold splash a good while. However, at last, I hears summut inside the stable. I claps th' gun to my shoulder to be ready in case it was a thief, and points it straight at th' stable. I' th' next minnit, th' door opens, and out comes a chap wi' that cock of arn under his arm. I lets fly directly; but I didn't hit him. He flings ar cock down, and runs away, like a divil wi' brimstone on his teal. I didn't try to catch him, becos I'd got no shoes on; but I picks that cock of ars up, and goes into th' house for a lantern. When I'd got a light, I takes ar cock back to th' perch; but, in going through th' stable—what do you think I'd done? Blame me, if I hadn't shot one of my own horses. Ay, that I had, as sure as you sit there. Hit him straight up th' teal; and he lay on th' straw as dead as carri'n. It were the worst thing I ever did in my life. It did make me swear above a sup. I stood looking at him I don't know how long, for I seemed as if I'd lost myself. 'Dom me,' says I, 'what a fewl I am!' My Missis gets up to th' window in her nightcap as soon as iver she heard th' gun go off, and shouts to me as I stood i' th' stable. At last, I hears her, and stares about me as if I didn't know where I was. But, when I looked agen at Neddy, bleeding i' th' teal as he were, and thought o' th' dead loss I'd got on him, I couldn't help crying; and I was so mad at th' same time, that I knocked my own head agen th' door-post three or four times."

At this curious instance of his host's sagacity, Mr Bilberry Thurland would have laughed heartily, if he dared; but so serious was the landlord in his pathetic relation, that, to have laughed, or even smiled at it, would have been worse than treason. Therefore, he was reduced to the necessity of biting the end of his tongue off, to keep his countenance firm; while the narrator continued his story:—

"I didn't go to bed agen at first; for I might as well have tried to fly as go to sleep. 'Well, but,' says my Missis, 'get into bed agen, at ony rate.' 'No, no,' says I, 'I've shot my horse, and I ought to sit dithering here in my shirt.' Says I to her, 'I shall niver take no more pleasure i' that cock of arn as long as I live.' 'Oh, yea,' says she, 'not so bad as that, neither, Sam. You moant take it to heart that how.' She tried to soothe me up about it; and I can say this for her, she isn't, and never was, one of them that makes bad worse wi' a great row and blow-up after it. 'It can't be helped, Sam,' said she; 'so here's no use i' grieving about it now. What's done *is* done, as ivery body knows, and there's no help for't; so you might as well laugh as cry, for one'll do just as much good as t'other;' and then she flung the blanket open; and, do you know, somehow or other, I persuaded myself to creep in till morning. Now, young man, you must understand I haven't no desire to make no reflections upon nobody; but, for all that, I must say, it does seem to me as if that gentleman that offered a guinea for ar cock—I mention no names, mark me—but it does appear to my mind, as a queer sort of a circumference, that this feloney, as Mr Wild called it, on ar cock, should have been attempted so very shortly after a person—I don't say who—had put down a guinea i' goud upon this here very table for him. Mind, I don't say noat agen ar Squire—he has his qualities, i' spite of onybody; but, for all that, iverybody knows, as it says i' the Bible, there's always good and bad mixed together—chaff along wi' the wheat, as one may say. Ar Squire has his wheat, we all know; and there's them as talks agen him that says he has his chaff. To be sure, *I* don't say so; but then, you know, he's mortal, like you and me, or ony of us; and we know very well that *we've* got ar chaff, and—and—what think you, Tom?"

Tom, thus appealed to on a sudden, when he least expected it, started, as if he felt an earthquake, and, scarcely knowing whether to believe his ears or not, asked—"Eh, Mester?"

"I say," replied the host, "what is your thoughts on this matter?"

"Well, Mester," Thomas observed, with cautious hesitation, "I'm sure I don't know. I hardly know what to think. Some folks—as I've heard you say mony a time—some folks thinks one road, and some another; and that we're very sure *is* the case. However, I know it from myself, and that is enough for me. Only, as you obsarve on this here subject, I sartinly do think there is sommut very odd about it. It seems a queer unaccountable sort of thing, to be sure, that ar Squire should bid a guinea for this cock of yours, and go off with his teal tucked up about it, and then, directly after that, somebody should try to steal him. That, sartinly, is what I can't make out. However, there's this to be said—All these sort of mysteries 'll be cleared up at the last day—that's a consolation: and let all them, squires or unsquires, as had ony finger in 'em, look to that."

"That's good, Tommy lad," said the landlord, in approval of Thomas's observations; "there's summut in thee, after all, though old Greensmith did use to say thou wart a blockhead. But, if he were here this minnit, I'd give him a full quart to beat that, wise as he thinks hisself. I know he hasn't th' brains to do it wi'." Which piece of commendation the landlord clinched by a deep drink, that all at once emptied his can.

"Here, Missis," he shouted, holding his pewter out, "let's have another drop, to keep my whistle wet, just while I tell this young man th' end of ar cock, and then—" But he cut himself short in the middle, as though a second thought reminded him, that what he was about to say next might as well be saved to a more convenient opportunity.

"Yes, Sir," Bilberry remarked, "I should very much like to hear the end of this story. I mean to walk six more miles before dark, so that I cannot stop long; but I should like to hear the finishing."

"To be sure, Sir," answered the landlord, who was now growing very polite; "how get you on?" And he cast a crooked eye over the edge of Mr Thurland's can.

"Rarely, Sir," said Bilberry, taking another drink, to assure his host of the fact.

The landlord composed himself in his seat, by way of preparation—

"Why, then, Sir—young man, I mean—for some weeks after this I could not bear the sight of this cock of arn. He strutted about th' muck just as usual, for he knowed noat about it; but then, you know, in my eye, it looked as if he were crowing over old Neddy, and the thoughts of that was what I couldn't bear, for he were as good a bit of horse-flesh as iver skin covered. But for all that, grief wears out, it's said; and that's

true, of my own experience. I took a dislike to that gun as I shot him with, so I sold it and got another; and that helped, along with all the rest, to bring me round agen. Thank God, I didn't much miss the price o' the horse; and all the rest wore off by degrees. So, in time, as my Missis made me nice bits now and then to help me up the hill agen, I comes to be just as good a man as I were before. Meantime, you must understand, this cock of arn kept coming forward, like turnip tops in spring. Practice makes perfect, they say, and so it was with him. He was cob of the country round; and he'd got sich a reputation all about, that you'd be astonished what lots of chaps used to come to ar house, of a Sunday, to have a look at him; and sometimes they brought a bit of a cock along with 'em, just to try how ar cock fought; and we let 'em have a shy out i' th' back yard here; for you see, though I didn't myself like cocking on a Sunday, yet, for all that, a man has his living to get i' th' world, and it don't do to be more nice than wise; for sich chaps as them, in a generality, drinks a good sup of ale in an afternoon. But, you know, I took care to let 'em niver make no noise o'er it, or else we should very soon have got the parson about us; and, to speak truth, I'd as leave see the divil i' my house, as Mr Wild, on sich a business as that. He'd be fit to twinge my head off.

"Well, young man, week after week, and month after month, this cock of arn kept getting famouser and famouser, till really I felt sartin he must be a sort of what they call a progeny. In fact, as I seed it said i' paper last week but one, when it was speaking about summut almost as great as this consarn of ar cock, the eyes of all Hewrup was on him; and, when I've said that, I can't say no more. However, as a proof on't, I can tell you there was a chap comed all the way down from the Big Town—you know where I mean—on purpose to try if he couldn't buy him. But how iver he got to know as he was mine, puzzles my head more than the Old Testament. I've thought on't mony a time, but I'm dom'd if I can make it out—wi'out it be as they've heard of *me* i' Lunnen. I had some talk with George Kelly about it not long ago, and he's a chap that knows more of them things than one i' ten, but he was as wrong as I was myself. But it is sartin that a chap did come down to buy him, if he could, and he stopped at ar house thick end of a week; but, do you know, I wouldn't part wi' this cock of arn after all. And so, how do you think that divil sarved me in revenge? I'll venture to say you niver heard sich a thing in your life. Though, first of all, I should tell you, that, when he first comed into the house, swaggering with his short green coat, and his hat stuck up iver so high, I see'd he was a smart un, from Lunnun, or some sich big place; and so, as I had heard of sichlike chaps as him afore, I takes my Missis into the back-yard for secrecy, and I says to her, 'Missis,' says I, 'I don't see what sich swelling nuts as him should be doing in little houses like arn, though ivery-body knows their own business best. But, if he means stopping, we mun mind what we're about. I don't mean to say as we mun shew it, mark me; for it's possible we may be mista'en. He *looks* like a good customer; but, for all that, as there is sich things in the world, he may, on the other hand, prove a bad un.' That's just what I said to her. 'Well, Sam,' says she agen, 'we're sure it's best to be safe, for here's no telling what folks is till one's tried 'em: only I shouldn't like to offend him if he *is* a gentleman,' says she;—'what can we do?' 'Well,' says I to her, 'I don't know; we mun let it be a bit, and see if we can pick onything out of him, for they say one can tell a gentleman by his talk; and, as he'll be wanting dinner, I reckon, you can set Bessy on to obsarve what he says and does, and perhaps that'll be summut to go by." And, at last, you know, we agreed to do so. But all this, mind, was afore we knowed onything at all of him, for I don't think he'd bin i' the house ten minutes.

"Well, so we waited till dinner-time comed; for he wouldn't get his dinner wi' us, but ordered it at two o'clock, in that big parlour there, by his-self. When Bessy had set the things, and sarved all up, she was just going to wash ar dishes, when the parlour bell rings as hard as it could.

"Bess dabs down th' dishcloth, wipes her hands on her apron, and runs in. And what think you it was he wanted? Why, a spewn for the salt! When she said so, I turns round. 'Missis,' says I, 'that's enough: that proves to my satisfaction he's a gentleman, or else—particularly as there's nobody but his-self—he'd stuck his knife point into't at once, as we do.' 'Ay,' says she, 'that he must be; as, for my part, I should niver have thought of sich a thing as a salt spewn.'

"After dinner, besides ale, he drunk two eightpenny glasses of brandy and water, cos he said he was used to it; and that convinced us he'd been used to good company. Besides, I went up into his room myself, and see'd his luggage, which was a nice portmantle, with a brass plate, and his name carved on it, same as they do on gentlemen's doors—*J. Cumberland, Pentonvilly*—that was the name. I remember it as well as if it was my own; and so I'll be boun' does my Missis, if I were to ax her.

"In the afternoon he crep' about the yard, here; and, at first, we thought he were only looking for the little-house, so we took no notice of him; but, in a bit, I catches him agen the heap, staring at that cock of arn as hard as he could. I goes up to him respectfully, and I says, 'You think that a fine bird, Sir, no doubt.' 'No,' says he, 'I don't—he's noat at all to what we have i' th' pits at Lunnun—noat at all, landlord,' says he. Upon that, I opens my eyes a bit. Says I, 'You don't know him, Sir; you only see him in this dirt, like a common cock;' and then I axed him if he'd ony connexion with them Lunnun pits. 'Connexion!' says he; 'it is them pits as is connected with me. I'm the biggest man of all at ony main that is fought within forty mile o' town. I niver bet less nor five hundred or a thousand, and sometimes six or eight thousand at a time, if th' cocks is good.' 'What—pounds?' says I. 'Do you think I talk of silver?' says he agen, snapping me up. 'I don't know small change,' said he; 'I niver keep it.' And on that he crammed his hand in his breeches pocket, and pulled out a handful of guineas. 'See you,' says he, 'this is the only coin I know;' and, then, he had sich a look at me as made me snicker up into my skin like a worm. For all that, he made so free in conversation wi' all th' house, that, on the very same night, I said to him, 'May I make so bold, Sir, as to ax what may be your business in these parts?—becos, if it's onything in my way, I'll help you all as lies in my power.' 'You're blunt, landlord,' says he; 'but that's what I like. My business is this—I come here to buy cocks.' Upon that, you know, we comed very shortly to get talking agen about this cock of arn. 'He's a fine feathered bird,' said he; 'but feathers isn't pluck—we want something else beside feathers.' 'Then,' said I, 'ar cock has summut else;' and, though I did'nt mean to sell him, I told all th' battles he'd won, just as I've been telling you. But he said that was all chance; and that a good Lunnun cock would kill him in two minutes and a quarter—ay, he even cut the time so fine as that. In short, he did all he could to run this cock of arn down, and wouldn't believe onything as I said in praise of him. It wasn't because I meant to make a bargain with him, but I didn't like to hear ar cock set on his bottom in that way. As I'd bred him myself, I thought it was my duty to stick up for him.

"Well, to shorten th' tale, do you know, this chap stopped at ar house nigh a week, eating and drinking like a lord; for, you're sure, as he had so much money, we let him want for noat. And ivery day he went up and down about the country looking for cocks; but he always said he couldn't find any that suited him.

"At last, one morning, he calls me into th' parlour. 'Landlord,' says he, 'I haven't much 'pinion of that cock of yours—I've been looking at him agen—but, as you've said so much about him, I don't mind buying him for a trial.' 'Well, Sir,' said I, 'I'm much obliged to you for th' offer, but I hardly know whether I want to sell him.' 'Dom me,' says he, tossing his head up, and cramming his hands in his breeches pockets, 'then what's all this talk for? what do you mean, landlord?' said he,

'Sir,' said I agen, 'I haven't no meaning whatever: only I should be very sorry to offend you about him.' 'Sorry!' says he—'dom your sorrys, after sich as this. Here you talk about a cock as if you wanted to get shut of him; and then when it comes to you, you hardly know whether you want to sell him or not. Why, I'd wring his head off afore iver I'd treat any gentleman i' that way.' That was just what he said. I see'd he was in a passion, and I knowed he hadn't paid a farthing of his shot; so I tries to cool him down a little. 'Hear reason,' said I, 'Sir; hear reason, at any rate.' 'Dom your reason!' said he agen—'there is no reason for sich as this. If you want to sell th' cock, say so, and done with it; and if you don't, what in the divil did you ever talk about him for?' 'Well, Sir,' said I, 'and if I did want to sell him, what vallaytion did you think of putting on him, Sir?' For, young man, you see, I thought of taming him down by them means, though all the while I no more meant to sell that cock of arn—no, no more than I meant to sell him my own Missis.

"'Ay, landlord,' then said he, 'now you are talking summut like reason. That's coming a little nearer the mark. I don't want to take him from you, if you wish particularly to keep him; but, at the same time, I don't mind buying him, as you have praised him so much, though I tell you agen I haven't myself any great 'pinion of his worth. Nevertheless, landlord, I'm willing to risk a little money on the chance of what he may turn out; and, as you seem to be a poor, needy man, I'll make you a liberal offer, and give you five shillings for him.' At that I stares like a stuck pig. 'Why, Sir,' says I, 'what is that? Squire Elksland upon th' hill here, laid me down a guinea's goud for him, and I let him take it up agen.' 'Did he?' says he, staring at me. 'Then, landlord,' says he, 'let me tell you the Squire was a big fewl, and you are a bigger.' And with that, young man—could you believe it?—but with that he put on his hat, and said he would take a bit walk up the village—went straight out of that very front door there as we comed in at, whistling a tune; and he niver comed back agen from that day to this!"

"Sad dom'd rascal, that," observed Mr Thomas, the cock portrait-painter, when the host had closed his sentence. "I seed him myself once or twice when he were here; and, I maun say, I thought him a niceish sort of a chap i' the looks: but we munna judge sheep by the wool. Directly after he'd started, I told mester that I niver liked them flashy fellows as drinks brandy and water when other folks drinks ale; cos I know that sort of stuff takes some paying for, and it's a deuced deal easier to drink it than to pay for it."

"Ay," observed the landlord seriously, "that I've larnt to my cost. If he had known how to pay as well as he knowed how to eat and drink, we should have bin all the better for his company. But, as they say when anything's matter—experience teaches wisdom. And so it does; only it sometimes costs more than its worth. I shall be wise enough next time to make all sich chaps as him pay as they go on, if ony of 'em iver comes into my house agen."

Bilberry here inquired of his host whether that swindler took his luggage along with him when he went. "Because," remarked this sagacious young man, "I should think there might have been enough in it to balance the shot you had against him."

"Ay, bless you," the host exclaimed—"no, not he. He took noat, or else we should have bin up to him. It was there he did us; for who could have thought a man would go and leave his portmantle behind him? And more than all the rest, do you know, the willand actually ordered his dinner afore he went, and told 'em to get it ready by four o'clock, becos he said he was going a good way off, and shouldn't get back sooner. And I don't doubt that was done to get more time to clear his-self away afore we should begin to inspect him. The road we first fun' it out, was this. My Missis had roasted him a nice young duck, to be ready just as the church struck four—for she's a rare woman in a house, and cooks her meat to five minuits. Well, she'd took it down and got all ready exactly as the clock struck. Bessy had set th' table before, and iverything was at their finger ends. We waited and waited till quarter to five, but he didn't come. My Missis, as was very natteral, was all over a stew about it. For, you see, this duck that she'd roasted so nicely at first, was baking afore th' fire to keep it warm, till there was hardly a bit of goodness left in it. Pouring gravy over it was of no use, for it all dried up directly.

"At last she sits her down on th' far side o' th' kitchen, as hot as a divil with tenting th' duck. 'Really,' says she to me, 'really, Sam, if he don't come soon, I think I shall be fit to knock my head off.' And then she whisked her apron afore her face, she was all in sich a melt and a swelter. 'Well,' said I to her, 'it is of no use being put out of your way about it—remember what you said to me about th' horse.' 'Ay, ay,' says she agen, 'it is easier for folks as is'nt consarned to talk of them things, than for them as is to do 'em.' 'What,' said I, 'you find it now, do you? But you didn't think so when you soothed me up about th' horse.'

"I see'd she didn't like what I said, so I puts it off; and I tou'd her to put the things i' th' pantry; and, if he comed to his dinner after that, he might have it lukewarm, and thank his-self for sauce to't. Wi' that, she gets up in a passion, and shouts to Bessy to clear th' table, and if he comed then, he might eat his dinner off th' floor for what she cared. Them was her words. But, you know, he niver did come, as I mentioned afore.

"Well, at night, when it had got quite dark, we made sartin he had either gone clean off, or else got stopping somewhere till morning. Though, as folks always judge for the worst, we weren't without our suspicions that he'd swindled us.

"While I were getting my supper—as I always have a bason of milk-porridge with sops in it, and a sup of ale for a nightcap—I says to Missis, 'Thinking of this villand, as I could not get him out of my head,' says I, 'I'll tell you what, Missis, I think we are always getting into some trouble or another; I never heard tell of ony body like us.' 'No,' said she, and she really couldn't help crying then, which made me very sorry to see her; 'no,' said she, 'there sartinly niver was nobody that stood less in luck's way than we do. Here's always summut happening as shouldn't. I think there is noat as goes right. I'm sure I sha'n't get a bit of sleep of all this night wi' thinking on it.' And then she sobbed like a child. I didn't try to talk to her, for I know'd that were of no use; but I goes to th' cupboard and mixes her a glass of warm gin and watter. 'Here,' says I, 'take and drink that, and then see how you are.' She let it stand a bit, as all women does for modesty, though there was nobody there but me. But when I tou'd her it was getting cold, she poured it in, and that brought her sperits round. After awhile, she wipes her eyes, though they'd got dry afore; and, says she, 'What does he owe us, think you, Sam?' 'What, that villand?' says I. 'I'm sure I don't know.' But I gets up to look, for we'd set it all on i' th' chimbly corner. And, do you know, young man, as true as God's in heaven, we had a score agen him that reached from th' ceiling straight down to th' washboard. There wasn't room to cast it up, and I had to get onto th' stool to read th' first items; and sich lots on't was for brandy and watter, and rum and milk, that he'd had in the morning! It comed, altogether, to four-and-thirty shilling, though I had previously made up my mind to call it two pound, as he knowed noat about change. Howiver, as you see, my hopes and meanings was all blasted, as mony folkses has bin afore me, and mony will be agen. For I said to my Missis, 'We've this conflagration, that scores and scores of people have bin sarved the same, and ten times worse, if we knowed all; so we aren't so bad as them, at ony rate.' 'No,' says she—'after feeding him wi' th' best the house could afford, and then to be sarved this way; it's bad enough, to be sure; but, then, noat's so bad but it might be worse.' This, you mind, we said to one another a day or two after, when we were quite sartin he'd clean gone. Upon that, when no doubt about it was in ar minds, I was at a loss what to do with his portmantle, for he'd left it up stairs as usual. So, me and my Missis we

debilitates about it, and, i' th' end, we agreed that I should go to ar parson, Mr Wild—for he's the justice i' these parts—and ax him what to do about it; becos, after all, I didn't like to open no man's portmantle wi'out authority. So, away I goes, though my Missis says, 'Wesh your face afore you go, Sam, and put a clean hankitcher round your neck, or else he'll think you haven't no respect for him.' I does so and goes.

"When I got to Mr Wild's, th' sarvent bid me go into the library, till he could come to me; for, at th' time, as it happened to be just after breakfast, he were bizzy shaving his-self. When I got in she shut th' door on me; but I durstn't sit down, the chairs, all of 'em, were so clean and bright. So what does I do but takes off my hat and peeps round at the books, for pastime, as one may say! Lord, what books he has! Why, Tom, they covered th' walls all round; and sich goud on the backs of 'em! If they were mine, I durstn't touch 'em. 'My soul and body,' says I to myself, when I looked round, 'what a head he has if he can do with all these!'

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"And then I told him all my business—how this rascal had sarved me; and, at last, I axed him very respectfully for his advice about th' portmantle. 'Oh, Mr Pogson,' says he, 'in sich a case as this I wouldn't hizzitate a moment to open it, after you're clear he went off clandestinely. Though,' says he, agen, 'I'm sorry you didn't inform me sooner; for then we might have sent after him, and, perhaps, catched him, for an example to justice.' 'Ay, Sir,' said I, 'I am much to blame there, Sir.' 'No, no, Mr Pogson,' said he, 'it's no blame—only an oversight, becos you didn't know how to go on with sich scoundrels. He's a reg'lar swindler, no doubt,' said Mr Wild, 'and it's ten to one but he'll go and try to sarve somebody else out i' th' same way. But,' says he, 'it is as it is now, and we mun make the best on't. I recommend you to open his luggage, and if there's as much in it as 'll pay your charges, all well and good. Sell it and pay yourself. And, if there's onything left out, it mun go to th' king; at least,' says he, 'you may bring it to me, and I'll take care it shall be right.'

"When I got back, my Missis met me at th' door, for she'd bin on th' look-out for me a good while. And, as soon as she could hear me, I shouted to her that we'd got a warrand to open the portmantle. She turns round directly—tells Bessey to bring th' hammer after her, and runs up stairs. I myself makes haste behind her, for fear she shouldn't do it right; and I catched her at that villand's chamber door. Both of us immediately seized hold on't and my Missis undid th' straps. 'Stop,' says I, 'afore we go ony deeper, we'd better have a witness to't; for we've made one mistake i' th' law already, and let's have no more if we can help it.' So we calls up Tom—this man here, as he happened to be i' th' house—to look on while me and Missis opened it. Didn't we, Tom?'

The gentleman, thus appealed to, replied, "That you did, I'll take my oath afore onybody." And he was about to detail some farther particulars when the landlord interrupted him—"Ay, that's enough, Tom; I only axed you that question. We called him up, you hear, young man, and then set about breaking th' portmantle open. It wasn't without its weight, I assure you; so, when I took it up, I says to my Missis, 'If it be as heavy as this, with guineas like them he shewed me down i' th' yard yonder, and they are all good uns, we'll charge them eightpenny brandies a shilling a-piece, and all t'other things at th' same rate; and then th' parson may take th' rest, and welcome.' '*If* they are,' says she; 'but we've no hopes of sich luck as that. Guineas isn't like gravel stones, and it's a deal more likely they're one than t'other.' 'That may be,' I observed agen; 'but here's noat beats a trial.' And wi' that I crams th' chisel between th' lid and lock, and, by downright main strength, I breaks th' lock and gets it open. I wish you'd bin there when we took th' lid off. It was a pictur to see us, 'specially when we seed what was inside. Tom,, here—you remember it well enough, Tom, I know—Tom lifts up his hands like a crowsfoot. Bessy peeped over his shoulder, as if she was going to give him a kiss; and my Missis stood wi' both her fists stuck a-top of her hips, and her elbows out in vandykes. I undid th' straw that lay on the portmantle, and there we spied under it a lot of the best plated cans, sich as we use only for th' wakes and good company, packed up so as not to jingle agen one another with carrying. 'Lord!' observes I, taking one out, 'these 'll pay us, Missis, if there's plenty of 'em.' She snatches it out of my hand, and I picks up another; for, do you know, when we counted 'em there was just half a dozen. And, though we rummaged the portmantle through and through, them was all that was in it. 'Why, Sam,' say my Missis, when she'd looked at it, 'these is worth seven or eight shilling a-piece, at least, for they're almost the same pattern as ar best cans, and they cost six shilling a-piece. 'At that rate, then,' says I, 'there's enough of 'em to pay the shot I should think.' And I directly kest up on th' wall what it comed to. 'Is there?' says she. 'I arn't sure yet,' says I, 'for I havn't reckoned it.' In about half an hour, I makes it out to a sartinty. 'At seven shilling a-piece,' I obsarved, 'they exactly come to two guineas; and that'll just satisfy us, without leaving onything for th' king.' 'That's right,' said my Missis; 'we're poor folks, and he's a man as wants for noat.' After we had took 'em all down stairs—'Sam,' says she, 'I wouldn't wait for nobody, for fear that rascal should come back afore we've gotten shut of 'em. So do you put on your other britches and run down with 'em to Wetherton'—that's ar market town—'and sell 'em for what you can get, cos when we've once got th' money we shall be safe, and not till then, as it's hard to get butter out of a dog's throat,' says she. That seemed to me very reasonable; so I takes her advice, and goes off as fast as I could, without saying onything to onybody. I niver called on Mr Wild, becos I thought he would perhaps think these cans was stole, and so would hinder me selling 'em, which would not have suited my notions of what's right; for, as he had robbed me, sureiy I had a right to rob somebody else, even if it was so.

"When I got to Wetherton, I goes straight to Turner's the broker, and I offered 'em to th' old man, for he happened to be in th' shop. 'What!' says he, 'Mr Pogson, you keep a public-house, and want to sell your cans?' 'Ay,' says I, 'them half dozen is more than we've a use for, and so I might as well get shut of 'em.' For you see, young man, I didn't want to tell th' truth of my business to all th' town; and I knowed if I only toud it to old Turner, it would spread like wildfire. 'What do you want for 'em?' he asked me. 'Why,' said I, 'they're worth seven shilling a-piece.' 'Seven shilling!' says he; 'then I arn't your customer, Mr Pogson. I couldn't sell 'em again for more than three and sixpence at most, and I mun have a profit out of that, or else it's no use keeping shop.'

"'Three and sixpence!' says I, agen; 'why, Mr Turner, I'm abased at you. I warrand you I've got another half dozen at home, not sich a good pattern as these, that cost me six shilling ivery farthing.' 'Bran new and second-hand makes all the difference,' said he; 'but it's no use arguing; I hate dodging, and so at once I'll give you three shilling a-piece; and take th' chance of 'em.' I kicks at that a good while, but it meant noat; he wouldn't squeeze another halfpenny out. So, thinking that was better than none, at last I agrees to take it, and then goes home. When I described how I'd gone on, my Missis didn't half like it, as she had bin looking for a couple of guineas or so. But I told her if she had gone herself she couldn't have done better; and so we pocketed th' eighteen shilling, and kept th' portmantle.

However, this warn't quite th' end of that job; for, about a three week after, we had a meeting of farmers at ar house, summut consarning corn; and when my Missis went to th' corner cupboard, in that parlar there, to get 'em better things to drink out of, she comes running back to me in a fright. 'Sam,' says she, 'if all them six best cans isn't clean gone!' 'Bless my soul!' says I, and, as she told me after, I turned as white as a witch. I couldn't believe her; so I went to look th' shelves over with my own eyes, but sure enough they were gone. 'Well,' I observed, 'I see now how it is. That rascal

is a bigger villand than ever. I see now what he wanted to live in that parlour for, with his-self. Dom him, he's picked th' lock and took 'em out, and now I've gone and sold 'em agen for three shilling a-piece less than I gived for 'em a year since.' And, to mend th' matter, when I went down next day to Wetherton, and told old Turner all about it, that great scoundrel wouldn't sell 'em me back agen for less than twenty-four shilling, and twenty-four shilling was what I gave him for 'em—ay, that it was, neither more nor less. Did you iver, in your life, young man, hear of onybody so unlucky?"

And hereupon the unfortunate host took another drink of his own brewing, to keep his spirits up, while Mr Bilberry Thurland, with a most praiseworthy and Christian spirit, scarcely to be anticipated in one of his breeding, and only to be accounted for from that naturally excellent disposition which his education could not destroy, entered very feelingly into a speech of condolence upon his host's misfortunes, but which we must decline giving at length, because the pathetic is totally foreign to our purposes. It is enough here to observe, that it met with the entire approbation of his audience; which is saying for it much more than can be said of speeches that lay claim to far greater eloquence of language and importance of subject. Nay, insomuch was the landlord himself delighted with the sympathy of his guest, that, in the sudden warmth of his heart, and the muddled impetuosity of his brain, he immediately filled Bilberry two pennyworth of gin, for which he most resolutely refused to receive pay, only hinting that he wished his own health to be drank in it.

With this noble invitation of Samuel Pogson's, Mr Thurland was wise enough—as in all other the like cases—to comply. Accordingly, he flung his head back, and opening his mouth like a kitchen sink-hole, tossed off the liquor to the better luck of his landlord.

When this spirit—which, by the way, Bilberry found to contain some few flavouring drops of turpentine—had effectually drained into his stomach, it is not to be wondered at that, aided by the ale he had already imbibed, he should grow somewhat more inquisitive and curious than when he entered the pothouse, as well as much improved in the gift of speech. He himself began to discourse very fluently upon some of his own adventures; and, amongst the rest, he was about to detail to the landlord that remarkable story of the breeches, which we have before had occasion to relate, when he suddenly bethought that his host had not quite finished the history of the marvellous cock, Bonaparte. He, therefore, in pure good manners, stopped his own conversation and besought that miserable man to conclude his story. For, when Mr Bilberry reflected a moment upon the whole circumstances, he could not, for his life, imagine how it had come about, that a bird which, by one means or another, had brought upon his owner such a complication of disasters, should finally have been so highly esteemed as to obtain the distinguished honour of a full length portrait, and, more than all, should actually subvert the ancient reign of the Black Bull, and raise himself to the throne instead.

In no degree backward to satisfy Mr Thurland's wishes, the landlord put another charge of tobacco into his pipe, and forgetting to light it, began to smoke away, as he thus continued his narrative:—

"You see, then, young chap, after that I didn't take no more interest in this cock of arn. I thought that job o' th' horse bad enough at th' time, but this other substracted to it, did me completely up; and, for one while, I took it so close to heart, that I did noat hardly but sit in that very same corner as you're in now, and smoke my pipe and drink a sup of ale. My Missis thought she should niver have got me out agen, it lay so heavy upon my mind. And I really believe I niver should have stirred no more, if it hadn't so happened that Nat Mills comed into ar house one day after dinner, and called for a cup of ale.

"When he had sat a-bit, I see'd he had summut a brewing, but I takes no notice of him, for I always think the more one wants to know of folk's consarns, the harder it is to get onything out of 'em. I seemed as if I observed noat; so in a bit he begins to break th' ice. 'Pogson,' says he, 'I think we shall beat you now; for we've gotten a cock that niver was licked in this world, though he has fought mony a battle.' 'Have you?' says I to him; 'where did you get him?' 'As to that,' says he, 'I munna tell.' 'Oh,' says I, 'I don't want to know if it's a secret; but get him from where you would, I'll back ar cock agen him.' 'Will you?' says he; 'done, then, and there's a match made.' We had some more talk about it, though we didn't settle finally how it was to be exactly. And after that, Nat went away.

"I don't know how it was, but all at once I feels my spirits get up agen; and the same day, when we were getting ar tea, I says to my Missis, 'Raelly, Kitty, I feel like another man upon this consarn.' 'That's well,' says she; 'I'm glad to hear it, Sam, for you've bin as dull as a proker lately.' Well, at night, there is six or eight of 'em comes to ar house, to settle how th' match were to be. Some were willing to back ar cock, and some Nat's. And, at last, we agreed that it should be for ten pound a side, on purpose to make ivery body try their best; and that th' match should come off in a month from that night, to give time for feeding and training th' cocks a bit in ar rough way.

"After that, I devotes myself to th' feeding of ar cock; for, thinks I, I've lost enough by this cock of arn already, and it won't do to lose this great stake in at the bargain. So I sets about and picks up all th' useful inflamation I could, as to how he would be best treated. I borrows a book of George Kelly, that he had bought at half-price, for threepence, of one of these chaps that comes round with numbers, where was a receipt for training cocks. Well, we looked into it, me and my Missis—for she begun to take some interest in't at last—but we bothered ar heads with it a good while, and couldn't make noat out on't i' th' end. It only made us worse than we were afore. I don't know how it is, but I niver could larn onything out of books. They do me more harm than good. For I larn a deal best by hearsay and my own experience. I do know what folks says, but I'm domd if I can understand them rigmarole stuff as one sees in print. But I reckon my head isn't like iverybody's, though it is as good as a mony, I dar' to say, and better to me than ony body else's. Well, we managed this cock of arn according to the best of ar abilities. We clipped his teal down to th' stumps, and all th' feathers off of his bum as clean as if he'd bin shaved; and we trimmed him round th' neck, and at the end o' th' wings, till he looked like a reg'lar pit-cock. When I took him home agen—for it was ar tealor that cut him—my Missis hardly knowed him agen. You'd have laughed if you'd seen him when we first turned him down into th' yard after it. He seemed to know that summut was gone from behind him, but didn't know what, for he couldn't see we had cut his breeches off. Some o' th' hens was frightened at him, and wouldn't let him go a-courting to 'em, as he wanted, for a long while.

"In time, the day o' th' battle comes on; and we were as bizzy as flies in a dust hole all morning. The battle were to be in ar yard, as there is plenty of room; and Nat Mills and George Kelly stakes a ring out, and puts plenty of flakes round to keep th' cocks in. We drawed carts and waggons round for folks to stand in, and charged 'em twopence a-piece to come inside th' gate, or else we should have bin overrun with all sorts of scamps and scrubs, gathered from all th' country round.

"My Missis, as is always thinking for th' best, borrows two more extraordinary wenches into the house, to fetch up and sarve all that day, for sich a company as we looked for isn't waited on by one pair of hands, nor two neither.

"She gied 'em a shilling a-piece and their vittles, and pead 'em well, too. I gets all the chairs down stairs, just as I do at th' wakes; and fetches as much ale up afore th' time comed, as filled every can and copper we had. You may think it would get rather flat that way; but sich chaps as them, pours it in without tasting on't—at least after th' first sup. I give 'em a drop of fresh at first, just to make 'em like it, and then sarves 'em out after with all th' dead; for when they've got warm in talk, they niver perceive it.

"Some few of 'em crep in about eleven o'clock i' th' morning, and sat i' the house here, drinking and smoking and talking about noat but th' cocks, till two o'clock, when the battle was to come off. But, afore that time, we had a house brimful. At last Nat Mills comes, bringing their cock; and sich a swat of chaps comed along with him, cramming and pushing to get a look at him, till I were afraid they'd poke their elbows through the windows, so I put th' shutter up a bit. When they had had some ale, and were going through into th' yard, I puts the door to, and claps my back agen it. 'Gentlemen,' says I, 'we've agreed to charge twopence a-piece for them that goes into th' yard, to keep you genteel; and I hope none of you 'll object to pay that trifle.'

"Upon that, iver so many of them said it was dom'd imposition, and as they'd had ale in the house, and meant to have a good sup more afore they had done, they would see me at Old Nick's afore they'd pay it. 'Well, Gentlemen,' says I, 'there's no occasion for none of that. Let's be civil wi' one another, if we can, at all events; but I do think you ought to give way to th' arrangements that's bin made;—and I think so now.' But, when I said that, old Skinner, th' blacksmith, shouts through the uproar, and says he—'Pogson—Pogson,' says he—'just gie me a hearing:—You took divilish good care not to make arrangements for *peying us* twopence a-piece for drinking this dead swipes of yours.' And with that I gets laughed at by everybody, till I flies into a bit of a passion. So, I rams the bolt into th' door, and says I—'I'll tell you what, old Skinner—I didn't ax you to drink it without you liked; so if you can please yourself better anywhere else, go, and good shutness to bad rubbage.—Go and be dom'd to you!' says I—'I don't want to see you in my house no more.' Well, and do you know, upon that they laughed worse and worse. This makes me madder and madder; so I begins to pull my coart off, to have a rap or two at him. My Missis sees me, and she comes up all in a fluster—'Sam,' says she, 'what are you doing?—what *are* you doing?'—says she. 'Don't be in a passion, for he isn't worth being mad about.' And she laid hold of both my arms, and pulls my coart on agen. 'Missis,' says I, 'let me alone. I'm in my own house, and I'll be mester on't, or else it's about time to drop it. I'm not to be domineered over by no man; and, if he can't come and drink such ale as I have got to gie him, and be quiet o'er it, let him keep out o' th' house altogether. I don't want him to come. I don't want to see his face. I can sell my ale, thank God, to better men than him, and to them that peys as they go on,' says I, 'and that is more than he does, or iver did in his life—a sneaking idle divil.' And all that, you mind, I shouted out, so that he couldn't miss but hear me. However, while I were saying it, I finds the company had almost all mizzled off, and old Skinner amongst 'em. So, whether he heard what I said about him, I raelly don't know, but I should think he did. And what do you think they'd done? Why, when I bolted the door, they all goes out the front road, slips round th' house corner, and gets over th' yard wall; so, when I turns round, there they all stood agen the ring, laughing at me through the window. I felt mad, and yet I couldn't help laughing myself. So I says to my Missis—'Gi'e me a sup o' gin and watter, or else I shall niver face 'em; and then I'll fetch ar cock out, and we'll have done with it, for I want to see th' end on't,' says I. She mixes me a good stiff glass—for she's a rare wench at that—I drinks it directly, and fetches this cock of arn out o' th' pen.

"I didn't want to get into no more noises myself; so I turns him over to George Kelly; and says I, 'Here, George, you can manage him quite as well as I can, and perhaps better. I don't want any more to do wi' it.' He takes him into th' ring, and I myself climbs up into a front place in one o' th' waggons; though I had to knock three or four impudent young shavers over, afore I could get up into it, though, at the same time, ivery inch on't was my own. We had agreed before not to let 'em have steel spurs on, becos, said I, that isn't a fair thing to go by. 'Let us have it all natur,' says I—'natur is the thing as we mun decide from,' and that, none of 'em could get o'er; so, on that point, I had it all my own way. Well, when everything was ready, they turns the cocks down to one another. Ay, that minnit! it seemed to me as if me and my Missis and that cock of arn, hung upon one thrid. I didn't know what to do with myself. I fixes my eyes on 'em like bullets, and that was all I could do. They raises their feathers, and puts their heads down, and there they stand, staring at one another, as if they were peter-ified. At last ar cock strikes—hits their cock on th' head—this cock of theirs flies up and tumbles his-self straight on to this cock of arn—ar cock goes at their cock agen, and knocks that cock of theirs clean down. Their cock gets up and flies at ar cock, with sich a fury he knocks this cock of arn bang agen one o' th' flakes. Then there is sich a shout from them as bet upon that cock of theirs; it rung i' my ears till I hardly knowed if I stood on my head or my feet. My heart leaps and flings like an old cow afore a storm; and I shouts to my Missis to give me another sup of gin and watter. But, though I shouted as hard as I could three or four times, she didn't hear me; so you may conjuncture what a belder there was among 'em. Howiver, ar cock he holds his beak open a bit, and then goes at that cock of theirs agen. And so they tussled together as well as they could, sometime one getting mester, and sometime t'other. But, upon th' average, I thought ar cock was getting th' worst on't. So I begins to feel down i' th' mouth, as I well might, considering what a stake I might lose. For all that, though this cock of arn did seem to be going sadly th' wrong way for a while, there was them round the ring that swore like troopers, he would beat i' th' end; for he was th' best-bottomed cock, said they, o' th' two. Howiver, I needn't tell you how they went on all through, for a cock-fight isn't like a battle with men—when you're told one round of this, you're told all. I'll only obsarve, just to make short of it, that what they said about this cock of arn, proved true i' th' end. He had most strength, and by that he wore their cock completely out. For, do you know, they fought till neither of them could hardly stand on their legs; and, at last of all, that cock of theirs couldn't lift his head up to peck; but he just stirred it on th' ground and tried to peck the dust. His eyes were swelled quite up, and his head was as bloody as a sheep's on a butcher's stall. He lay on th' ground as if he were dead, but Nat Mills wouldn't give it in even then, and he actually let that cock of arn peck him as he lay on th' floor, till he tumbled down his-self, a-top of him. Well, he were as stupid as a jackass about it yet, and wouldn't let his cock be took away, till iverybody said it was a shame to let him lie. Upon that, he snatches him up by one o' the legs, and in revenge breaks both his wings o'er his back while he was alive, and then twists his neck round—ay, he did, as true as I'm speaking. Dom me, if I could bear to see that, after th' poor thing had done all as it had, so I jumps down from th' waggon wi'out thinking onything about the ten pounds that cock of arn had won, and I jostles my road through th' crowd up to him. I doubles my fist in his face, for o' somehow, I felt as if I couldn't help it, and says I, 'Nat,' says I, 'dom yo'—dom *yo'!*' says I, and I couldn't get no farder.

"He seemed to be ready for me, and as if he should like to have a rap at me, for he was as mad as a bull becos he'd lost th' ten pound—so, he makes no more to do, but takes and dabs the cock's head 'raight into my face. That, you're very sartin I couldn't put up with; so, I rips off my coat directly—flings it anywhere out of my hand—and, as it so happened, very unlucky, though I didn't perceive it at the time—I chucked it into the dust-hole. Well, however, I flings it out of my hand, pulls up my shirt sleeves, and goes at him. He flings the cock away, for he slung him clean over th' rig o' th' house, and then begins to square at me. He was as blind as a beetle with his rage, so he comes drive up without caring for anything. I watches my opportunity; and, afore he could reach me, just lets him drop with his nose upo' my left fist. That flattens it like a broad bean, and makes him sneeze, I assure you. I follows it up with a right-hander into his teeth, and I wholloped him rarely till he fell on to th' floor; and then I fell on to him, just for sake of squeezing th' bit of wind out as he had left in

him. This, you see, makes them that sided with Nat ten times worse than before, and while I were on my hands and knees, one of 'em comes up in a cowardly way and fetches me sich a kick *here*'—and to explain and illustrate his position, the landlord applied his hand to that part which usually is most liable to be appealed to after the fashion he was describing—'fetches me sich a kick, it sent me bang on to th' floor, head first.'

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"That same night, when we were in bed together, I says to my Missis—'Kitty', says I, 'we've got this ten pound, you see, and I think, as this cock of arn won it, it is no more nor right as we should do summut to shew ar inspect of him. What can we do?' says I. 'Well,' says Missis, 'it is no more than right, as you say, and really I feel very thankful to him myself, if I may speak my own feelings about it.' 'Sartinly,' says I, 'speak what you think, at ony rate, for you know I'm always glad of your sentiments.' 'Well, Sam,' says she, 'you know this, that I always do th' best I can when I *do* speak. I never advise onything as is likely to be wrong, if I know it; and th' wisest head in all England can do no more.'

"'No, no,' says I, 'to be sure. If your head isn't so high-larnt as some, it's worth more than a mony of folkses as sticks it up more, for I know I should be very sorry to be wi'out it.' 'Well, then,' says she agen, 'if I mun express my mind upon this subject, I think we canna do better than let Tom Owen paint his likeness, and then we shall be able to see and talk about him after he's dead.'

"'That's a good thought,' says I—'a good thought; we'll do so. I'll tell you what, my wench,' says I—'if iver I want onything finding out and deciding how it shall be, I only have to ax you and it's done. And where should we hing it when it is painted?' said I; 'for we havn't mony places in ar house for them things, and I shouldn't like it to get spoiled after it's finished.' 'Well, that I don't know,' says she, 'till I look. Perhaps, i' th' corner where th' bellows hings, or else on the same neal as we used to hing th' frying-pan on, afore the handle got broke. But we mun see i' the morning.' And with that she turns round and goes to sleep. I was sleepy myself, for I'd had a sup of ale more than usual, and so I does the same. But, do you know, in th' middle o' th' night, she wakes me out of a very pleasant dream that I was having, and says she, 'Sam, I've thought of another thing just now.' 'What about?' said I; for I did not think on it at first. 'Why,' says she, 'let us have that cock of arn painted on th' sign atop o' th' bull.' 'Nay,' says I, 'it not do to have him atop o' th' bull neither. Folks would say they niver seed sich a thing in their lives; they'd call it a cock-and-bull consarn altogether,' says I. And with that I laughed at her. 'You're soft, Sam,' says she agen; 'I don't mean on his back; but I mean on th' same board. I'd alter th' sign for him, and let us call ar house Th' Cock, instead o' Th' Bull.'

"'Now you say so, my wench,' said I, 'I do think that would be the best plan. He'd be remembered, then, Kitty, when you and me is cold in th' grave.' 'Dunna talk of thatten, for goodness' sake, Sam,' says she. 'I hate to think of them things.' And I believe she said summut more; but I dropped asleep agen afore she'd said it. However, young man, the upshot o' the matter was, as you see, we had his portrait tooken by Tom, here; and this very'day is the first time of putting on't up. A very good likeness it is; and long may it hing there, say I."

With which excellent toast the landlord again emptied his can.

"Do you know, young man," said he, "he niver got over it? For, though he had better, as I've said, yet them two cocks was so well matched, that this cock of arn wasn't fit to faet another battle niver after.

"And what made it odder still—as you'll admit this was a very singular and marketable circumference—a white feather comed in his teal just after. Says I to my Missis when I see'd it—That's a natteral proof he'll be good for noat no more but for th' table.' 'O, Sam,' said she, 'how can you think of eating him after sich a life as he's led? Why,' says she, 'I should as soon think of eating old Nibbs th' pensioner.' 'Ay, ay,' said I, 'I know a little better than that. If you're soft, I aren't going to be soft an' all; and, as he has won this wager and got a reputation that 'll stand him ony ends, I shouldn't like to see him lose it agen; so I think we had better feed him up and kill him, to make safe on't; becas we know he canna be leathered after that; and, if we keep him alive as he is, why, I'll defy the divil his-self to keep folks from wanting to make another match; and, if they did, he would lose, as sure as a gun.' That's just what I said. 'Well,' says she, 'your judgment's worth having sartinly, Sam; you haven't lived all these years as if you'd bin brought up in a wood. You ought to know black from white,' says she. 'To be sure,' said I; 'that's very true. And I do hope I haven't lived all my life wi'out larning summut, at all events.'

"So, do you know, we determined to do so, and began to feed him up as fast as we could; and, when he had got a bit of meat on his bones, we killed him. That's no longer ago than yesterday; and, at this very minnit, young man, he's in that iron pot."

Such is the history of Sam Pogson's Game-cock. It is, we think, an *unique* in English biography, and fully as characteristic of a certain strain of homely humour, as are any of the relations of the Rev. Micah Balquhider, or Mr Mansie Wauch. Sam Pogson's courtship of Kitty, now his "Missis," is, from the tender nature of the subject, and the crossing of his true love, calculated to be still more generally attractive; but, having given specimens in all the modes of the writer, we can meddle no farther with this unpublished book. Our extracts have been confined to the first volume; and we are glad to find that the press has duly appreciated the excellence and sterling English character of this fiction. It requires to undergo some purification; but the ore is in such rich abundance as will well repay this labour. In due time we hope to see BILBERRY THURLAND warmly welcomed by thousands of readers, to whom we have true pleasure in presenting a transitory side glimpse of him, or rather of those among whom he moves.

ON THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF THE LATE DR THOMAS BROWN.

IT might have been deemed incredible, that a man, extensively known, like Dr Brown, as a public lecturer, should leave to the world so large a legacy of divine thoughts, without commanding a larger portion of attention from those whose business it is to watch the course of opinion, and whose privilege it has been to exercise no inconsiderable influence on its rate of progress. It might, moreover, have been deemed incredible, by those who accuse Scotland of estimating at their full value all her contributions to science and the arts, that Scotland should have given birth to such a man as Dr Brown, and been the scene of his glory, and yet should

never, during his lifetime, or within the fifteen years which have elapsed since his death, have exhibited any sense of the distinction of having produced and fostered an intellect of which the influence is destined to be immortal.

Dugald Stewart, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr Welsh, (the biographer of Dr Brown,) are almost the only individuals who have attempted anything like a formal estimate of Dr Brown's intellectual qualities. As to Mr Bulwer, who, in his book on "England and the English," favoured the world with a disquisition on the state of metaphysical philosophy in this country, *he* had evidently, at the period of his book's appearance, never heard of Dr Brown's name. Other critics, of equal pretensions, would appear to share Mr Bulwer's ignorance.

Dugald Stewart was the predecessor of Dr Brown. He was a man of great talents, although those talents were, unquestionably, not of the highest order. Dugald Stewart, in fact, lacked inventive power altogether. He was acute, refined, eloquent, in a very remarkable degree; and he was lucky, moreover, as few philosophers have been, in the attainment of great celebrity at an early period of his life. Some portion of that celebrity he undoubtedly owed to political influences—for he was, in one sense, the philosopher of a party. The Scotch Whigs claimed him as their own; and, with the unerring instinct of party spirit, lauded their metaphysical associate, in their *coteries*, and through their organs of the press.

Dr Brown laboured, with infinite success, to overthrow the philosophical system which Dr Reid had persuaded the world to accept at his hands, as the disclosure of a new and more direct avenue to the shrine of truth. Dugald Stewart, again, was the pupil of Reid, and the expositor of his doctrines. The subversion of Reid's system, therefore, involved a compromise of no inconsiderable portion of Stewart's fame—involved the loss of his rank as a teacher of immutable truths, although it might leave undisturbed his reputation for genius.

During the lifetime of Dr Brown, Dugald Stewart made no attempt to vindicate his master's authority, or to rescue his own metaphysical creed from the imputation of unsoundness. Eight years after Brown's death, however, he made atonement for his previous silence, by a criticism on Brown, subjoined, in the form of a note, to the last volume of his works—a criticism which, whether viewed in reference to the meanness of the spirit which it breathes, or the false reasoning with which it is vitiated, would disgrace the most disingenuous caviller in departments of discussion the farthest removed from philosophy of the humblest kind. The meanness of that criticism must be obvious to every one, familiar with the subject, who shall peruse it. Its logical errors may be pointed out, without the expenditure of much time.

The late Dr Thomas Brown (so runs Mr Stewart's commentary) was a person of rare and admirable talents—of the most extensive and various learning—and, in conversing upon metaphysical questions *which do not lie far removed from the surface*, one of the quickest men, and most acute arguers, that I have ever known. Like most other men, however, of very quick parts, he was too confident in his rapid judgments—too ready to conclude that there were no difficulties in his way, because he was unable to see them—and not sufficiently aware that, in this science, much more than in any other, the success of our inquiries depends on that capacity of *patient thinking* to which Newton had the modesty to ascribe all the merit of his greatest discoveries. In this capacity, I cannot help thinking that Dr Brown was remarkably deficient.

Newton possessed, unquestionably, a great capacity of *patient thought*; but he was, as unquestionably, a person of extreme rapidity in his habits of thinking. In early boyhood, Newton mastered Euclid's propositions, by reading them once; and the "rapid judgments" of Dr Brown may no more be adduced in proof of his want of habits of "patient thought," than the circumstance that Newton contrived to solve, in a few minutes, a theorem which Leibnitz, with the express view of puzzling the great English mathematician, expended years in constructing, constitutes a proof that the theory of gravitation is unsound. We do not attach too much faith to the tradition which describes the fall of an apple as the immediate occasion of suggesting to Newton the great principle with which his name is indissolubly associated; but the tradition proves, at all events, that the world has all along felt the rapidity of Newton's habits of thinking to have been quite as remarkable as the patience with which he conducted his inquiries. Without "patient thought," no lasting triumphs in philosophy ever were achieved; and as large a stock of this indispensable habit of mind as ever distinguished any philosophical inquirer, may be claimed for Dr Brown. But something more than "patient thought" (although Dugald Stewart found it convenient to overlook the circumstance) was necessary to Newton's success, as well as to the success of every man entitled to rank in the first class of the instructors of his species. That something is inventive or creative power. With less of "patience" in their application, Newton's magnificent powers of mind might have given birth to less magnificent results. But, had Newton's stock of "patience," as a thinker, been multiplied tenfold, to an inquirer whose powers of thought were humbler in kind, the world might still have wanted the accepted theories of gravitation and of light. So, in the case of Dr Brown, had his judgments possessed less of that "rapidity" which Mr Stewart deprecates, the world would, in all probability, have been poorer, by the want of many of those exquisite solutions of difficulties, which had been accumulating from the first dawn of inquiry into the mysteries of human intellect, till the period when Dr Brown furnished his interpretation of the laws of thought. True it is, that many profound thinkers have travelled slowly to conclusions of immeasurable value; but equally true is it, that, in other minds of the highest order, "rapidity of judgment" displays itself as an instinct—approves itself the badge and attribute of their genius.

Subsequently, Mr Stewart objects to Mr Welsh's statement, that—

> The rapidity with which Dr Brown arrived at the knowledge of the questions that have been discussed among philosophers, made him feel it an irksome task to dwell upon those intermediate steps which were necessary for the satisfaction of other minds, though, to his quicker glance, the conclusions seemed intuitively obvious.

Mr Stewart then proceeds in the following strain:—

> But the most exceptionable passages in Mr Welsh's book (because, from the oracular tone which he has been pleased to assume in them, they are the most likely to impose on shallow understandings) are those in which he speaks of Dr Brown's powers of *analysis*, when he ought rather to have warned novices (who are always most liable to be misled by an overweening vanity) of the danger of attempting to analyse things *unsusceptible of analysis*; or, in Mr Locke's homely but expressive language, to have exhorted them to "*stop when they are at the end of their tether.*"

Immediately afterwards, Mr Stewart speaks of the

> Delusion which so often misled Dr Brown, of fancying, when he had got to the end of his own sounding line, that he had reached the bottom of the ocean.

From these criticisms, we may learn that Dr Brown was at once *superficial* and *too profound* in his habits of thought; that he could not penetrate "far below the surface," and yet that he was always forcing his way to depths where the understanding is lost. The language of Locke is quoted by Stewart twice, and, on both occasions, the application is unfavourable to Brown—the one application being, all the while, incompatible with the other. In the first instance, we are assured that Brown was rash enough to seek "to analyse things unsusceptible of analysis"—in the second, that Brown, "when he had got to the end of his own sounding line, fancied that he had reached the bottom of the ocean." But "things unsusceptible of analysis" are not the subjects commonly selected by men whose strength is confined to the discussion of questions "*which do not lie far removed from the surface.*" And Brown, again, surely had sounding line to spare, when, according to Mr Stewart's admission, he could find no legitimate point of application for his analytical powers. Brown, surely *had* "reached the bottom of the ocean," when he had arrived at "things unsusceptible of analysis."

Conceding, in this manner, to Mr Stewart, all his assumptions as to the character of Dr Brown's intellect, how easy does it become, to prove the falsehood of each assumption, by the evidence of its fellow!

In a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, there appears a notice of Mr Young of Belfast's "Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy;" and, in that, Dr Brown is incidentally alluded to, as "unquestionably one of the most illustrious metaphysicians of this, or of any other country." But the spirit of the notice is not in keeping with these detached phrases. The exceptions which the Reviewer takes to Dr Brown's classification of the mental phenomena, would be trivial in their nature, even if well-founded; but being, as they are, misrepresentations of that classification, the value of the Reviewer's criticism is more than doubtful. Were, however, the Reviewer's objections unanswerable, still, to seem to assign to Dr Brown a rank among moral inquirers, which Mr Young of Belfast, Mr Mill, Sir James Mackintosh, or Dugald Stewart, might justly pretend to share, would be to inflict the foulest injury on the fame of Dr Brown. Between these names, distinguished as some of them are, and that of Brown, there is a wide gulf fixed. It is the gulf which divides great talent from genius of the highest order.

The Edinburgh Reviewer expresses regret for not having noticed the last treatises of Mackintosh and Stewart; but he expresses none for never having noticed the works of Dr Brown—works, beyond question, the most remarkable of which the world can boast on the subject of intellectual philosophy. If we were even compelled to admit that the greater number of Dr Brown's particular opinions were false, and that his principles of classification were unimportant, the opinion which we have ventured to express as to the general influences of Dr Brown's works would remain unshaken. Dr Brown's works would still contain a larger amount of thought than any other treatises on the intellectual constitution of man—would still contain more to stimulate the thinking principle than all that his predecessors or contemporaries in the same track of inquiry have ever given to the world.

The Reviewer's objections are of the following character:—

> It must, however, be confessed, that, if Dr Brown had the merit of bringing within a narrower circle the multiplied "powers" and "faculties" of preceding systems, his own was disfigured by a somewhat fantastic terminology. What, for instance, is the value of his grand distinction between the "*internal* and *external* states of mind?" When the subject is regarded philosophically, is there not an anomaly, if not a positive absurdity, in the very expression, "*external* states," as referable to the mind? It is true, Dr Brown explains his meaning to be, that the two phenominal classes in question are denominated "according to the nature of the circumstances which precede them;" but, if this ground of distinction be sustained, then must we denominate intellectual states generally according to their antecedent circumstances; and hence his subdivision of the "internal states" into intellectual conditions and emotions, is at once rendered nugatory; for emotions are most frequently the effect of *external* causes operating upon the mind. The greater number of our emotions ought, therefore, according to Dr Brown's own rule, to be referred to the class of "*external* states" of the mind; and thus one of the leading peculiarities of the system is destroyed. It may, however, be alleged, that the emotions referred to are produced by external causes, only *indirectly*; as their first effect is the consciousness of a certain sensation, which, in its turn, calls up a corresponding emotion, according to the fixed laws of our intellectual nature; but to this, it is obvious to answer, that the sensation is just as much an *internal* affection of the mind as is the emotion which follows it. The one possesses not a whit more of real externality than the other; and hence, if we wish to describe things by their own nature, and not by the nature of other things with which they have nothing in common, we must reject the absurdity of seeming to place affections *outside* the mind which are truly *in* it.

How meagre, how unreal, are these objections! How clearly has Dr Brown stated the reasons on

which his peculiar classification of the mental phenomena rests! How very different from the reasons which the Reviewer assigns! And how very ignorant does the Reviewer prove himself to be of the system on which he expends his shallow hypercriticism!

Here is Dr Brown's exposition of the *rationale* of an arrangement which has not been fortunate enough to find favour in the eyes of the Reviewer:—

> When we consider, then, the various states or affections of the mind, which form this series, one circumstance of difference must strike us—that some of them arise immediately, in consequence of the presence of external objects, and some, as immediately, in consequence of certain preceding affections of the mind itself. The one set, therefore, are obviously the results of laws both of matter and of mind—implying, in external objects, a power of affecting the mind, as well as in the mind a susceptibility of being affected by them. The other set result from the susceptibilities of the mind itself, which has been formed, by its divine Author, to exist in certain states, and to exist in these in a certain relative order of succession. The affections of the one class arise because some external object is present; the affections of the other class arise, because some previous change in the states of the mind has taken place.—*Lectures*, p. 101.

It might be worth while, perhaps, to record the other allusions to Dr Brown's writings, which may be found, few and far between, in the *Edinburgh Review*—allusions invariably characterised by ignorance or jealousy; and it might not, perhaps, be an unprofitable task to speculate on the causes which have induced the other great Reviews to maintain a still more unbroken silence on the subject of Dr Brown's labours. But it may, at all events, be observed, that the leading men among the band of Edinburgh Reviewers, are cut off from various pleas in palliation, which may, perhaps, be advanced for some of their fellow-critics in England—inasmuch as the most distinguished names among the contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* may be found in the list of Brown's early academical associates. Brougham, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Horner, were all personal friends of Brown, and must all of them have had ample opportunities to feel the influence of his genius. All of them, moreover, have been in the habit, more or less, of referring their opinions, literary and political, to metaphysical principles—so that the subjects of Brown's inquiries were those with which they were most in the habit of affecting familiarity. Jeffrey has often indulged in metaphysical speculations, and, at times, in speculations on the value of metaphysical science; while Brougham has, but the other day, been delivered of a disquisition on natural theology. Yet, such being the bent of their minds, and such their opportunities of familiarizing themselves with Brown's opinions, they have, to their infinite disgrace, shunned every occasion of directing attention to the labours of, beyond comparison, the greatest man among their contemporaries.

The chief difficulty in the attempt to furnish a fair estimate of the intellect of Dr Brown, arises from the multiplicity of his claims to admiration. In his case, so many high qualities of mind jostle for pre-eminence, that the painter who shall do him full justice must possess no inconsiderable portion of the various powers which raise the subject of the portrait so far above the common level of humanity. In the absence of any limner properly qualified for the task, we shall make an humble and very imperfect essay.

In the subtlety of his power of analysis—in the force and comprehensiveness of his understanding—in its strength and delicacy united—in the imaginative power with which his doctrines are illustrated—in the tenderness, and gentleness, and elevating influences which pervade his sentiments—and in the profound and untiring eloquence with which all his doctrines and sentiments are expounded—Dr Brown has never had an equal among metaphysical inquirers. We scarcely know where, in the wide records of philosophical research, to turn for a parallel to his subtlety, to his power, to his fancy, to his tenderness, to his eloquence—to any one, in short, of the high qualities by which his writings are distinguished: to those varied powers in combination, it is vain to look for a parallel anywhere. Brown has more power than Hobbes—more subtlety than Berkeley—more comprehensiveness than Locke or Smith—more imagination, more tenderness, and more eloquence, than all of them—nay, than all other metaphysicians, since metaphysical science first sprang into existence.

Brown's intellect was searching beyond all precedent. He decomposed received opinions, as the prism decomposes light. He resolved into new elements, states of mind which had been received as elementary by all his predecessors in metaphysical speculation. He separated into their constituent particles (so to speak) masses of thought, which had passed for monads with all previous inquirers. The new results at which he arrived—the new uses to which he turned long-known facts—seem almost miraculous, when weighed against the contributions to the philosophy of mind, which even the most distinguished among his predecessors have made. In certain departments of inquiry, the originality of the inquirers is connected, perhaps intimately, with the age of the science to which they have devoted themselves—the earliest inquirers being not unfrequently supposed to reap the largest harvests of truth. But, when Brown appeared, metaphysical science had been in a great measure abandoned, on the express ground of its barrenness. It was a mine almost universally believed to be exhausted. The *Edinburgh Review* endeavoured to prove it so; and Dugald Stewart, in replying to the reasonings of that periodical, did not very clearly establish their fallaciousness. It was reserved for Brown to explain in what respects metaphysical science is a science of discovery; it was reserved for him to shew in what manner a substance absolutely simple, like mind, may become the subject of a process equivalent to analysis; it was reserved for him to

prove the truth of his theory, by presenting to the world a series of new truths, unsurpassed in brilliancy and value by those with which the progress of science in any other department has enriched modern times.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS; A LEAF FROM IRISH HISTORY.

In the early part of the last century, Ireland could boast of a race of squires not to be paralleled in any age or nation. They were usually called the Cromwellians; for the greater part of them were descended from the fierce fanatics whom Cromwell had employed in the conquest of Ireland, because he dreaded the effects of their enthusiasm in England; but there were included in the designation, the offspring of the settlers whom the Earl of Cork brought over in the reign of Elizabeth, and of the soldiers who received forfeited lands from William III. in lieu of their arrears of pay. Descended from rigid republicans, these men were inflexible royalists. The political creed of their ancestors was not, however, resigned; it was somehow blended with their new principles, and made the most incongruous mixture imaginable. Every 31st of January, they ate calves' heads, and drank the health of Cromwell on their knees, as an insult to the memory of Charles I.; every 29th of May, they wore oak leaves, and got gloriously drunk in honour of Charles II.; and every 1st of July, they displayed orange lilies, and celebrated, with extravagant riot, the overthrow of James II. Their religion was as strange as their politics. It was described with tolerable accuracy, as "ignorance of Christianity, neglect of morality, and hatred of Popery." The stern rule of their puritanical fathers produced a lamentable reaction in the children. Some of the English Dissenters, grieved at the rapid decay of religious feeling that followed the Restoration, sent over a deputation to investigate the state of the brethren in Ireland. The letter of one of the deputies, described their condition in a few words:—"I have drank with them," says the worthy delegate, "danced with them, diced with them, and hunted with them; but I never prayed with them." They at once feared and hated Popery; it was the symbol and bond of union of the race that they had stripped of houses and lands. They held that their claim to Irish estates was precisely the same as that of the Jews to the land of Canaan; and that the extermination of idolaters was as much their duty as that of the chosen people. The attempt of King James to retain Ireland, after he had lost Britain, shewed the Cromwellians that the native Irish, though subdued, were not broken in spirit; and, when William's victories once more restored their security, they directed all their energies to the extirpation of the national feelings of the conquered party. They treated the native Irish as Pariahs; and it would be difficult to determine whether fanaticism or tyranny had the greater share in prompting their persecution of the unfortunate Papists.

John Hobbs, of the county of Waterford, was a very fair specimen of the Cromwellian race. He was the grandson of a sergeant in Ireton's regiment, who, having saved a little money, purchased for a mere trifle the forfeited lands that had been divided among his troop. Such tenures, be it observed, are by no means rare in Ireland. The writer of this has frequently seen assignments from the soldiers of a company to their officer, of the lands awarded them by Cromwell; and the trifles for which vast estates were sold would scarcely be credited. Old Hobbs, for something less than thirty pounds, obtained a good house and a fair estate; and was entitled, by property, to rank with the first in the county. His son fell on evil days. Fitzgerald of the Decies, whose property Cromwell had thus unceremoniously bestowed, immediately after the arrival of King James, turned Hobbs out of the place, and left him no other resource but to become a trooper like his father. The victory of William restored Hobbs to his former estate; but he never forgot the danger that his tenure had encountered; and the only education he bestowed on his son, John, was the lesson that all Papists were in league to rob him of his property. John transmitted the hereditary instruction to his twin sons, Jacob and Esau, and to his daughter, Rachel. Munster could not exhibit greater adepts in the favourite sport of priest-hunting, than Jacob and Esau Hobbs. They were the first to receive intelligence of a mass being celebrated in a secret cave or remote mountain, and they headed every search for the delinquents who had thus dared to worship God after the manner of their ancestors. Rachel exceeded her brothers in intolerance. Wo be to the unfortunate Papist brought prisoner to Castle Hobbs! He was insulted, beaten, and all but slain; while Rachel stood by, urging the servants to persevere in the work of torture. The wretched sufferers could not forbear retorting her taunts and jeers by bitter execrations, and she absolutely felt pleasure in listening to these denunciations. "I thrive upon their curses," was her common boast.

About two miles from Castle Hobbs, there was a small hamlet, consisting of about a dozen mud cabins, tenanted by the native Irish. The largest of these belonged to Redmond O'Hanlon, the son of a Jacobite officer, who had fallen at the siege of Limerick. Though reduced to poverty at the early age of six years, and ever since labouring as an humble peasant, Redmond could not forget the prosperity of his infancy; it was his constant topic of conversation with his only son, who thus grew up with a deadly hatred of the *Sassenach*—a name which the Irish give indifferently to Englishmen and Protestants. Young Redmond hoped, at some time or other,

to escape to France, and join the Irish brigade, whose fame had spread through Europe, and whose valour, at Dettingen, wrung from George II. the indignant exclamation, "Curse upon the laws that deprive me of such subjects!" There were, however, several impediments to the gratification of his wishes. His figure, cast in a Herculean mould, was rather ungainly, in consequence of a severe fall he had received in youth, while endeavouring to procure some wild flowers from the brow of a precipice, for a little girl who was his favourite playmate. The same child, at a later age, had been thrown down by Jacob Hobbs, as he was galloping on some of his favourite expeditions, and would have been trampled, but for the prompt interference of Redmond, who seized the bridle of the horse. Jacob, enraged at such insolence in a peasant, gave Redmond a deep cut in the face with his hanger, and, thenceforth, the youth's countenance was marked with a ghastly seam. Many a jest was passed upon the misfortunes of Redmond; but there was one who never joined in the ridicule—the grateful girl in whose service he had suffered so much.

> "She loved him for the dangers he had passed,
> And he loved her that she did pity them."

A prettier girl than Peggy O'Shea—the loving and loved of Redmond—was not to be found between the Black-water and the Suir, a district ever celebrated for its beauties. Her father had been shot by a trooper, while attempting to aid the escape of an aged priest, before she had seen the first anniversary of her birth; her mother died soon after, of grief, leaving Peggy, and her brother Patrick, to the charity of the poor. It proved a better protection than the charity of the rich. There was absolutely a contest in the hamlet, to know who should take charge of the orphans; and the elder O'Hanlon could only obtain the guardianship of Peggy, by allowing the rest of his neighbours to unite in supporting Patrick. The circumstances of his father's death tinged Patrick's mind with melancholy; he avoided all boyish sports, and it was generally agreed in the hamlet, that Heaven had designed him to become a priest. The boy, who looked upon himself as the son of a martyr, eagerly embraced this opinion, and, at the age of thirteen, started as a Poor Scholar, to pick up an education. For the information of our English readers, it may be necessary to state, that some of the most severe of the penal laws were directed against Popish schoolmasters. This was felt bitterly by the Irish peasants, whose desire for learning is unparalleled; indeed, there are even now parts of the country in which sound classical scholars may be found tending sheep, and excellent mathematicians following the plough. We may add, that these poor fellows too frequently afford a lamentable proof of the much-neglected truth, that learning is not always knowledge. In consequence of the penal law, schools were held in the open fields, where the approach of priest-hunters could be seen; and, when such came in sight, there was an instant breaking up and flight, to the mountains and bogs, both of master and pupils. The scholars that attended these illegal teachers, sometimes came from a great distance; they slept in barns, or under stacks and hedges; they were supported by the charity of the surrounding peasantry, not one of whom would refuse "a bite and sup to the poor *bouchal* that was travellin' for the larnin'." Books descended through countless generations; a grammar was a treasure, and lucky was the school in which one could be found; where it was wanting, a tenacious memory enabled the master to supply its place. The Poor Scholar travelled from one teacher to another until he had picked up a sufficient store of Latin, when he was smuggled out of the country, to complete his education in some of the Catholic universities on the Continent. He waited abroad until he had received priest's orders, when he returned home to a life of labour and persecution.

Her brother's choice of profession was Peggy's first misfortune in life. Old Hobbs, who, though prejudiced, or rather bigoted, was, at bottom, a kind-hearted man, wished to take the orphan into his house, as an attendant on his daughter Rachel; but he hesitated to admit the sister of a future priest. Rachel herself, in no very measured terms, rejected the proposal; and, when Peggy came to Castle Hobbs, she was not only spurned by the termagant, but the dogs were let loose to worry her, and she would, probably, have suffered very severely, had not old Hobbs interfered and saved her from his daughter's fury. Peggy returned with a heavy heart to the O'Hanlons, feeling more bitterly than ever, that she was a burden on persons who had enough to do to provide for their own support. Redmond and his father exerted themselves to cheer her; averring, with truth, that they would rather wear their hands to the bone, than allow her to become a dependant on others. At a distance from the hamlet which we have described, stood a solitary cabin, better built than Irish cottages usually were, and having an air of comfort and even prosperity, such as is rarely seen on an Irish farm. The tenant of this abode was a wight named Teddy O'Brien, better known by the nickname, *slieveen* (crafty) Teddy. It was the policy of this worthy, to be "all things to all men." No man, when he visited the hamlet, more fiercely cursed the heretics, or more bitterly denounced the tyranny of the Sassenach. Macpherson would have yielded the palm in bombast to his description of "ould Ireland's" glories, before the Saxon invaders polluted its soil; and never did political dreamer develope such visions of social happiness, as the imaginative Teddy described as the certain result of the expulsion of the intruders. But, at Castle Hobbs, Teddy told a very different tale. He there appeared to be secretly a Protestant, deterred from reading his recantation openly, through dread of his Popish neighbours. "Them Papists would drink my heart's blood," he would say, "if they thought I turned." To prove his sincerity, he gave information of secret meetings, of priests illegally celebrating mass, of Papists possessing horses

worth more than five pounds, which the law generously bestowed on any Protestant that had a fancy for valuable steeds. Miss Rachel was charmed with Teddy, and reports say that, notwithstanding his *cobogue* (vulgar) name, had he asked her hand, he would scarcely have received a refusal. But Teddy had an eye for beauty. He resolved that Peggy O'Shea should be his bride, and even made Miss Hobbs the confidant of his affections. Rachel was greatly shocked by the announcement, but she did not remonstrate; for, with true female tact, she anticipated Peggy's refusal. Teddy had no fear of any such result; he offered himself, and was rejected civilly, but firmly. He inquired the reason, and Peggy candidly declared that she was irrevocably pledged to young Redmond. Teddy was thunderstruck. "Arrah! then, is it to that *boccagh* (deformed person) that you're givin' yourself, asthore?" was his involuntary exclamation. Peggy repeated the declaration, and warmly added, "And why is he a *boccagh*, but for love of me?—sure an' he saved me from bein' thrampled by those with whom ye're so often a *collogin'* (plotting;) it isn't for you, nor the likes of you, to throw his misfortin in his teeth." This remonstrance was spoken so loud that young Redmond heard it; and Teddy, to escape a sound drubbing, made a speedy retreat.

We must now pass over a few years, to the time when Patrick O'Shea returned from France, an ordained priest, to exercise his sacerdotal functions in the dangerous neighbourhood of Castle Hobbs. It was arranged that he should perform the marriage ceremony between Peggy and young Redmond; but Patrick insisted that both should previously participate in the sacrament of the mass. A messenger secretly gave information to the peasantry of the surrounding country, that, on Christmas Eve, it was resolved to celebrate a midnight mass, and that, to escape from the dangers of interruption, it would be solemnized in the wood of Glandine, on the western banks of the Black-water. They hoped, by interposing this broad river between them and the priest-hunting brethren, that Jacob and Esau would be prevented from pursuing their prey.

The wood of Glandine covers both sides of a precipitous ravine, through which a mountain stream frets and dashes. Half-way up the glen, the sides widen into a large basin, in the middle of which a jutting ledge of flat rocks, covered with a rich soil of decayed vegetable mould—probably an accumulation of the fallen leaves of the wood—forms a peninsula, with a platform that would hold four or five hundred persons. The Glandine river round this ledge is deeper than in any other place; for a ridge of rock, springing from the base of the peninsula, goes quite across the ravine, forming a kind of lake above, and a romantic cascade below. Years have passed since we gazed on this picturesque spot, and admired the thatched chapel that now occupies the platform, the trim cottage of the persons who take care of the chapel, on one side, and the white-washed alehouse on the other. The only beam of sunshine that forced its way through the thick overhanging wood, gleamed brightly on the House of God; and, though we belonged to a different creed, and abjured the errors of Catholicism, we did not suppress, nor did we wish to do so, the feelings of religious veneration such a scene was calculated to inspire.

On the appointed Christmas Eve, the banks of the Black-water were studded with groups of persons, whose anxious looks and stealthy gait betrayed their consciousness of being engaged in an illegal action. Occasionally from the eastern bank, a cot—that is, a small boat shaped and managed like an Indian canoe—shot across the river, and the stifled sound of its paddles scarce awaked an echo, and the light frame scarce rippled the smooth surface of the waters. These trips became more frequent, as the shades of evening deepened, and were continued even after night had fallen. As midnight approached, the different parties assembled at the entrance of Glandine, and wound slowly up the glen towards the platform we have described. A single trunk of a tree formed the rude bridge by which the stream was crossed; but persons familiar with the place stood by, and enabled strangers to pass in safety. A rude altar had been formed of the living turf; torches were kindled at twelve o'clock, and displayed three priests, in their vestments, preparing to celebrate the holy mysteries. A bright moon was shining over the glen, but its light was lost in the branches of the dense wood. The three priests, who stood by the rustic altar, were pale with fear and awe; they had risked their lives to celebrate these sacred rites, and they were about to perform divine worship in a spot which ancient superstition had described as the favourite abode of malignant demons. One of them was far advanced in years; he had often been a hunted wanderer on the wild, and his eyes had that restless unsettled glance that belongs to the worried outlaw. The other two were young. Patrick O'Shea, however, was attenuated by fasting and study; his colleague was more robust, though his appearance also exhibited traces of severe suffering. Around the altar were assembled men, women, and children, waiting in breathless anxiety for the commencement of the service. Several hours elapsed before all that were invited had assembled; and among the latest arrivals was *Slieveen Teddy*. It was past four, when some persons, who had gone round through the multitude, declared that the congregation was complete; additional torches were lighted, and the priests began the usual prayers. Redmond O'Hanlon, who bore one of the torches, happening to turn round to the wood in his rear, observed the light glinting back from some bright substance. The circumstance excited his suspicion; he looked more narrowly, and felt convinced that it was the glitter of weapons. Youghal was near, a town notorious in that day for its intolerance, and garrisoned, moreover, by a party of the Cameronian regiment. At the moment that he was about to give the alarm, the priest elevated the Host,

and, at the same instant, a shot from the wood dashed the chalice from his hands. A scene of fearful confusion followed—the men, women, and children, hurried to cross the stream in their front, the torches were extinguished, and the altar trodden down. The priests hurried to the entrance of the glen, where horses were provided for them; but they had scarcely mounted, when a company of troopers, headed by Jacob Hobbs and his father, hasted to arrest them. The congregation made a feeble resistance. Old Redmond O'Hanlon tore a branch from a tree and struck the elder Hobbs to the ground. He was, in turn, trampled down by the troopers, who hurried forward in pursuit of their prey. The priests fled fast over the hills that skirt the river, but, finding the troopers gaining upon them, they adopted the dangerous resolution of swimming their steeds across the Black-water. Patrick O'Shea, who proposed this expedient, remembered a spot where a sand-bank extends nearly across the river; but, in the uncertain light of the moon, he mistook the landmarks, and plunged with his companions into the dangerous spot, now called *Poule na Sogarth*—that is, "The Priests' Hole." As might have been anticipated, the exhausted steeds, and their no less exhausted riders, soon sunk to rise no more; and, with a yell of mingled delight and disappointment, the troopers on the bank hailed their disappearance.

A week had passed since the fatal Christmas morning. Old Hobbs was beginning to recover from his fall and bruises, and was incessant in his vows of vengeance on the malignant Papists that had struck him down. He swore that six, at least, were concerned in his overthrow: a less number could never have unhorsed so doughty a warrior. While he was at once grumbling and boasting to his daughter, the door of his chamber opened, and Teddy O'Brien came in, with the usual "God save all here!" Hobbs received him rather coldly.

"Curse your information!" said he; "the priests escaped, after all; and I got nothing by the night's work but a skinful of sore bones."

"Why, thin, Mashther, 'tis myself that's sorry for that same; but shure them priests was dhrownded."

"What of that?" exclaimed Hobbs; "as we did not catch them, we have no claim to the reward offered for arresting priests, by the Government."

Teddy's countenance fell.

"But," continued Hobbs, "a large reward will be given for the arrest of the scoundrels that dared to assault a magistrate in the execution of his duty."

"And how much will you be a-givin'?" inquired Teddy.

"Twenty golden guineas," was the reply.

"The goold is mine," exclaimed the wretch; "'twas the O'Hanlons that done it; I saw them with my two lookin' eyes."

The bell was instantly rung; Jacob and Esau were summoned to undertake a new expedition; warrants were signed for the apprehension of both the O'Hanlons; and the twin brothers, hastily arming some of their retainers, proceeded to execute it. The younger Redmond was, fortunately, absent. He had gone to the banks of the Black-water, to aid in searching for the bodies of the priests. His father made a desperate resistance; Peggy O'Shea struggled also to save the person of her guardian; but both were soon overpowered, and conveyed, tied on a cart, to Castle Hobbs. It was evening when they reached the place of destination. Old Hobbs was too weak to do business, and he deputed his daughter Rachel to superintend the examination of the prisoners. She proceeded to the hall, where she found her brothers vainly endeavouring to get one word from the obdurate O'Hanlon. They struck him with their whips, they kicked and cuffed him, until forced to relax their cruelty from utter weariness. Rachel ordered the servants to remove "the obstinate rascal" to the cellar, and was obeyed.

"And what are we to do with the young woman?" asked some one.

"Oh," exclaimed Jacob and Esau in a breath, "give her up to us; we will take care of *her*."

Peggy had sunk into a state almost of unconsciousness, while her guardian was tortured before her eyes; but these words of fearful import roused all her faculties. In spite of her bonds, she flung herself at the feet of Rachel, and besought her, in the most moving terms, to rescue her from a fate worse than death. She appealed to her womanly feelings, she invoked every possible blessing on her head; but Rachel deigned not an answer. As if wearied by the pertinacity of the supplicant, she said, turning to her brothers, "Take the vile creature away, and treat her as you like."

It was late in the following morning when young Redmond returned to his home, and found desolation where he had left plenty. By the side of the fireless hearth sat a gibbering lunatic, in whose blighted countenance he, with difficulty, traced the lineaments of his once lovely Peggy. Some neighbours hasted to tell him the particulars, as far as they were known, of the ruin that had fallen upon his house, and to warn him that a warrant was out for his apprehension. It was long ere he could be persuaded to make his escape; but, ere he departed, he made a fearful vow of vengeance, in terms too terrible to be recorded.

The elder O'Hanlon died of the injuries he had received, and the sufferings of the unfortunate Peggy were mercifully abridged. Her funeral took place on a lovely evening in spring: it was attended by all the inhabitants of the hamlet; and Teddy O'Brien joined the procession. His treachery, however, was now more than suspected; everybody shunned him; and, when the corpse was laid in the grave, he stood alone. Suddenly he felt himself grasped by a hand of iron—he looked up and beheld the face of the outlaw, Redmond O'Hanlon. A chicken clutched by a kite could not be more helpless than O'Brien

in his enemy's hands. After some ineffectual struggles, he stood perfectly motionless; those present looked on, and made no attempt to interfere. Redmond, for a few moments, viewed his victim in silence, and then dragging him to his horse, threw him helpless across it, and, vaulting up behind him, galloped off in the direction of the hamlet. When the crowd had returned from the funeral, O'Brien was found dead in front of O'Hanlon's ruined cottage, his features scarcely retaining the features of humanity. Redmond had twisted his neck until the wretch was suffocated, and then, with savage vengeance, danced on the senseless carcase.

The entire of Munster soon rung with the exploits of a daring robber whose strength was never paralleled. He seemed to possess ubiquity. On the same day he plundered a merchant near Cork, and robbed a house close to Waterford. It was unsafe to travel even a short distance, unless in a goodly company; for no one knew when or where he was likely to meet the redoubted Redmond O'Hanlon. He was the enemy of the rich, but he was the friend of the poor; and the peasantry universally regarded him, not as a robber, but as the avenger of their wrongs and the redresser of their grievances. He had, consequently, sources of information and protection in every quarter—a circumstance that explains many of his exploits and escapes, which would otherwise appear miraculous.

Castle Hobbs was literally kept in a state of siege by this daring marauder; the cattle and horses were houghed, the sheep slain, the stacks fired; but from this detested spot he never removed an article of plunder. The twin-brothers long escaped his vengeance. At length Esau was seized on his father's lawn, in the noon of day, and torn to pieces, before his family and friends, who witnessed the scene from the windows, could render any assistance. Jacob was shot to the heart, a few months afterwards, while sitting in his own parlour; and old Hobbs, impoverished and childless, vainly repented of his having listened to an informer against Papists. It was the dead of night—Rachel Hobbs was lying asleep on her pillow, when she heard herself called by name. She sprung up in terror, and Redmond O'Hanlon stood before her. A significant glance at a naked dagger hushed her cry for help in the very utterance. He ordered her to rise and accompany him. He bore her through the window, with his hand on her throat, ready to grasp it fatally if she uttered the slightest cry. He then conveyed her to one of his retreats in the mountains, where, for three weeks, she was forced to endure every indignity that unscrupulous vengeance could dictate. At the end of that time, she was turned out naked on the high-road, and, with difficulty, procured a beggar-woman's cloak to cover her while she crawled home. These accumulated horrors brought the grey hairs of old Hobbs down with sorrow to the grave. Rachel was more unfortunate—she lived. There are some yet living who remember her. They describe a figure bent double with sorrow and affliction, a sallow face never brightened by a smile, glassy eyes never moistened by a tear. No one spoke to her; the very beggar avoided her in the streets or roads. Grass grew before the gate of Castle Hobbs; no visiter came to tread it down; the castle itself began to decay; and no price could tempt workmen to repair it. Yet the unfortunate woman clung to this desolate abode, rarely visiting the neighbouring town. She lived to witness the decay of bigotry, and that gradual restoration of their civil rights to the Irish Catholic, which we have seen consummated in our own day; and this is said to have grieved her more deeply than all the misfortunes of her family. The clergyman who attended her in her last illness asserted that she had adopted some strange perversion of the antinomian creed, believing that all the crimes in which she had shared to have been pre-ordained, and, consequently, unavoidable. She was unable to read; but she had stored her memory with some texts, probably preserved by tradition in the family from the days of Cromwell, which she quoted as the ground-work of her belief. These, principally, if not wholly, were taken from the Old Testament, and referred either to the extermination of the Canaanites, or the benefits promised to the Jewish people. She was buried in the same churchyard as Peggy O'Shea; and both graves, which are close to each other, are still shewn by the neighbouring peasantry.

Redmond O'Hanlon's career was of unusual length. For fifteen years he was the terror of Munster, and every effort to seize him failed. His own uncommon strength finally proved his ruin. While forcing a door open with his hands and feet, one of his legs was caught in a panel and severely lacerated. This, of course, impeded his retreat when alarm was given, and a hot pursuit commenced. He sought refuge in a farm by the roadside, and hid himself in some hay. The soldiers soon arrived and searched for him in vain. They were about to quit the place, when a trooper leaped from his horse on the stack, and, with his iron-shod boot, crushed Redmond's wounded leg. An involuntary shriek betrayed him; he was bound and conveyed to Waterford. His behaviour in the dock and at the place of execution was modest but firm. His death was lamented by the poor throughout the country, and few peasants pass the place where he suffered without uttering a prayer for the repose of the soul of Redmond O'Hanlon.

The author of this sketch thinks it right to add, that all the incidents in it are taken from real life. He knew, in his youth, persons acquainted with the actors in the fearful tragedy. Names and localities have been altered, for obvious reasons; but there are many now living who remember the original of Miss Rachel, and will vouch for the fidelity of her portrait.

QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.—NO. IV.

COMPRISING—CHURCH AND STATE FALLACIES. NO. I.

"As in the reign of our First Charles, so in the present season, the question of the Church, as connected with the State, is the leading one in politics."—*Letter in the Times, April* 30.

To the truth here stated we unhesitatingly give our adhesion; while, to the parallel suggested between the two periods, we are but little inclined to accede, beyond the admission that, in all periods when men's minds have been strongly moved and have been free to think, the protection of their religious rights has been among the foremost objects, if not the very foremost, to engage the passions and combine the strenuous action of civilized communities. Such a fact in the history of Christian nations is honourable to the august religion by whose influence they are professedly, and, in the main, sincerely, however often erroneously, swayed. The interests which connect man's fugitive and feeble condition in this world with a never-ending state of being in another, ought not, assuredly, to occupy a less conspicuous position in the hopes and fears, the struggles and agitations, which compose the subject-matter of the history of nations.

And well has it been urged by Warburton, that, since the Christian era, in the concern extended to religion, an element intermingles, with one exception, but faintly known in all preceding time. The very homage which hypocrisy pays to the sanctities of the Christian name and creed, bespeaks the indelible interest which surrounds and hallows a system recommended not by the worldly policy, but the heavenly TRUTH which sustains and sanctions it. This is a great fact, and one never to be separated from our contemplations on the subject. Never must we forget that, in treating this question, we are treating not a question of time, but a concern of eternity—not a question of human power and policy, but a question of *that* which, scorning the trammels of earth, finds its guidance and its home in the ministering motives and rewarding love of that which is far above all principality and all power—the ever-blessed and Parent Spirit of the Universe. It is this momentous distinction, commencing with Christ's commission to his Apostles, to preach THE TRUTH to all the world, which separates, by an impassable chasm, the religious institutions of Christian nations from those of all others before them.

So new and vast an energy was not likely long to be viewed with indifference by the powers of the earth; and vainly had Christ pre-admonished his followers that "his kingdom was not of this world," when the very zeal with which opposing conceptions of Christian truth were maintained, under pretence of doing service to God, or repressing audacious opinion, suggested the policy of an alliance which could effectually silence, if it could not convince, a refractory sect. Succeeding for a time in its aim, this union could not long cohere. Even then, religion—aspiring to its higher vocation, but arrested or diverted in its march by the surrounding ignorance and barbarism which oppressed it—became uneasy in its incongruous compact, and, escaping as it could from the vigilance of its partner, either rushed, on the one hand, into the chimerical superstitions of the East, or prepared itself, on the other, for its portentous domination in the West. In such a view of things, it may not be extravagant to say that the ascendency of the Leos and the Gregories was the triumph of the spiritual nature of man! A recognition it undoubtedly was, that, great and gorgeous as the highest of earthly powers might be, it had a superior to itself in the representative (however grossly disguised, and absurdly divaricating from the character of its pretended model) of that power which, discarding the things of sense and time, sought only to establish its dominion over the interior and nobler part of man.

Complicated and perplexing as the results have been to European society of the present day of such an ascendency, few who have looked with a reflective eye upon the page of history will be disposed to deny that its influence was marked by beneficent effects, to which, in the disastrous condition of Christendom for successive ages, no other agency could have been adequate. Curious, however, it is to remark, amidst the revulsion of opinion which ensued, the additional light which events have conspired to throw upon the position we have already advanced, that the spiritual exigencies of man were those which occupied the foremost place in his thoughts, and could, least of all human concerns, submit to be in bonds of allegiance to civil and secular direction. No sooner had the sceptre fallen from the hands of Rome, than a new power, equally contemptuous of every external control, was ready to snatch it; and the haughty supremacy of the successor of St Peter was widely supplanted by the no less stern usurpation of the Reformer of Geneva. To the infallibility of the one, and the inflexible dogmatism of the other, the intrusion, or even the alliance upon anything like equal terms, of the secular power, was alike insupportable; and kings were exposed to hear, as well from the presumptuous lips of the Presbyter, as the more ancient and awful fulminations of the Pontiff, the sentence of their exclusion, or the alternative of their vassalage and implicit submission.

It requires, we imagine, but little penetration to perceive that the opposing endeavours of the Erastian, or purely political scheme—a scheme which, unhappily for its abettors, after the rigorous despotism of Elizabeth, had the fortune to be wielded by successors whose revolting pretensions would seem to have been in the ratio of their utter incapacity for rule—were but little likely to terminate the contest by the extinction or even repression of the passion for religious independence, which, under so many varieties of aspect and revolutions of opinion, had maintained, with little interruption, its original energy. The truth is, Erastianism only added fuel to the fire; and, by embodying its surpassing presumptions in the muniments of the Church,* has served to convince a reflecting age, or, at least, is rapidly tending to convince it, that, out of the errors which were unquestionably upheld with a formidable daring by its rivals in earlier times, the system which confers upon the civil magistrate the right to interpose his authority in the purely religious concerns of man, was not the portal through which we were to find a final and safe retreat.

We repeat that both Rome and Geneva, strangely associated as they were in maintaining a principle of unspeakable import to the highest interests of man, were RIGHT in protesting against the unhallowed intrusion of the State in matters which exclusively concerned the final salvation of its members: and had they not, with a less prodigality of wickedness and weakness, converted against *individuals* the instruments of coercion against which, in their corporate capacity as a church, they endeavoured so strenuously to protect themselves, posterity might have honoured them as fountains of perennial wisdom and blessing to the human race. It would be idle to point out how far different our estimate must be, in the actual condition of the facts!

Yet, whatever of good they have done, it is fitting that we should profit by. What *they* did for the Church, let *us* achieve for individuals. As bodies, they repelled the intrusion of the civil ruler, at least in the character of a rival—if not, alas, in that of an accessary. As men who have each our individual burden to bear, and individual conscience to guide us in the last resort, let us with better judgment devolve upon no earthly power the authority to harm, in person, purse, or fame, the very humblest among us who appeals to that conscience as his only spiritual sovereign on earth! Acknowledging, as we do, that, in the Romish and Puritan tyrannies, the maxim that the State must be subservient to the Church, operated a slavery worse than death—let us no less acknowledge that A TRUTH was struggling for utterance, which was only obstructed by the temporary ignorance and congenial violence of times which were unripe to hear it. It told of something which ought to be; but how to effect it was yet unknown. Men saw through a glass darkly. Religion, it was felt, ought indeed to be the ascendant power. But God had not yet revealed to them that it was religion, not as arrayed in civil state or elated in ecclesiastical pomp, but religion as enthroned in the heart of individual man; not as wrangling in synods, or lording it in parliaments, but as the companion, the monitor, and the solace of the weak as well as the great—of him who has none to help him, no less than of him or them who, in the plenitude of their power or their piety, would tax God's people for the pay of their own particular priests, when they may no longer eject them from their conventicles or enlighten them by the fagot.*

These are the growing—rather, the ripening truths of the nineteenth century; and were it on no other account, for this alone we could exultingly say—

> Prisca juvent alios: Ego me nunc denique natum
> Gratulor!

Nevertheless, so long as the results we urge are yet future, we will not remit our task in sweeping away the rubbish by which fallacy and faction are busy in impeding their march.

If ever, then, there were circumstances in a controversy to gratify to his heart's content the lover of truth and right, those circumstances are found to overflowing, in the question now pending between England and Ireland!—Ireland,†

* Had the short-lived career of the royal pupil of Cranmer enabled him to bring to sufficient maturity the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, which their care had so anxiously planted and watered, posterity would, in all probability, have been blessed to this day with a specimen more than usually rich of the fruits to be derived from the happy junction of Church and State. As it is, the reader, who would form a tolerable judgment of the sort of keeping in which the religious liberties of Englishmen were placed subsequently to the so-called Reformation, may consult with advantage—and they are well deserving his study—the canons of 1603, established by James I., though never confirmed by Parliament; and which are to be found in most of the larger editions of the Book of Common Prayer. The fourth and fifth, and one or two others in a similar spirit, are quite delectable.

* Short of the coarser barbarism which wreaks upon the body the frantic spirit of intolerant hate, we protest to heaven we know of no tyranny which is not respectable in comparison with the forcing of one man to pay another, in order to be told by that other, he must suffer the pains of "everlasting fire," if he hesitate to gulp whatever theological nostrum his own more voracious credulity may prompt him to administer in the name of God!

Well and truly has it been said by a writer, whom even Catholics will yet revere—we mean Mr Blanco White, in his masterly answer to Moore's "*Second*, Travels of an Irish Gentleman"—that, "to see others enjoying privileges, wealth, and power, in the name of truth," (and at your own cost, too,) "when you are as much convinced that they hold *error*, as they can be themselves that they hold the *truth*, is more than human nature can patiently bear. Nothing but *compulsion* of some kind can prevent these feelings from producing mischief."

But the misfortune is, that we have the "compulsion," and no small share of the "mischief" into the bargain.

† Since this paper was prepared for the press, much has been spouted, and written, and said, touching the notions of heresy subsisting at this era in the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Now, we are free to admit, that that very worthless—because either ignorant or insincere—liberality which can see in the abstract Roman Catholic system nothing upon which the charge of intole-

the Popish, the dark, the trodden, the despised, heaving with a spirit which is destined to enlighten Europe!—Ireland, out of the very depths of her ignorance, teaching Britain how to legislate!!—Is it not so, thou Graham of Netherby? And is it not accordingly written, that the very harlots go into the kingdom of God before the self-applauding priest and pharisee? Strange, but much-teaching fact, that out of the *creed-stricken hosts of Popery*, a voice is going forth, which is sending the Protestant to his horn-book, to learn the principles of his own Protestantism; and Superstition herself exerting her might in a cause, which it is the stigma and the curse of the Reformation to have left incomplete! For what is it Ireland seeks? Simply that the magistrate should mind his own affairs; and, *keeping the peace* between dissentients,* leave the saving of souls to those whom the people appoint, and are willing to pay for that peculiar service. In short, *to be left alone:* and, without an ASCENDANCY which her people discard—but with the aid of education, which they are eager to accept—to take her chance for truth or error, as time, and knowledge, and long withheld repose, under the eye of an all-disposing Providence, may eventually direct. Is this what her imperious partner has been hitherto willing to concede? No. Is this what our Cumberland Baronets and Lancashire Lords have even yet the Protestant heart to approve? Alas! they dream of nothing less; and, with all their pretensions of championing the Church, with judicial blindness, proclaim the fact, that, while Popery can live and flourish in the spontaneous support of its followers, the powerless Protestantism of the law is dependent for its being on the evangelical extortions of a bill of costs in the Exchequer, or the Parliamentary scheme of a Gouldburn and a Peel, a Stanley and a Hardinge! But they and their collaborators shall speak for themselves. At a more convenient season, we will hear what they have to say. In the meantime, what we have written we have written; and recommend it with health and salutation to Whig, Radical, and Tory, by way of preface to what may follow.

Yet one word more, before we pause. Will it be said we agitate a question, and pursue it to a result, for which the times are not prepared, and which would scarcely find a single man in Parliament to urge it in serious mood? We answer, that we do not believe the people are so unprepared as the objection assumes: they are always prepared for plain reason and commonsense. We answer again, that it is not from legislators, but from the people themselves, as the Bishop of London, and more lately and signally, Sir Robert Peel confessed, that opinion is to emanate with its proper force and effect. As part and parcel of the people, therefore, we undertake to tell our legislators that *the magistrate has no mission to teach religion.* For, if he have it in England, he must have it in Spain; and then what becomes of PROTESTANTISM? And if he have it in Spain, he must have it in Morocco; and then what becomes of CHRISTIANITY? So much for theory. And then for practice! To say nothing of similar *fun* of our own—take the following specimen, which we almost select at random:—"This put an end to the civil wars on account of religion in France. Historians say, that in these wars above a million of men lost their lives; that 150,000,000 livres," (allowing for the value of money, about £70,000 millions sterling—a bagatelle we admit,) "were spent in carrying them on; and that 9 cities, 400 villages, 2000 churches, 2000 monasteries, and 10,000 houses, were burnt or otherwise destroyed, during their continuance!"—(Encyl. Britt. Art. France.)

Now, these truths we mean to teach with all the little power we can: and so long as there is a printer's devil in all England or Scotland, we will not despair of seeing even the Bishop of

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rance or bigotry, of a very dismal shade, can attach, has never been a sentiment in favour with us.

It is of the notorious essence of Catholicism to denounce DISSENT as a culpable and penal thing. There is no use in denying or evading the fact. But what then? Are the people of Exeter Hall to come off with flying colours, knowing, as they do, that it is their own unspeakable wickedness—as it is that of the Protestant schism in most of its forms—to copy (what its own secession should have taught it for ever to abhor) the right to brand *the conscientious convictions of mind* as suitable objects of punishment or censure. We do contend for it, this right once assumed, the mere proceeding to enforce it—whether by the infliction of death, privation, or invective—is matter of accident and *prudence*, rather than of principle. All these several grades of punishment have had their turns in the Protestant equally with the Romish pale; and it might have been thought that a recollection of the names of a Legatt, an Evelyn, and a Priestley—not to insist on the tender phraseology of the creed of Athanasius, and the merciful temper of orthodox reviewers, and Oxford pamphleteers—would at least have inspired some modesty, if it could not altogether awaken some feeling of charity, in the breasts of the zealots we have been constrained to allude to. But we bless God for it—the humanity of the age is stronger than the priesthood or the bigotries of either communion. And especially we bless Him that, by the reaction of Protestant persecution and maltreatment, a tone of right feeling, and the familiar exhibition of sentiments in regard to the civil and religious affairs of mankind—truisms in philosophy, but hitherto chimeras in government—have taken their rise in a direction the last to have been imagined, in the train of causation by which the Reformation of the sixteenth, and Reform in the nineteenth century, were to be carried to their full and final destination!

* Not in the manner of that rather "careless" gentleman, Gallio, who was bound to see that even Sosthenes, albeit he was rioting like a Devonshire parson about the "*Church in danger*," should not be beaten uncondemned, and that before his face in his own court too:—but in the far different spirit of an abler and a greater man, of one—

> Who knew
> Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
> What severs each, ... which few had done;

and who, in an Address to his Parliament in 1656, manfully declared, "As I would not be willing to see the day on which England shall be in the power of the Presbytery to impose upon the consciences of others, so I will not endure any reproach to them. But God give us hearts and spirits *to keep things equal!* I have had boxes and rebukes on one hand, and on the other; some envying me for Presbytery, others as an inletter of all the sects and heresies in the nation. I have borne my reproach; but I have, through God's mercy, not been unhappy in preventing ANY ONE RELIGION TO IMPOSE UPON ANOTHER." How many kings, before or since, have attained to the fulness of the stature of this man's soul?

London, ay, or the Bishop of Exeter, among the number of our converts! Assuredly, it will not be for us to apply to the times we live in, or the people we write for, the spirit of the remark of Robertson, on an age when printers and primers would have been little less a marvel than a Political Union or a Mechanics' Institute in the meridian of Ava or Timbuctoo. "How slow," says the historian, "is the progress of reason and civil order! Regulations which appear to us *so equitable, obvious,* and *simple,* required the efforts of civil and ecclesiastical authority for several centuries to introduce and establish them." Very different, we may hope, in these days, will be the march of "reason and civil order." People no longer make their wills before they button up for a journey of fifty miles. And we are apt to think there is a moral steam at work which will do as much for ideas, as the art of locomotion has already done for elderly gentlemen, and bales of hardware goods and cotton.

POLITICS OF UPPER CANADA.—LORD STANLEY.

In our July Number we exhibited a concise view of the state of Lower Canada, and of the disputes which exist in that colony between the people at large and the dominant local oligarchy. In the course of that article, it was stated, incidentally, that a similar state of discontent, arising from causes precisely similar, and demanding a similar remedy, prevailed in the Upper Province. Of that statement, the following pages are designed to illustrate the truth.

Misconception, as to the state of Upper Canada, has been most industriously propagated in this country. It has been represented that the people of that province are not only perfectly satisfied with the *form* of government bestowed upon them by the constitutional act—the 31, Geo. III. c. 31—but that they found no fault with the administration of the government so bestowed. We shall presently see that they complain of both. The Upper Canadians, it has been boastfully stated, are the descendants of British men—many of them are, moreover, of British birth—and they are, consequently, enamoured of that mimic of the "glorious" constitution which the wisdom of a Pitt conferred upon them. The "admirable working" of the "inimitable" mimic has been described as second only to the "inimitable"—though imitated!—original. The same "harmony" which was, and, by some persons, is still thought to exist between the several branches of the British Legislature, was said to prevail even more perfectly in that of Upper Canada.

The alleged satisfaction of the Upper Canadians has been used, on all occasions, to carry condemnation against the Lower Canadians, for discovering faults in that which the "loyal and well-affected" in Upper Canada deemed faultless. Invidious, and, therefore, odious comparisons were hereupon drawn between the people of the two provinces. The people of Lower Canada were described as "disaffected Frenchmen," jealous of the supremacy of the British crown, and desirous of establishing a French republic on the ruins of the present constitution; on the other hand, upon the Upper Canadians were heaped all those laudatory epithets which the Conservatives of all countries are wont to bestow upon those whom they would fain cajole. The object of all this is, without doubt, to set the people of the two provinces at loggerheads, and so prevent co-operation. The scheme has proved a failure.

Foremost in the ranks of those who would mislead the government and people of this country on the state of Upper Canada, stands Lord Stanley. On the motion of Mr Roebuck, in the House of Commons, on the 15th of April 1834, to inquire into the state of the two Canadas, Lord Stanley succeeded in limiting the inquiry to Lower Canada, by stating—

> That in Upper Canada there is between the Government and the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly, not one single point of difference; that perfect harmony prevails between the three branches of the constitution, as established in that province, notwithstanding the sedulous efforts that have been made to disturb them.—*Mirror of Parliament, 15th April* 1834.

Now, supposing all that Lord Stanley said had been true—supposing the harmony of the Canadian constitution had been of the most oily, easy-working kind—it would not prove that *therefore* the government was good, and the people happy. Harmony and corrupt government are, unhappily, not inconsistent with each other. If you make "the several branches of the constitution identical in point of interest," taking care, at the same time, that their interests be opposed to those of the people, you will have "harmony" between the said branches, it is true; but you will not have a government which will promote the general happiness. Previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, the British government "harmonized." But in what way? Why, thus:—The Commons and the Monarch were both subservient to the aristocratic branch. The Reform Bill, still leaving the Monarch the mere puppet of the privileged orders, partially emancipated the people's branch from this disgraceful subserviency. And what is the result?—occasional discord. The people, however, perceive that they are great gainers by the change; hence, they have very naturally lost all reverence for that species of harmony, of which they have had hard experience; and, when the Sir Johns and the Sir Thomases spout about it, the people laugh. Discord has worked better for them; and discord they will cherish, till they witness harmony of a kind very different from that which they have already witnessed.

As far as Upper Canada is concerned, the harmony was all in Lord Stanley's brain. The

Upper Canadian Assembly is at open war with the Legislative Council and local oligarchy. A report, denouncing the Council as the source of most of the evils suffered by the people, has been presented to the Assembly, by a committee on grievances. The House has adopted this report by a majority of 25 to 17; and petitions and addresses, embodying the recommendations contained therein, are now either on the way to this country, or actually in the hands of the colonial minister.

But, it may be urged, these proceedings are subsequent to Lord Stanley's declaration. True; but the report alluded to embodies nothing new—nothing of which Lord Stanley was not aware at least six years ago.

That Lord Stanley was fully aware that his statement, made in April 1834, was not consistent with the truth, we may quote Lord Stanley's own words, with the prefatory remarks of the "Report on Grievances," already mentioned:—

"Some years ago," says the Report, "the people of the county of York held a meeting, and petitioned for the redress of grievances. Their memorial was transmitted by W. W. Baldwin, Esq., the chairman of the meeting, to the Right Honourable E. G. Stanley, and his advice requested as to the means of redress, which he most willingly gave. His autograph letter in reply, from which the following is an extract, is appended to Dr Baldwin's evidence given before your committee:"—(Page 4.)

Upon the subject of the Legislative Council, (which, I do not hesitate to say, without any disrespect to or reflection upon the individuals who compose it,, is at the root of all the evils complained of in both the provinces;) upon the exclusion of the judges, with the single exception of the Chief Justice, from all interference in political business; and upon the necessity of introducing some alteration into the present jury system—the three most important points of your petition—you will find that the opinion of the committee entirely concurs with yours; and that opinion I am disposed to support to the utmost of my power.

The plain meaning of the above passage admits not of misinterpretation or quibble. The composition of the Council is one thing, its constitution another. Lord Stanley perceived and carefully marked the distinction. Against the composition of the council—in other words, against the individuals who compose it—Lord Stanley had nothing to urge. His objection lay against its constitution. Now, its constitution is, that it is chosen by the Crown; to change that constitution, is to declare that it shall no longer be so chosen. This is precisely what the people of Upper Canada (coinciding with the "naughty Frenchmen" of Lower Canada) want. "It appears, therefore," says the Report of the Committee on Grievances, "that the Legislative Council, as at present constituted, has utterly failed, and never can be made to answer the ends for which it was created; and the restoration of the legislative harmony and good government, requires its reconstruction on the elective principle." This is what they will obtain, if they be firm in their demand.

The very plain-speaking letter of Lord Stanley, dated in 1829, must, we presume, be included among the "sedulous efforts to disturb the harmony of the Canadian constitution," denounced by the same Lord Stanley in 1834. Can the letter and the speech be by the same man? Ay, that they are, but with this difference:—In 1829 the letter-writer was in opposition—in 1834 the speech-maker was Colonial Secretary.

The "sedulous efforts" of Lord Stanley did not, however, stop here. He was not content with pointing out to the Upper Canadians against which part of the mimic constitution to level their shafts—he told them how to render those shafts effective. "A constitutional mode," continues the letter, "is open to the people, of addressing for the removal of the advisers of the Crown," (Mr Stanley was then longing for place, be it remembered,) "and refusing supplies, if necessary, to support their wishes."

These opinions must not be taken as the hasty effusions of the moment. They were deliberate convictions produced on the *placeless* Mr Stanley's mind, by an impartial examination of the case of the Upper Canadians—heightened, no doubt, by the impression that continued colonial mismanagments, if brought home to the Ministry of the day, might possibly, among other things, place the government in the hands of Lord Stanley's party. The following quotations, from various speeches of his Lordship, bear testimony that he was firmly impressed with the defective constitution of our colonial councils as early as the year 1828—the year after his visit to the country.

The Legislative Council were ranged on the side of the Government to oppress the people, and in raising those feelings of discontent which led them to make war upon each other. The Legislative Council, he was fully satisfied, was the root* of all the evils which had oppressed that country for the last ten or fifteen years. These complaints were not of squabbles which sprung up on the moment, but of evils of long standing.—(*Speech on Canadian Affairs, 2d May* 1828.)

* * * * *

He considered that the Legislative Council was that institution which especially required revision and alteration. They acted as paltry and impotent screens for the protection of the Governor. In all instances, they were opposed to the people; and were placed as a substitute for an aristocracy, without possessing any of the qualifications of an aristocracy, according to our notions of that body in England—imposing salutary checks, and exercising a judicious vigilance over the councils of the country.—(*Speech on Canadian Affairs on the 2d May* 1828.)

* * * *

How ill that Council performed its duty, the papers before the House sufficiently prove: the members of the Legislative Council, on every occasion, enrolled themselves on the side of Government, and opposed themselves to the people;—they neither repelled the people on one side, nor impelled the executive on the other; but, while they enabled the one to maintain a war against the other, they stood as a sort of mark between both, and served but to keep up a continued system of jarring and contention between the Government and the people. This Council, then, is the root of all the evils which have taken place in the administration of the colonies for the last ten or fifteen years; and this is that colonial institution which, above all others, wants alteration and revision. * * * *

* This same figure occurs in the letter to the Upper Canadians, written twelve months after.

It was in vain to attempt to carry on the Government in the colonies in a proper manner, if all the orders were issued by the Government at home, and were supported, without reference to circumstances, by the Legislative Council, who often acted in opposition to the wishes of the colonists, expressed, as they only could be expressed, through the House of Assembly. If the Government meant to maintain their sway over that country, they must do it through the will of the people. It was to be hoped that the right honourable gentleman would not attempt to force an aristocracy, in the form of a Legislative Council, upon a state where there were no natural materials for its existence.—(*Speech on Canadian Affairs, 5th June* 1829.)

The defective constitution of the Legislative Council was the point or pivot on which the late elections of Upper Canada, as well as those of Lower Canada, turned. Previous to the election of 1834, it was generally understood that the liberals of Upper Canada intended to establish a firm and vigorous co-operation with the Assembly and people of the Lower Province, for the purpose of obtaining an Elective Council. The official party became alarmed. Their journals denounced, as they had done before, the popular leader, Mr William Lyon Mackenzie, in that moderate, courteous, and refined language in which colonial Tories so much delight. They also put forward lists of constitutional or Tory candidates; and, when the elections took place, they resorted to intimidation, bribery, and even violence,* to secure the return of these "loyal" men. All, however, was useless. The most populous and intelligent places in Upper Canada returned not merely Reformers, but Mackenzieites or Ultra-Reformers: and the final result was, that the Liberals counted 35 members, and the oligarchical party only 24—a majority which the Liberals maintained up to the close of the session. Taking the population represented, the triumph in favour of "elective institutions and of co-operation with the Lower Province," was even greater. In round numbers, the population represented by Members of the the two adverse principles stands as follows:—

Population represented by Reformers,	216,000
Ditto by Tories, ...	106,000
Total population, April 1834, . .	322,000

In addition to the grand source of evil, the irresponsible Legislative Council, the people and Assembly of Upper Canada make other complaints similar to those made by the people of Lower Canada, and fully explained in our July number. Like the Executive Council of Lower Canada, that of the Upper Province is identical with the Legislative Council. It is composed of six members, all Legislative Councillors, and all, but one, lucrative place-holders. The list includes two high dignitaries of the Church—the Bishop of Quebec and the Archdeacon of Toronto; the latter of whom is a political intriguer of the first water, and is well known in this country for a false chart of the state of religion in Upper Canada, put forward in order to magnify the importance of the Church of England. This man was once a Presbyterian, and, like all apostates, overacts his part and plays the bigot.

As in Lower Canada, most of the leading members of the official class belong to the "old colonial stock," whose oppressions contributed to the loss of the old colonies—now the United States of America—and their conduct is precisely similar. They form even a more exclusive circle than the officials of the Lower Province. In Quebec and Montreal, success is considered sufficient to purge the merchant from the plebeian stigma. In Toronto, the successful trader seldom gets within the hallowed precincts of "the society." In this, the Lower Canadian Tories shew more wisdom than their compeers of the Upper Province. The greatest strength of the Quebec officials lies in their dinner-giving connexion with the most wealthy merchants, and the dancing connexion between their respective sons and daughters. This secures them the support not only of those already admitted, but of those also who hope one day or other to become eligible by the acquisition of a dinner-giving income. Strange that the proud Toronto officials never saw the advantage of this. They might have taken the hint from the English aristocracy.

The working of this system is precisely similar to what we exhibited last month with regard to Lower Canada. At page 443, No. XIX., we gave a sample of the accumulation of offices in one family. As this evil is even greater in the Upper than in the Lower Province, we shall give a more extended specimen.*

	Income.
I.—No. 1. D'Arcy Boulton, sen., a retired pensioner, . . .	£500
2. Henry Boulton, son of No. 1, Attorney-General, . .	£2400
3. D'Arcy Boulton, jun., son of No. 1, Auditor-General, . .	Unknown
4. William Boulton, son of No. 1, Church Missionary and Professor of King's College, . .	£650
5. George Boulton, son of No. 1, Register of Northumberland, .	Unknown
II.—6. John Beverly Robinson, son-in-law to No. 1., Chief Justice, Speaker of the Council, . . .	£2066
7. Peter Robinson, brother to No. 6, Legislative Councillor, Executive do., Crown Land Commissioner,	£1300
8. William Robinson, brother to Nos. 6 and 7, Postmaster of Newmarket, Government Contractor, Justice of the Peace, Colonel of Militia, ...	Unknown
III.—9. Jonas Jones, son-in-law to No. 1, Judge of the District Courts in 3 districts, containing 8 counties; fills a number of other offices, .	£1000
10. Alpheus Jones, brother to No. 9, Collector of Customs at Prescott, Postmaster at do., . .	£900

* At Leeds, an Orange mob, armed with bludgeons, beat the popular candidates' voters from the poll; and the returning officer, being a Tory partisan, returned the official and Orange candidates.

* This list is taken from the *Colonial Advocate*, verified by a reference to the *York Directory*, a semi-official publication. The list afterwards appeared in M'Kenzie's "Sketches." Some few changes have since taken place, as the list was made out in 1833; but these changes do not affect the general feature.

	Income.
11. Charles Jones, brother to Nos. 9 & 10, Member of the Council, Justice of the Peace in 27 counties,	
12. Henry Jones, cousin to the above, Post-Master of Brockville, Justice of the Peace, &c.	Unknown
IV.—13. Levius P. Sherwood, brother-in-law to Nos. 9, 10, & 11, a Judge of the Court of K. B., . .	£1000
14. Henry Sherwood, son of No. 13, Clerk of Excise, . .	Unknown
15. George Sherwood, do. do., .	Do.
16. Adiel Sherwood, cousin of No. 13, High Sheriff of Johnstown, &c.	£500 to £800

This list might be swelled to upwards of forty individuals; the four families, given above, will be quite sufficient to prove the abominable nepotism which prevails in Upper Canada in the distribution of offices.

Speaking of the whole lists, Mr M'Kenzie says:*—

This family connexion rules Upper Canada, according to its own good pleasure; and has no efficient check from England, to guard the people against its acts of tyranny and oppression. It includes the whole of the judges of the supreme, civil, and criminal tribunal—all active Tory politicians. . . . . It includes half the Executive Council or Provincial Cabinets.

It includes the Speaker and eight other Members of the Legislative Council.

It includes the persons who have the control of the Canada Company's Monopoly.

It includes the President and Solicitor of the Bank, and above half the Bank Directors; together with Shareholders, holding, to the best of my recollection, about 1800 shares.†—*Mackenzie's Sketches*, p. 409.

The whole government of Upper Canada is, in fact, a job. The revenues are squandered away among the official class; and, as petty offices are extremely numerous—infinitely more so, indeed, than in the Lower Province—corruption is very extensively ramified. In Lower Canada, the mass of the people have no hope of office—a circumstance which has tended much to preserve their political morality. They are, in fact, moral, beyond all example among other nations. In Upper Canada, on the other hand, every man has before his eyes the possibility of being appointed to fill the office of Town-Clerk, Clerk of the Peace, Surrogate, Deputy Sheriff, Exciseman, Customhouse Officer, and so forth; and this hope keeps a large number of persons subservient to the will of the local authorities. All those offices are at the pleasure of the Crown; so that tenure, as well as hope of office, depends upon giving support to the local oligarchy, with the Council at its head. Considering all this, it says much in favour of the people of Upper Canada, that they have evinced so much independence in the choice of their representatives, the more especially when we reflect that a really large number of people in the province are actually in debt to the Canada Company.

Within the last few years, another source of corruption has been discovered, in the payment of sums of money to the various sectarian persons. Formerly, one of the most popular men in Upper Canada was a certain Mr Egerton Ryerson, a Methodist clergyman. He came to this country about some grievances connected with his church. When here, he managed to get an allowance of money for the Conference; and, ever since, he has been one of the people's most vindictive foes. He is editor of a paper called *The Christian Guardian*—but the meekness of his Master will be sought for in vain in its columns. Political parsons are the curse of Upper Canada.

The people of Lower Canada, as we remarked in our July number, regard the Legislative Council as a screen between themselves and the mother country. The Upper Canadians take precisely the same view of the Council, as the following extract from the Report on Grievances will abundantly testify. After stating that "the whole system has so long continued virtually in the same hands, that it is little better than a family compact," (page 43,) the Report continues:—

Hence it happens, that the most gracious intentions, emanating from his Majesty's Government at home, *are frustrated by an interested opposition* in the colony; an opposition which seldom reaches the knowledge of his Majesty or his Majesty's Ministers in England, although felt most injuriously by the people. It did, indeed, lately come to his Majesty's knowledge, from the unprecedented conduct of the whole executive and official departments towards his Majesty, when they received, during the late Parliaments, the plainest and kindest manifestations of his Majesty's justice and liberality, conveyed in the most gracious manner, through the despatch of Lord Goderich, &c. &c.—*Report*, page 43.

The conduct alluded to in the above extract, was on the occasion of the dismissal of the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Boulton and Hagerman. Those officers moved, that the despatch of Lord Goderich be returned to his Excellency, as the House was unwilling to place it on their journals. The better sense of the House prevailed, the insolent motion was lost, and the only effect was the exposure of the official party. The language resorted to was characteristic of native vulgarity, amounting to brutality; and the impotent rage of the disgraced officials let itself loose in an absurd threat of rebellion, which everybody laughed at. Rebellion is only dangerous when it is that of a large majority. The rebellion of all the officials and their adherents in all the colonies need not disturb our repose; though a rebellion of the people, now numbering about 1,300,000, brought about by our foolish support of the local oligarchies, and encouraged by the people, if not by the government of the United States, would most certainly lead to a result similar to that which we now witness on the American continent.

We need say but little more. The picture of Lower Canada, which our July Number contains, is perfectly applicable to the Upper Province. Each individual grievance met with in the one, hath its parallel in the other. Hence, it would be wearisome to detail the case of Upper Canada. It would be to write the former article over again, "with additions." We shall, therefore, close this paper with a few words on an evil

* "Sketches," &c. page 408.

† The Executive is a large Shareholder in the Bank of Upper Canada.

justly regarded by the people of Upper Canada as the fruitful source of a whole host of abuses, which, unless immediately abated, will endanger the very connexion between the colony and the mother country. We mean the Upper Canada Land Company.

This Company is permitted, in virtue of its charter, to speculate in lands in Upper Canada. When it went first into operation, several extensive tracts* of land were sold to the Company by this Government, and the purchase money placed at the disposal of the Colonial Executive, and appropriated without the cognizance of the Provincial Legislature. Of this sale and appropriation, the people of Upper Canada take the same view as the Lower Canadians do of the British American Land Company. They view it as a flagrant violation of the 18, Geo. III. c. 12, commonly called "the Declaratory Act," an act not obtained from the justice, but extorted from the fears of Government, in 1778, when the old colonies were in a state of revolt—when, in fact, they had achieved their independence. This act guaranteed the people of the colonies against taxation by the Imperial Legislature, and placed at the disposal of the Colonial Legislature all moneys raised in any way within the several colonies.

In Upper Canada, the money raised by the annual sales of land by public auction, would supersede the necessity of local taxation of any kind. With a tolerably economical scale of expenditure, the produce of such sales would not only supply the exigencies of government, but would provide ample means of educating the people, and furnish a fund for improvements. Hence, the squandering of this money, without the sanction of the Legislature, renders the perpetuation of all the modes of raising revenues necessary. As for education, it is but imperfectly conducted, and improvements are carried on by improvident borrowing. The sale and appropriation of the proceeds of the land is, therefore, looked upon by the people as an indirect and illegal mode of taxation.

Accordingly, the subject was brought before a Committee of the House of Assembly "on Finance" in April last, and a resolution against the Land Company was reported, and subsequently adopted, by a majority of 28 to 14.

This resolution cites the act quoted above, interprets it as stated, and embodies the people's opinion of the invalidity of the Company's tenure, in the following passage:—

> It is with grief the country has seen the improvident contract under which the Huron Tract, of a million of acres of choice land, has been assumed to be given, at an almost nominal value, to a Company in London; while the annual instalments paid by them are expended by the Provincial Executive without the consent of Parliament, and the large amounts realized by the Company from sales at a very advanced price are withdrawn from the colony and transmitted to England. *This improvident transaction, unsanctioned by any domestic enactment, ought* to be held invalid, particularly as it was a transaction based in no degree upon the good of the colony, whose lands were thus wastefully assigned. *The charter, and all the statutes connected with it, are a violation of the 18th, Geo. III. and of our constitutional act.*

Public men, in this country, have, as we before stated, been taught to believe that all the discontent lay in, and, consequently, all the difficulty was confined to Lower Canada. The "vested interest" of the Canada Company, if permitted to swamp the general interests of the people, will, in a few years, render the discontents of Upper Canada ten times more extensive than those of the Lower Province, and increase the difficulties, in the way of arrangement, in an equal ratio. There is nothing in the way of an immediate settlement of the Lower Canadian question. The British American Land Company has not yet made sales, and is not likely to make any; so that, should the act by which they were chartered be repealed, the contract could be cancelled, by returning the first instalment. The Canada Company, on the other hand, has alienated lands to a whole host of people, whose "vote and interest" it retains, by the "glorious credit system." These dependents of the Company are ready to raise up a clamour at a moment's warning, so that to suppress the nuisance will require considerable firmness on the part of the Ministry. Still the Minister must be found both able and bold enough to legislate finally on the subject of this Company, or, we feel convinced, the colony will be lost to us from this single cause.

It is not in a financial view that the Upper Canadians detest the Company. The custom of selling land on credit makes almost every settler the Company's debtor and slave. The managers of the Company's concerns belong to the local oligarchy—one of them is in the list given in this article; hence, the credit system of land selling will have a tendency to raise up a crop of rotten boroughs in the colony, and establish corruption to an extent that nothing short of Revolution will sweep away.

P.S.—We have occasionally attended to the other North American colonies. In Nova Scotia, the introduction of an Elective Council is supported by one of the highest officers of the colony. The following is an extract from a speech of the Solicitor-General of the colony, delivered in his place in the House of Assembly, when the question of the Council was discussed:—

> "On this subject, as on many others connected with the welfare of the country, I have spent many hours in anxious deliberation and inquiry; and the result of my reflection and research has been the conviction, (and I know the prejudices of some will be shocked when I avow it,) that *no Legislative Council can be formed with advantage to the public, but upon principles of election.*
>
> "Whatever may be thought of this avowal, either in this House or elsewhere," said the learned gentleman, in the conclusion of his speech, "no official situation shall ever prevent me from a fearless declaration of my sentiments on public questions, and from an advocacy of such measures as are conducive to the public good."

* Among others, the Huron Tract, containing 1,100,000 acres of the finest land in the world, was sold for about one-fourth of what it ought to have been held at—in short, it was jobbed away.

THE BEGGAR'S WALLET.—No. V.

THE HAIR-MARKET OF EVREUX.

Normandy is a fine and fertile land; sturdy in its provinciality of usage, custom, and costume; and appealing, with peculiar force, to the sympathies of our own country, through links of historical association and affinity, resembling the ivy branches that serve to hold together the loosening corner-stones of some antique tower; to which, spring after spring, their verdure imparts a show of vitality, connecting it with the passing time. In Normandy, we trace the habits of life of the fathers of our forefathers; we admire the Gothic temples that formed the models of those wherein the baptized savages of Albion first knelt in Christian adoration; we cast an eye of angry jealousy upon the tapestried effigies of warriors, who, even though their blood be flowing in our veins, are known to us by the title, odious in our ears, of "Conquerors of Britain." We feel ourselves, in short, to be traversing the lands of a kinsman—but a kinsman against whom we are bound to entertain a sort of hereditary grudge and lingering jealousy—yet in whose face we distinguish the features of our own, while his voice bears the inflection of voices which are dear to our heart.

A Norman farm, in particular, is almost the only rustic habitation, throughout the wide kingdom of France, which, for a moment, recalls to mind the homesteads of agricultural England. During the blossoming of the cider orchards, or the gathering of the apple-harvest, you might pass a day in some ancient manor on the banks of the Orne; or, during the summer-heats, luxuriate among those pastures skirting the Seine, where the small compact cows of some rich dairy-farm stand half-hidden in the fresh and dewy grass; and fancy yourself transported to the "farmy fields" of Worcester or Herefordshires, or the luxuriant meadows of Chester or Essex. Forget, for a moment, the trimly neatness of the farm-parlour of your own country, and close your eyes upon the high-towering cap and tinselled jacket of the Norman farm-damsel, and England will be before you;—England, with its warm hearts and open hands—its abruptness of greeting and scantiness of ceremonial. The Norman peasant is neither subservient, nor even courteous, as his brethren of the adjoining provinces; but obstinate, litigious, or frank and loyal, as his humour serves; and, above all, proud of his downright spirit of independence, as a Vendean of his hoodwinked Bourbonism.

In one of the greenest and most fertile nooks of the Norman department of the Eure, there stands a solid but antiquated farm-house, of somewhat manorial pretensions, known by the name of Trois-Fresnes; and inhabited, from sire to son, from the days of the Fronde, or even earlier, by a family named Froslin—people of honourable renown; content to follow, from generation to generation, the calling of Norman graziers; proud of themselves, their cattle, and their rich pasturage, and, above all, of the cordial good-will of their numerous neighbours. Extending between a richly wooded *côte* and the waters of the Seine, and sufficiently near the mouth of the river to assign to a portion of their fertile fields the distinction of Prè Salé, or Salt-marsh, so coveted by the feeders and dairy-farmers supplying the markets of the French metropolis, the lands of Trois-Fresnes are regarded with an envious eye by many a neighbouring *cultivateur* connected with the victualling-trade of the French or American shipping, in the adjacent town of Hâvre de Grâce; for, on more than one Shrove Tuesday, the Bœuf Gras, or prize ox of the good city of Paris, has been purchased by some ambitious butcher of the Marché des Innocens or St Honoré, from the closes of the Froslins; and, at various epochs of the family history, when the matron heading the house has chanced to be of cunning equal to her industry, the dairy is known to have produced cheeses equal in excellence, if not in reputation, to the far-famed *fromages* of Roquefort or Neufchâtel. Trois-Fresnes is, in short, a favoured spot; and its people, at the period we describe, happy and prosperous people.

It is pretty well known that, in France, a sort of anti-Malthusian principle prevails;—that those persons alone permit themselves to boast of a numerous generation, who have nothing to bestow in inheritance upon their children, but the proud man's contumely, and a life of labour. Rarely, indeed, does more than a double olive-branch overshadow the roof-tree of the rich; a son and daughter, or two sons, being considered a sufficient family to divide, according to the equalising laws of the land, the largest estate or richest patrimony. And, in this respect, the Froslins emulated their more aristocratic neighbours. Twice had Trois-Fresnes been divided into the portions of Jacob and Esau; an elder brother assuming the grazing-lands, a younger the dairy-farm; always, however, to remain domesticated together in the same ancestral dwelling. But the property had been as often reunited and reconcentrated, by intermarriage or lack of offspring in one of the tribes; and it seemed fated that the farm should remain "one and indivisible."

Towards the close of the last century, however, a certain old Eustache Froslin found himself not only sole proprietor of Trois-Fresnes, but father of two stout and likely sons, destined once more to sever in twain the heritage of his forefathers, and, in all probability, to provide it with heritors innumerable, of their several

generations. It was impossible to see two finer, freer-hearted, more spirited young fellows, than Eustache and Sylvain Froslin; foremost of all the country side at a fray or frolic, and noticed, (even when in turns accompanying their father, every Carnival-tide, to the capital, to settle accounts with the *Comestible* dealers of the Palais-Royal, or the purveyors of the Halles,) for their manly bearing and handsome persons. Sharing, in equal measure, these external advantages and the affection of their parents, not a notion of rivalship entered their heads. They loved each other with a love truly fraternal; and it was tacitly understood in the family that, whenever the increasing infirmities of old Eustache might render it desirable for him to retire from the active management of the farm, his two sons would marry and bring home their wives; Eustache taking the direction of the grazing department, Sylvain of the dairy-farm, as had already chanced in the administration of the Froslin household. So ran the inclinations of the two lads; and Père Froslin and his jovial old helpmate often inquired of their boys, when they returned together from the fair of Caen, or the annual fêtes of Rouen, whether they had chosen them each a Rachel after his liking, in order to recommence these establishments of the family.

At length, just as he attained his twenty-first year, young Eustache was heard to answer in the affirmative; and it was greatly to the joy of the prudent parents that his affections had been so sagely influenced as to have fallen on the only child of a wealthy cider-grower, the amount of whose dowery would at once restore the moiety of the dismembered farm to its pristine importance, since Eustache might either bestow an equivalent in money upon his younger brother, or, by the purchase of adjoining lands, render his own half larger than the whole. On this hint the young man spake, however, decidedly and loudly in the negative. From his youth upwards, his anticipations of earthly happiness had vested themselves in a household shared with his brother Sylvain, and his brother Sylvain's future family; nor would the temptations of a royal palace (not even of the Château d'Eu, with all its dependencies) have bribed him from his purpose. Whatever lands he might be disposed to add to his share of the farm of Trois-Fresnes, live together they must, as all of the name of Froslin had done before them!

Under these happy auspices, the wedding of the elder brother was now about to be celebrated; and Sylvain, whose spirit was of a more gay, and, perhaps, somewhat more graceless turn, was often heard jesting with Eustache upon the careful comforts so early awaiting him, and the sobriety of demeanour thenceforward befitting Benedick, as "the married man;" and the bridegroom-expectant was sometimes seen to shake his head gravely in reply. But not a syllable of retort or reproach was heard to escape his lips; not a word or insinuation that could be supposed to compromise the discretion of Sylvain in the estimation of his father and mother; so that it fell with the startling force of a thunderbolt upon the old people, when, shortly afterwards, and before their elder son had yet brought home his wife, the younger was detected in an affair of village gallantry; which, in a family so rigidly moral, was accounted among the most heinous of human enormities. Accustomed to weigh every infraction of divine and temporal law with the same balance, and on the same blind principle, their indignation was now so vehemently demonstrated, that Sylvain, at heart a rover, scrupled not to depart furtively from his unquiet home, to make the best of his way to Hâvre, and finally to set sail in a vessel bound to the Havannah!

The truant was heard of no more at the farm of Trois-Fresnes! The marriage of Eustache with Manette Leclercq—deferred from week to week, and month to month, in hopes that the wanderer would return, humbled and repentant, to knit anew the links of that domestic chain which his absence had tended so strangely and unexpectedly to disunite—was at length solemnized; and when, at the expiration of a year, Sylvain remained still absent, and deigned not even to communicate to his family the motives of his estrangement, the friendly inquiries of the neighbours and acquaintances of old Froslin merged in significant and most mysterious silence. All felt convinced that Sylvain would come no more; that mischief had befallen the truant. His name became of forbidden utterance at Trois-Fresnes. The frail damsel, the original cause of his disgrace, died within twelve months of his departure; and, although a victim to some such unromantic distemper as the measles or a bilious fever, was always said to have pined away in remorse for her faults, or grief for the flight of her paramour; and Eustache and Manette took their place by the family fireside, with a tacit agreement that Sylvain should never more be mentioned in the hearing of the old people, to draw down their tears, or excite their parental ire. Nor did the father and mother seem inclined to provoke a breach of this resolution. Their whole attention was fixed upon the cradle of a little Manette Froslin, which had been added to the household furniture of Trois-Fresnes; and, though vexed in their hearts that Providence had not willed it to shelter the head of an Eustache of the third generation, instead of a little girl, the babe was a promising babe, and the newly-acquired names of grandsire and granddame highly pleasing in their ears. A second year elapsed, and brought with it that second pledge of family peace and prosperity which seemed to form the limit of Froslin ambition; and this time the child was not only a boy, but honoured by the beloved name as sacred to the farm of Trois-Fresnes as that of "George" to the Conservatives of Great Britain, or "Louis" to the Constitutionalists of France. A fate, however, was upon the youngest born. After a few months, Eustache Froslin III. pined and died, apparently of no other malady than the over-

watching and over-tending of its kindred; and to hear the lamentation that arose over its little coffin, it appeared as if all the sorrow connected with the disappearance of Sylvain was forgotten in the grief arising from the untimely decease of a toothless nursling!

Again, however, after a year, the family complement was achieved, by the birth of a second son—a new Eustache; when Eustache, the father, could not refrain from whispering, in paternal triumph to his wife, Manette, that, if Sylvain should ever return, he would be strangely startled to find his place, in the affection of his parents, usurped by this younger and fairer favourite; and, with utter inconsideration, the young mother smiled at the cruel idea!

Once more, however, their prospects were destined to be cruelly blighted! While little Manette throve and prospered, her brother insensibly withered away; and, ere his little feet could be taught to keep pace with the now tottering steps of his grandfather, the boy was laid beside his brother, under the sod. Madame Eustache, as the younger matron was denominated in the neighbourhood, was inconsolable under this second bereavement. She fancied herself predestined to afford only a female inheritor to the estate; while her husband, who, during his prosperity, had seemed, for a time, forgetful of the singular disappearance of Sylvain, now involuntarily recurred to the remembrance of his brother, as if for consolation. Had *he* been there, a comforter had not been wanting; had *he* been there, there would have been no fear of the lands of Trois-Fresnes falling, at some future moment, into disrepute, for want of the strong right arm of a Froslin, to render them justice. Eustache even renewed, that season, the periodical journey to Hâvre, which he had already begun to neglect, to prosecute his often-made and vainly-urged inquiries, of the various maritime agents of the port, whether aught had transpired concerning the destinies of the crew of the good ship, the *Belle Lisette*, supposed to have been captured by the Portuguese, five years before, in its voyage from Harfleur to the Havannah. Still the same unsatisfactory replies were elicited by his interrogations; and the only consolation which Eustache could lay to his soul, was to name his third boy, born in the course of the following year, "Sylvain," after his brother. Objections were raised, indeed, in the little family against so unlucky an entitlement; but he would not hear of renewing the memory of the unfortunate babes they mourned, by christening a fifth "Eustache;" and it was undeniable that the names of Eustache or Sylvain had now served for more than two centuries to designate the successive masters of Trois-Fresnes, having seemingly identified themselves with the family of Froslin.

Nevertheless, the evil auguries of the young mother were strictly fulfilled. Little Sylvain prospered no better than his predecessors. His infant cries were feeble—his infant frame fragile; and, in proportion to his infirmities, was he loved and fondled by the father and mother, to whom fatal experience had imparted that agonizing foreknowledge which dwells with such yearning tenderness upon every numbered grain of sand in the hour-glass of a predestined child. Little Manette ceased, by comparison, to interest their feelings—nay, they were almost angry with her for remaining so hale and robust, while the heir of their hopes was drooping in slow but sure decay; for their harvests ripened in due season—their flocks and herds brought forth their young—and their sleek oxen stood panting with fulness, shoulder deep in their rich pastures—yet still the sickly babe pined in its cradle, till, at length, a third grave was dug beside those of the two innocent creatures who had already borne and laid down their little burthens of earthly care! And, lo! a third time, the Froslins of Trois-Fresnes were left with only a girl to inherit their riches, and convey them to the family of a stranger!

Old Eustache and his wife, now infirm and fractious, dwelt peevishly on their disappointment, as though the death of the boys were the fault and not the affliction of Manette and her husband. They complained, as if God had dealt unjustly by them; and cried aloud upon the name of their younger-born—of Sylvain the wanderer—as if their lamentations could bring him back to them from the wilds of undiscovered countries, or the caves of the great deep!

Apparently, their prayers were heard! One fine evening, towards the close of the very summer the earliest roses of which had been scattered over the grave of little Sylvain, the family of Froslin was collected together near the portal of the farm, under one of those ancient and moss-grown ash trees or *frênes*, from which its name was supposed to be derived, gloomy and dispirited, and having driven away, by repeated chidings of her merriment, the little Manette, who would willingly have remained sporting at the feet of her half-blind grandsire. The golden sunshine was streaming over the fertile orchard, bringing to view the ripe plenteousness of its musky fruits; the kine, newly driven in from the pastures, were dispensing from the neighbouring yard their pure fragrance of breath; the bees were wending home to their hives, the doves circling round their cot, the watch-dogs about to be loosed, the gates closed for the night; when the child, who had strayed from the silent and meditative family group towards a small garden gate, leading through a close to the high road, suddenly made her appearance, leading, or rather dragging by the hand, a sturdy urchin, of nearly her own age—sunburnt, tattered, but with large dark eyes peering out beneath his black dishevelled curls, which afforded grace and vivacity to his countenance.

"Here is a *petit bonhomme*, mother, who says he is hungry," said Manette, forgetting her disgrace in the interest with which she pleaded the cause of her newly-found acquaintance. "May I give him a portion of my supper?"

"Thou wouldst always be sharing thy supper

with one vagrant or another," replied her mother, reprovingly. "Where didst thou find this boy? Let him go—turn him out of the garden—he is no playmate for thee."

"No *playmate*; but so *poor*—so *very* poor—and so ragged and so hungry—that, for the sake of mercy, dear mother," (even the child had too much tact and delicacy to utter the word *charity* in the hearing of so miserable an object,) "I beseech you send him not forth again to the road, till he has eaten and is satisfied!"

"And what is he doing in the road?" rejoined her father in a hoarse voice.

"Begging, no doubt—perhaps stealing!" added the old grandmother, in a fretful voice.

"Neither begging nor stealing," persisted Manette, with some degree of firmness; "but sitting patiently beside his poor father and mother, who are resting themselves, and, I think, weeping, under the hedge of the orchard."

"Trampers, on their road to Hâvre," interrupted the old farmer; "and probably intent upon robbing our orchard."

"Robbing the orchard!" ejaculated little Manette, her heart swelling against such an accusation; "when 'tis a poor, infirm, shattered, one-armed sailor."

"And what is thy name, child?" said her father, somewhat mollified by this description, and addressing the boy.

"Eustache!" replied the urchin, firmly, but in a foreign accent.

"Eustache *what*?" reiterated the younger Froslin, with gradually awakening interest.

But the boy only shook his head in reply, and seemed to turn towards his friend Manette for an explanation of the question. The little girl, however, was no less at fault than himself; only, when the anonymous Eustache again repeated, in broken French, his original complaint, that he was hungry, *very* hungry, she no longer scrupled to appeal to the hospitality of her parents in his behalf. She felt that an "Eustache," descended from whatever stock, could not be turned hungry away from the door of the Froslins.

"Fetch in your father and mother, my little man," said her father, insensibly relenting, as he gazed upon the proud bearing of the fine little fellow. "Or, stay—(he does not appear half to understand us)—do *you* go forth, Manette, into the road, and bid these people make their way into the kitchen. There is broken meat enough at Trois-Fresnes to put heart into an old sailor and his wife, for a league or two of their road across the country." And Manette needed no second injunction. In a moment she was through the garden, the meadow, and leading back towards the house the objects of her untaught benevolence. But she had no mind to conduct her protéges to the kitchen. She could not help flattering herself that, when her parents discerned with their own eyes the maimed and distressed condition of the father of little Eustache, they would do more in succour of his wants than throw him a few morsels of meat, subtracted from the portion of the house-dog. On pretext, therefore, of bringing the wayfarers to meet their child, she managed to guide them directly to the spot where the Froslin family sat united beneath the spreading ash-tree.

The child had not, however, prepared herself for half that was to follow her manœuvres. As the limping sailor approached the family group, an old mastiff, forming one of the ancient guardians of the farm, suddenly leapt up from his accustomed post at the feet of the old man; and, instead of fulfilling the general expectation of a furious attack upon their suspicious-looking visiter, crouched whining to his feet, licked his hands and ragged vestments; and, when encouraged by the stranger's apostrophe of "*Toi, au moins, Bobonne, tu me reconnais!*" jumped almost into his arms, with barkings and whinings of recognition and tenderness. The attention of Eustache was thus directed towards the countenance of their mysterious guest; and it needed only a moment's scrutiny to induce him to fling his own arms around the neck of the dismembered sailor; while he exclaimed, in sobbing accents, "My brother—my dear, dear Sylvain!"

Again a few seconds, and the poor wanderer was clasped to the bosom of his grey-headed father; while the decrepit Madame Froslin surveyed, with impassioned emotion, those grievous changes which the chances of war and the vicissitudes of foreign climes had wrought upon the person of her youngest born.

"And he is still only in the flower of his age!" she again and again exclaimed to her daughter-in-law—"only six-and-thirty, if he live till Michaelmas; yet, as you see, so grievously has the poor soul been disfigured, that the very mother who bore him can scarcely recognise the fine gallant young fellow, whose imprudence forced him to quit a quiet home, and rush into the perils and mischances of a seafaring life."

"Not a word now of imprudence," interrupted the trembling voice of the old father.

"Not a word more of imprudence," repeated the joyous brother, who found his own troubles obliterated by the delight of once more clasping his youth's companion to his breast; and, at the same moment, all turned their eyes towards the female companion of Sylvain, who had retired to the background, and was silently but tearfully caressing her little boy; on which Sylvain, replying with a proud voice to their mute inquiry, announced—"*My wife, and my son*;" and Eustache was instantly by their side, and leading them forwards to receive the benediction of the old people. So engrossed, indeed, was he by this well-motived effort, that not for a single moment did it occur to him that the little stranger was come to frustrate his own children of what had been so long esteemed their inheritance. His heart was warm towards the dark-eyed woman, so lovely and so young even in the extremity of distress; and towards the boy whom Manette's humanity had been so prompt to restore to the enjoyment of his rights.

"Why surprise us thus?—why mistrust us

thus?" cried he to his new sister-in-law, as he placed her on a seat beside his wife. "Why not at once rush across the threshold of Trois-Fresnes, and take among us the place so long vacant?"

"We were in no plight to present ourselves at your gate," replied the beautiful stranger, in imperfect French. "We should have been repulsed by your servants; and Sylvain decided that we should tarry till nightfall by the way-side, ere we knelt down to demand the blessing of his parents. But my boy was famishing—we had not tasted food since morning, and"——

"Where is he—where is he?" cried Eustache, looking round for his little namesake. "Ah! Manette is wiser than we are!—My girl has carried him off to supply him with a hearty supper." And off he set, in his turn, to see a plenteous board spread for the wayfarers; and to order the farm-servants out of the way, that none might pry into his brother's misery. And happy, indeed, was the re-united family when that night they sat at meat, listening to Sylvain's recitals of his escape from the hurricanes of the Western world, only to fall into the hands of the pirates of those unquiet seas—of his recapture with the horde of Buccaneers, by the imperial flag of the Brazils—of his long imprisonment and galling labour under the scorching sun of La Plata—and, finally, of his escape and flight, favoured by the affectionate zeal of a lady of the land; who saw and loved the European captive, who deserted all to be his companion, and whom he now presented to the gratitude of his own family, as his Isabella—his wife—the mother of his noble boy. Together, he said, for three long years, they had toiled in one of the most sultry mine-districts of Chili, to procure means of reaching the coast and obtaining a passage to France; and she, who, in the first instance, had abandoned name and fame, riches and comfort, to be the wife of a fugitive, had laboured with her soft hands, and given her tender loveliness to the withering fervour of a meridian sky, to further the projects of her husband: so that Isabella, though still beautiful, in the lustre of her large eyes, and the blackness of her glossy hair, was old beyond her age—olive-hued beyond the deep complexion of her country. And though, at the close of supper, and the exciting narrative of her husband, a brilliant carnation tinged, for the first time for many months, that soft brown cheek, Madame Eustache was secretly of opinion, "that the foreign woman, or lady, or whatever she might choose to call herself, was as black as the Queen of Sheba, and no great beauty after all;" for Manette was already inwardly hurt by the ejaculation of her old father-in-law, that, after all, it was fortunate enough neither of his three sickly grandsons survived, since *now* there was once more a stout and healthful "Eustache" to represent the Froslins of Trois-Fresnes!

This momentary jealousy subsided, however, when she found herself called upon to do a woman's part in equipping the destitute stranger, from her wardrobe; and when, on the morrow, she beheld Madame Sylvain arrayed in Norman costume, and admired the raven brilliancy of the tresses she had herself assisted to roll into a *chignon* under her coif, after the fashion of her native province, the almost girlish *naïveté* with which Isabella was the first to make sport of the awkwardness of her appearance in her new habiliments, and the good earnest with which she set about aiding Madame Eustache in the household tasks, which this sudden accession to the family imposed upon all its members, won all hearts to her cause. The old people, indeed, were wholly taken up with the beauty and forwardness of the grandson, who seemed miraculously vouchsafed, by Providence, to relieve the apprehensions of their declining years, of seeing their time-honoured name extinct in the land; while Eustache was reverting, with his brother, to reminiscences of the past, and a thousand projects for the future; among which, not the least edifying was a pilgrimage of the united family to the shrine of *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*, in the neighbourhood of Hâvre, with the votive offering of a silver ship, to fulfil a vow which Sylvain admitted himself to have made in the great peril of a Carribbean hurricane.

And now the fatted calf was slain, and the neighbours called in. All was joy and festivity at Trois-Fresnes; and little Eustache and Manette danced together upon the green sward, while his parents sat recounting, for the hundredth time, their hair-breadth 'scapes, their toils, and privations. The curé of the village—who, having been summoned to consecrate the silver frigate, (procured, by commission, from one of the best artificers of the *Quai des Orfèvres*,) took part in the fête and the discussion—was heard learnedly questioning the wanderers concerning the mineral and botanical products of the outlandish regions they had visited—the modes of their religious faith—the fashioning of their meats, drink, and raiment; while the old Norman farmers demanded, in their turn, a description of the Pampas, the wild horses, and the *lasso*; and their wives and daughters strove to extract news from the scarcely comprehensible French of Isabella, touching those far-off lands, where the very pebble-stones are emeralds and diamonds, and the fire-tongs of beaten silver.

After a short period, however, these diversions and pleasant gossipings gave way to the sober business of life. Sylvain, unable, from his infirmities, to reassume his former active occupations in the farm, was deputed, by the common accord of his father and brother, to preside over its book-accompts and bargains, its chafferings and measurings forth; and once more old Froslin signified to his two sons the order of partition which was to mark out their portions of inheritance. Each was well content. Heartily had the two brothers loved each other from their childhood; and, in the interim of their separation, both had deeply suffered—Sylvain in the flesh, Eustache in the spirit; and Sylvain was now a maimed man and an infirm—and

Eustache had the memory of the three fair babes he had lost, still haunting his happy homestead, and subduing him to a moderate frame of mind.

Manette had just attained her seventh year, and her young cousin was two years younger, when these singular events brought them together under the roof of their ancestors. But little Eustache, bold and brave as a lion, and framed in Herculean mould, had the appearance of being even older than the girl; and they had not played together six months among the farm-fields, and along the wooded steeps of the *côte*, when old Froslin whispered to his wife—"The lands of Trois-Fresnes will not, after all, be broken up. The curé tells me it will be easy to procure a dispensation—the children doat upon each other:—may we survive to behold them man and wife!"

Nor was the prayer less cordially echoed by the parents of Eustache and Manette. It would have been difficult to say to which mother which child was dearest. Madame Eustache was always fancying she detected in the boy the features and qualities which might have graced the sons she had lost; while the sweet and feminine dispositions of the generous Manette accorded better with those of her foreign aunt than with the more homely habits of her own mother; for Manette was, according to Wordsworth's interpretation—a lady of nature's making; possessed of a thousand lively sensibilities, a thousand graces of demeanour, inspired by her habitual communing with the flowers and birds, the woods and waters. Her Brazilian kinswoman was the first female of gentle birth with whom she had been on habits of intimacy; and cordially did they cling to each other, and very readily did the Norman niece acquire the language, the songs, the love of that distant country, to which, spite of herself, the thoughts of Madame Sylvain were ever straying. Dearly as she loved the husband for whom she had sacrificed so much, and the son who would willingly have sacrificed all to *her*, Isabella pined inwardly, amid the humid glades of grassy Normandy, for the parching skies and parched sands of her native soil. She missed its wild guitars, its luscious fruits, its gorgeous flowers, its sparkling insects, its bright-winged birds—she missed its glowing-hearted children—

> Souls made of fire, and children of the sun.

So cheerful was she, and so affectionate, however, in their family circle, that none could fancy or believe she was pining after unattainable enjoyments; and Sylvain's wife sank under a rapid decline, ere any, save her young niece, supposed her to be ailing. The death of the foreigner produced a wider chasm in the circle of Trois-Fresnes than could have been anticipated. Her great piety, her gentleness, her unaffected adoption of the habits of life of her husband's family, had endeared her to all. Even the old people regarded her with the sort of admiration to be lavished on some rare and costly ornament unexpectedly attained; unconsciously they felt her tones, gestures, and sentiments to be superior to their own; and, when she had departed, Trois-Fresnes seemed bereaved of some heavenly visitant. The old people did not long survive her. Within a few weeks of each other, and a few months of Isabella, the aged Froslins took their place, side by side, in that corner of the village-cemetery long appropriated to their race; and the last wishes of the old farmer were found to be strictly in accordance with the first—that the estate of Trois-Fresnes should be exactly portioned between his two sons; and, at some future time, re-united, by the union of their offspring—a project in which all parties coincided.

And now the little household, once more and hopelessly dismembered, grew sad and sorrowful. Young Eustache, having attained his eleventh year, was despatched to a school at Caen, for a smattering of education; while Manette, already thirteen, and, in appearance, verging towards womanhood, began to lend effectual assistance to her mother in the administration of her uncle's dairy-farm. Nevertheless, Madame Eustache, who had ever been a less tender parent to Manette than might have been anticipated from her passionate fondness for her more fragile children, was apt to complain that the girl had been spoiled for a life of usefulness, by the whimsy-fangled lessons of the foreign aunt; that her mind was ever wandering after romantic vagaries; that she would make, at best, but a slothful housewife; that young Eustache, if he valued his substance, must learn to look narrowly to his own house-tending. She did not, indeed, accuse Manette of undue devotion to the pastimes befitting her age, of a tendency to dress, or village coquetry; for Manette, alas! was hard and homely of feature! Her voice was low and gentle, her waist slender, her step light, her hair brown and luxuriant; but, sooth to say, she was an ugly girl. It was not that those interested in discerning beauties in the damsel of Trois-Fresnes, had not discovered an expression of deep sensibility in her full grey eyes; and that, when she sang, it was with a plaintiveness that called up tears from the hardest heart. Still, she was plain, decidedly and indefensibly plain; and even Eustache, who dearly loved his kind-hearted and noble-spirited cousin, did not venture to deny the fact, when rallied concerning the ordinary features of his future wife by his young companions of the neighbourhood. Her mother, therefore, in chiding her habitual heedlessness of the things of this world, forebore, at least, to attribute the failing to the growing influence of an overweening vanity.

So passed the days, so passed the years, at Trois-Fresnes: Eustache and his wife, exclusively occupied with the administration of their temporal affairs; with the joy of adding louis-d'ors to their store; of driving a hard bargain with the purveyors, their customers; or an easy one for some new close or coveted nook of land, which their savings enabled them to add to their estate;—and Sylvain divided between his tenderness for the memory of his wife and for

the living son she had bequeathed him. He felt, indeed, that his infirmities were gradually bearing him down to the grave, and repined not at a prospect which promised to reunite him with Isabella; but it tended, in some degree, to inspire him with the desire of life, when, as young Eustache advanced in years, the wildness and positiveness of his disposition seemed to render him peculiarly dependent on parental guidance. Nay, sometimes, when the niece, who so affectionately tended the old sailor in his ailments, was lending him her arm to traverse the meadows, or visit his cattle in their closes, he would whisper to Manette his apprehensions that, at some future time, her household happiness might be impaired by the impetuosity of his son. But the young girl would hear no evil-speaking touching her cousin, even from the lips of his father. She had always a kind word of extenuation for his faults or follies—a word of fond reminiscence for him who, in his babyhood, she had been the first to guide back to the home of his ancestors; for him who, in a few short years, would be to her all in all—her prop, her stay, her comforter, her lover, her husband!

At last, the excesses of Eustache attained a height which could neither be concealed from his father, nor extenuated by his little wife; and, in spite of Manette's whispered remonstrance to Sylvain—"Remember, dear uncle, it was the severity with which my grandfather visited your own boyish offences that drove you forth to exile, and proved the origin of so many misfortunes; be merciful, therefore, with Eustache, for his sake, and mine, and your own;" the father of the only son would hear of nothing less than alienating him from the neighbourhood, by placing him for a year or two in a commercial counting-house at Hâvre, under a rigid master, and with a scanty stipend and allowance, so as effectually to repress his tendencies to folly and extravagance. For the best sake of his son, he resolved to dispense, for a time, with the comforts of his society; even though aware that his own days were numbered, and that he must shortly bid adieu alike to the niece who ministered to his happiness, and the son who neglected it.

It was on the eve of Eustache's departure for Hâvre—a place which, to the apprehensions of a country-girl like Manette, presented all the perilous seductions of a great metropolis—that the two cousins were wandering together among the thickets of the côte, which had seen them grow up together in companionship so familiar; and Manette, who had now attained her seventeenth year, could not repress her tears, on perceiving that the joyous boy found it impossible to conceal the delight with which he anticipated his removal from the harsh restrictions and tedious monotony of home; nor was it till, at the close of a wild expatiation on the pleasures awaiting him, he turned to claim the ever-ready sympathy of his cousin, that Eustache for a moment conjectured she could be either pained or alarmed by his infatuation.

"You are in tears, dearest coz—you are in tears!" cried he, taking within his own the hand with which she was furtively wiping away the tears of her sorrow. "What ails you, Manette? Have your parents vexed you? Has my father"—

"No, no!" interrupted his companion; "no one has vexed me—all are kind to me—all considerate; only, when I hear you talk of theatres and balls—of pastimes and parties of pleasure—and think how much you will find yonder in the gay city to divert your thoughts from Trois-Fresnes, and those whom you leave here, I own I tremble. You will forget us, Eustache; and then, whom shall I have to remember me?"

"You cannot, you dare not think it!" ejaculated Eustache, clasping more forcibly to his bosom the hand he still detained. "Forget *you*, my kind, generous cousin—my companion, my first but never-failing advocate in all our family quarrels? Forget *you*? No, Manette! *your* father or mine may at times anger me, by their schooling, into giving hasty answers, or plunging into wilder follies; but, trust me, that against my own dear Manette, I never, for a moment, entertained an angry thought or feeling."

It was not, however, such an asseveration as this that could reassure the sinking heart of the anxious girl. She noticed that her cousin, in his enumeration of the bonds that entwined them together, dwelt exclusively upon the past; nor alluded to that still more engrossing tie, which, after the lapse of two short years, was to unite them exclusively to each other. Again her tears flowed fast, and again Eustache strove to soothe them away; and it was between the bursts of emotion, produced by the tenderness of his manner, that Manette (while resting on a thicket-bank of soft green turf by his side, with her head half resting on the shoulder of the beloved companion of her childhood) once more exclaimed, "Nevertheless, I know—I feel—I fear—that a few months will suffice to obliterate from your mind these homely scenes, this tranquil existence; and, above all, those whose hopes of happiness are centred in your affections. What am *I*, that you should remember me? A rude country girl—untaught—unrefined—different—oh! how different, from the gentle ladies with whom you will now converse! and who will charm you from the remembrance of your poor cousin, by the gayness of their attire—the sweetness of their music—the lightness of their footsteps in the dance"——

A long, long kiss, impressed upon the fine open forehead of his betrothed, was the reply of Eustache to her remonstrances. "You do not think all this, or I would never forgive you," was his fervent rejoinder. "Well do you know, that not all the practised graces, not all the charms and accomplishments in the world, would weigh with me against one kind word from your lips—against one tress of this bright chestnut hair, which I love so dearly!" And, unrolling the long *chignon* of poor Manette, which, in the closeness of that dear embrace, had escaped from beneath her cap, he gave to the sunshine a luxuriant profusion of

waving and glossy locks, which the choicest beauty of the city might have been proud to possess; and which even Manette, humble-minded as she was, sometimes contemplated with triumph, from their having, at times, drawn forth the admiration of her cousin. And now he insisted that she should bestow upon him, as a parting pledge, one of the beautiful tresses which he had disentangled from the rest; and Manette returned to the farm, cheered, if not comforted; and, on the following day, the Diligence of Havre carried off from Trois-Fresnes, Eustache and his baggage; and, again, a wide chasm appeared in the circle of the farm.

The first event, alas! that came to diversify the even tenor of the family proceedings, was an appeal for a heavy sum of money from Eustache to his father. He admitted, frankly but penitently, that, for the first time, he had suffered himself to be enticed to the gaming-table, by companions, who, by fair means or foul, had entangled him in embarrassments, nearly doubling the amount of his father's yearly gains; and Sylvain blazed forth at the demand. It afforded, however, some comfort to poor Manette, that, having been hastily employed by her father to read the letter bearing the Hâvre post-mark, which communicated this disastrous intelligence, she succeeded in calming down her uncle's fury, in time to prevent him from rendering public the disgrace of his son; and, throwing herself at her uncle's feet, she implored him to conceal, from the displeasure of her parents, for *her* sake—for the sake of the niece he loved—the imprudence of him who was to be her husband. She assured him that her father, already bitterly incensed against Eustache, might be tempted to break off their engagements, on discovering his future son-in-law to be a gambler; and, eventually, managed to coax old Sylvain into despatching the necessary sum to the offender, and employing herself as an amanuensis to communicate the intelligence; —for Manette was firmly persuaded that her cousin's penitence was sincere; that this first offence would be the last; and very great was her amazement, and grievous her disappointment, when, within six months of her uncle's generous sacrifice, there came a second letter, acknowledging similar errors, enclosed in one to herself, praying her to uphold the confession of his faults by her influence with his father. For a few minutes, Manette was indignant; but, on a second perusal of Eustache's epistle, the words, "My dear cousin"—"my own Manette"—were found to be so often repeated, and to assume so fair a grace, when endited in her cousin's now firm and clerkly handwriting, that she resolved, instead of fulfilling his commission, and forwarding his petition with his father, to supply the needful sum from funds of her own; not that Manette was a hoarder—her hand was as open as her heart was benevolent—but her old grandmother had one day bestowed upon her, in a fit of jealousy of Madame Eustache's interference with the administration of her affairs, a bag of gold-pieces, the fruits of her spinning, with a charge that she would apply the money to the purchase of household linen, whenever her union with her cousin might render necessary an extension of the establishment at Trois-Fresnes; and Manette felt that she could not better appropriate the gift of the old lady, than by rescuing from disgrace a grandson who had been the object of her idolatry. She sent him, therefore, every livre in her possession, drained the last piece from her little purse, and retired to rest that night, content that, on the night following, the pillow of her cousin Eustache would be no longer sleepless. And this time, Manette felt reassured against all possibility of the recurrence of a fault which had brought such cruel anxieties and such a weight of obligation on the head of the culprit.

For some time, indeed—for more than a year ensuing—her favourable auguries seemed destined to fulfilment. No further demands for money, at least, reached either father or cousin; and, if the latter felt somewhat grieved at heart by the application made by Eustache, on two successive occasions, for permission to spend his season of annual carnival festivity with a friend at Caen—instead of returning, according to French custom, to pass them in the bosom of his family—the taunts and insinuations of certain of their less friendly neighbours (who had often brought rumours to the farm of the misdoings of her cousin) put her pride upon its guard; and she was careful not to betray to her parents or uncle the excess of her mortification. Even when, within six months of the period fixed for their marriage, Eustache at length condescended to visit Trois-Fresnes, to pass a few days of his vacation, Manette was far from satisfied with the alteration wrought in her future bridegroom. He had acquired, indeed, the air, tone, and habits of a gentleman—far too much so, she thought, for his future position in life; but he had also acquired a sort of supercilious *nonchalance* —a smile of superiority, a heartless gallantry of demeanour—affording a pitiful exchange for the wild, warm-hearted impulses of the Eustache of happier times. To their approaching union, during his short stay at the farm, he never once alluded—never sought her in private—never recurred to the past—never touched upon the future. His sole anxiety, as she readily perceived, was to get away again from home; and desolate, indeed, to Manette, were the six months following this disappointing, hope-withering visit: *so* desolate, that the events which followed scarcely seemed to startle or distress her. It was her uncle, it was her father, who raved and reviled the rebel of their race, on the receipt of a letter from Eustache, acquainting them of his determination to follow a mercantile career, in preference to submitting to the drudgery of the farm; and of "his deep regret that circumstances of an unforeseen nature must prevent him from fulfilling his matrimonial engagements with his cousin!"

Even Eustache, however, reckless as he was,

had not calculated upon *all* the consequences likely to arise from this abrupt disclosure. He had anticipated remonstrances, revilings, menaces; but he did not, for a moment, conjecture that his father, long ailing and infirm, would lie stretched a corpse beneath the roof of Trois-Fresnes, within twelve hours of the receipt of a communication that seemed to threaten desecration to its walls! Nor did his uncle, in replying to the audacious epistle, which had overthrown every hope and expectation of the Froslin family, scruple to acquaint his graceless nephew, that he might consider himself the murderer of his father!

Meanwhile, Manette was far more deeply afflicted by witnessing the fate of the uncle she had so tenderly loved and served, than by the blow which had fallen on herself. Not only had she long prepared herself for such a termination of her ill-omened betrothment, but a private letter from Eustache, despatched at the same time with the more formal communication to his family, almost reconciled her to the event. "Manette!" he had written; "beloved friend—beloved cousin—pity and forgive a wretch, who, among the snares and miseries with which his own vices have encompassed him, experiences, at this moment, no pang so bitter as that which arises from the conviction that he has inflicted suffering on yourself. I will not venture to express a hope, dear cousin, that you have never loved me with the affection which once I did not scruple to solicit from my future wife; for I *know* that you have loved me—I *feel* that you have loved me—loved me far, far beyond my deserts! Nothing *but* the tenderest love could have inspired the angelic patience with which you have borne with my offences. But let me rather pray you to love me still—to love me as a friend who esteems your virtues—as a kinsman who would devote the last drop of his blood to defend you from injury. When last we met, I was already entangled in miserable engagements, of an origin too degrading to reveal to one so good and pure as yourself—engagements extinguishing all hope of the completion of those ties from which I had long derived my hopes of happiness. Such was the motive, dearest, of my seeming estrangement; such the motive of the alteration of manner, by which I strove to excite your disgust. May the attempt have prospered—may you have been prepared for the cruel communication I am now under the necessity of making to my family! I do not ask you to plead my cause. The indignation and reproaches of my father, I shall bear without a murmur. All I implore of you is, to think of me as little harshly as you can; that, at some future time, I may pretend to your forgiveness, and perhaps claim a place in your regard, as the truest and most devoted of your friends."

That the generous Manette could close her heart against expressions such as these, was impossible! She heard throughout the whole household execrations lavished on her cousin. She heard him termed "parricide" by her father; and, as she hung over the senseless remains of the unfortunate Sylvain, could scarcely herself refrain from echoing the accusation. Yet, on her own account, she cherished not an angry thought against the companion of her youth; and when, on the morning appointed for the burial of the dead, Eustache, apprised by a letter from her father of the fatal catastrophe produced by his misdeeds, rushed in—pale, haggard, desperate—to preside over the ceremonial of the day, Manette could scarcely refrain from throwing herself upon his bosom, to whisper words of consolation, and assure him he had yet a friend.

The solemnity in which the unfortunate young man had now to bear a part, exercised, however, a sort of tranquillizing influence over his despair. While listening to the promises of eternal life vouchsafed to those who die in the Lord, he felt less guilty. His father was not yet wholly lost to him; he indulged the hope of winning, by a life of virtue, restoration to the forgiveness of his parents; and thenceforth became indifferent to the menacing looks of his uncle, to the contemptuous frowns of Madame Eustache. All that need bring him into farther contact with his unforgiving relatives was, to tender to them, for purchase, the estate which he had resolved to abandon—to entreat a parting interview with his still beloved cousin—and then, away to the thorny existence he had created for himself, the discharge of his debts, and the cajolements of a paramour he despised!

But of his own destinies, Eustache was never more to be the arbiter. Ere yet the company of neighbours was dispersed, which had assembled to assist in the obsequies of the unfortunate Sylvain, in presence of the *curé*, the *bailli*, and chief notary of the village; Eustache Froslin, as head of the house, summoned the young man into council, and cited him to produce those family vouchers which might entitle him to succeed to a moiety of the farm of Trois-Fresnes; the certificates of his own birth and the marriage of his parents. Sylvain had left no will, nor any other memorial of the existence of a son; it was, consequently, only by the production of the attestations required by the laws of the land, that the young man could make good his claims upon a single acre of the property.

At any other moment, the accusation of illegitimacy, which now, for the first time, reached him, in his uncle's express assertions that the marriage of his father and mother had never been legally solemnized, would have irritated Eustache to madness. But now, he saw in it only the vengeful retaliation of an uncle who, having long purposed the reunion of the family property by a marriage with his daughter, seized upon the readiest mode of evading his disappointment; or rather, immersed in sorrowful reflections on the event of the day, he scarcely comprehended the extent of the evils awaiting him. It was only when the man of the law, answering the invitation of the Père Froslin, read aloud the articles of the National Code, which clearly proved that the young man could not establish the shadow of

a claim upon the patrimony of his father, that his ire burst forth; and, hurrying from the assembly, he was about to precipitate himself into the fields—whether, or on what desperate quest he knew not—when the gentle hand of a woman was laid upon his arm, and he felt himself drawn, unresistingly, into the chamber of his cousin.

"I know all, dear Eustache," whispered Manette, taking his hand in hers; "I know that they seek to wrong you of your inheritance, on pretence of avenging my injuries and increasing my dowery. But it is not by idle fury that you will do yourself justice. Strive to recover the necessary papers. They *must* exist. My aunt, who is in heaven, was not one who would have lived on, smilingly and contented, had not the benediction of the church been on her marriage. Sail for the Brazils, cousin; search, and desist not."

"Alas, alas!" interrupted the young man, the tears dropping from his face at sound of the endearing sweetness of her voice, "you speak of this as if it were easy of accomplishment. But how, situated as I am, could I undertake such a task? I have a helpless child—I have the mother of that child, more and less to me than a wife—and scarcely one pitiful coin to purchase food for them during my absence, or forward my own undertaking."

Manette clasped her hands in despair. For the first time she regretted the generous improvidence with which she had already lavished her little store in pampering the vices of her cousin; and began to blame herself that the industry with which, on finding her coffers empty, she had set her spinning-wheel at work, to repair the threatened want of napery for her marriage household, had not been productive of more extensive results. Five webs of the finest cloth, however, were already laid by in her chest, for which she hoped to find ready purchase; and, by economizing her little birthday and fête-day gifts from her father, she had amassed a sum of about five and twenty louis, which she now hastened to place in the hands of Eustache.

"Take this," cried she, "for present needs. About as much more I shall shortly be enabled to send to—to—your *family*, if you will afford me an address to which the sum can be safely forwarded. Trust to *me*, cousin, that, during your absence, all in my power should be done for their comforts. But that all, alas! is little; and you must judge for yourself as to the prudence of undertaking an expedition under circumstances and prospects so precarious."

But young Froslin, whose impetuous nature was inflamed to madness by the stigma so unexpectedly fixed upon him, hesitated not in his judgment. With the aid of his kind cousin, everything appeared feasible. He protested that, with a few louis in his pocket, he could work his passage out, obtain, in all haste, the needful documents, and return, within three months, to claim his inheritance, and renew his enthusiastic acknowledgments to the most generous of women. Delay could only injure his cause. He would instantly depart for Hâvre, and from Hâvre set sail by the first opportunity, leaving to the mercy of Manette his child and its mother.

Such were the projects, accordingly, with which he departed from Trois-Fresnes;—and, while the elder Eustache took possession of the dismembered moiety of the farm, and received the congratulations of his neighbours, who had been easily won to his party by disgust at the excesses of his nephew, the younger departed from his native country; and Manette, satisfied that the unfortunate objects of her care were, for a time, secure from want, began to take her measures for the future. It happened that a rich cousin of her mother's, residing in the neighbourhood of Evreux, had often claimed a visit from Mademoiselle Froslin; and now, that her hand was known to be free from engagements, a pressing invitation was again despatched; and her father, hoping her attention might be distracted from the recent disasters of the family by a short absence from home, and perhaps by the devotions of the handsome son and heir of her cousin, Leclercq, seconded the project. Even Manette, actuated by views of her own, acquiesced in the plan; and Père Froslin escorted her to Evreux, little suspecting that her somewhat capacious trunk contained the fruits of his daughter's housewifely industry for the last twelve months, which she had made up her mind to dispose of for the benefit of the distressed family of his nephew. It proved no easy matter, however, for the young heiress, vigilantly watched and courted, to put her design into execution. The family she was visiting occupied a considerable farm about a league from the town, and consisted of an elderly couple, who rarely quitted home, and an only son, who, after Manette's domestication under their roof, appeared to have become as little locomotive as themselves. All she could do, was to wait for an opportunity, when Isidore Leclercq might be compelled, by business, to absent himself for a day; and this happy occasion having at length presented itself, she no sooner saw him depart, than she petitioned her relatives to allow her the attendance of one of the farm-damsels, named Augustine, to assist her in the execution of some commissions in the town.

Madame Leclercq, having vainly advised her fair relative to defer her project to some future day, when Isidore might offer himself as her escort, readily assented. She even tendered the use of the stout Norman pony, on which she was accustomed to perform her own marketings at Evreux; and right glad was Manette, when, with the bedizened and happy-faced Augustine trudging by her side, and her package strapped on before her, she paced into the busy city—caring little what any might think of her mode of proceeding, so its object proved successful.

"*Pardine! Nous voilà bien heureuses, Ma'mselle Manette,*" cried her light-hearted attendant, as they approached the suburbs—"See, if it be not the famous *Marché aux Cheveux* of Evreux!—and I to have forgotten it, this blessed morning!"

"You mean the *Marché aux Chevaux*," replied Manette, attributing the blunder to the *patois* dialect of her companion.

"*Nenni, nenni!*" persisted Augustine—"there are no horses in the case! I mean the HAIR-FAIR. But I forgot that Ma'mselle is a stranger in Evreux; and, maybe, does not know that, every spring, about Whitsuntide, all the perruquiers of Paris arrive in Normandy, to buy up every fine head of hair they can lay their hands on. The great ladies at court, it seems, are envious of the rich *chignons* of the girls of Normandy and Brittany; and cannot fancy that God Almighty deigned to make us better-looking than our neighbours, for any other purpose than to sell them all we have it in our power to sell, in order to trick them out—silly creatures!—for their balls and junketings. And so, Ma'mselle, the poorest among us, who happen to be out of fortune or out of place, are often glad to obtain a month's meals, by sacrificing the very hair of our heads to buy bread for ourselves or our parents."

"You do well," replied Mademoiselle Froslin, gravely. "After all, what signifies a heavy roll of hair, unless to make our heads ache, and take up our time in the care of it?"

"Ah, Ma'mselle! even you, little as you care for such things, would not be so fond of giving up your fine glossy chesnut *chignon*—an ell long, if it is an inch," retorted Augustine; "more particularly, since Monsieur Isidore, our handsome young master, protests that it is the longest and finest in Normandy. Well, well!. It *does* sometimes serve to make me laugh, to think that the trapesing court ladies are obliged to borrow their beauty from *us* poor villagers; and that, perhaps, some gay Duchess is flaunting away beside his Majesty the Emperor's throne, tricked out in a wig that grew out of the head of my cousin, Babet—the girl who tends the farmer's fowls yonder, up at Siévre Moulin, with cheeks speckled like one of her own turkey-eggs. Ho! ho! ho! Only consider, *chère Ma'mselle*, if my cousin, Babet, could but stand face to face with the fine lady, in her satins, and furbelows, and false curls, and claim her own again!"

"Better purchase from the living," replied Manette, "than wear, as many are known to do, the spoil of the churchyard! Half the locks that bedizen the fine ladies of Paris, are said to be shorn from the heads of corpses, while the damps of death lie heavy in their dim tresses!"

But the conversation of the two damsels was now interrupted. They had reached the market-place, where, assembled in their holiday attire, stood groups of peasant girls, waiting to expose their heads of hair to the chaffering of the spruce Parisian hair-merchants; while, here and there, some fusty Jew strove to forestal the bargain, by making himself middle-man betwixt the rich hair-dresser of the Rue St Honoré, and the simple Cauchoise in her coif. The buyers and sellers were already in active traffic: the girls, with their high caps laid aside, exposing to the rating of the merchants their long glistening locks; some, with a panting and mortified air at the notion of this fatal resignation of their attractions; others smiling broadly at the notion of exchanging that which, like the summer grass, must needs spring and flourish again, for bright silver crowns, tangible and permanent. Many, too, were the jests exchanged among the throng of idlers, lounging in the market-place, as each girl, successively presenting herself, attempted to keep up the price of the merchandize; while the chapman, whose business was depreciation, pointed out some stray grey hair, which toil or trouble had introduced upon the youthful head. One *chignon* was regretted as lacking length, another gloss, another thickness; one was derided as too coarse, one as too foxy. But Manette, intent upon her own errand, had little leisure to bestow upon the peculiar and characteristic scene; and, taking her way towards the shop of one of the chief linendrapers of the town, proceeded, not without much awkwardness and hesitation, to commence her negotiations. She was informed, however, with more celerity than courtesy, that it was not the custom of the place to enter into retail traffickings; the draper explicitly stated that he was in the habit of supplying himself wholesale, and direct from the manufactories. Abashed for a moment, Mademoiselle Froslin was about to depart and try her luck elsewhere; but having reflected that the same plea would probably meet her in every other shop, she entreated, with a blushing face, that the draper would only deign to look at her table-cloths and sheeting, which she knew to be of remarkable excellence and beauty, professing herself ready to submit to a considerable loss in parting with the webs. Her pleading was, in fact, so earnest, that the man could no longer resist; nor, on examining the goods tendered to him, was he any longer desirous of resistance. He declared himself willing to purchase the homespun, if offered at a moderate price, for the use of his own family, and a bargain was quickly struck, Manette submitting to what the advertising shops of London term "a tremendous sacrifice," in order to possess herself of the six hundred and fifty francs, for which she had so pressing an occasion.

"I could wish the young lady had been disposed to enter into a negociation with *me* rather than with *you*," observed a well-dressed man, who, unobserved of Manette, had been a by-stander, while the draper was counting out his money; and, on her turning with a look of dissatisfaction towards the interloper, a few words of explanation from her civil customer served to introduce the stranger as his brother—a celebrated Parisian *coëffeur*—one of the chief supporters of the Hair-Fair of Evreux.

"You do not suppose, *mon cher Edouard*," observed the linendraper, with a facetious smile, "that a young lady of the *tournure* of Mademoiselle would condescend to disfigure herself, in order to embellish your wig-blocks in the Chaussée d'Antin?"

"I suppose nothing," replied the peruquier,

with a profound bow, still casting a professional eye upon the beautiful chestnut *chignon*, revealing itself below the rich lace-cap of Manette. "I only mean to say that, had the young lady been disposed to part with her hair, (which happens to be the exact shade of that of the beautiful Countess de C——, a great favourite of a certain illustrious personage, who, having lately lost hers by a fever, has commissioned me to make her half-a-dozen coëffures of the same colour,) I would willingly give a handsome sum for her *chignon*."

"I am not, I own, disposed to part with my hair," replied Manette, good-humouredly: "nevertheless, a time *might* come when—I—in short, I shall be greatly obliged to this gentleman to afford me the means of writing to him, in case I should ever be inclined to profit by his obliging offer;"—and having ascertained, by a glance towards the door, that Augustine was too deeply engaged by gaping at the market, and tending her pony, to take note of what was passing within, Mademoiselle Froslin proceeded to unfold, to the admiration of the fashionable *coëffeur*, the immense length of her beautiful *chevelure;* and a conditional bargain was struck between them, that, should she, at some future time, incline to dispose of it, Monsieur Edouard would readily become the purchaser.

And now, her riches in her pocket, and the main object of her visit to her cousin Leclercq happily accomplished, Manette was in all haste to return to Trois-Fresnes; and, though she found herself in high disgrace at home, from having, on quitting Evreux, peremptorily declined the overtures of Isidore and his family for her hand, her heart was at ease with itself; for she had already despatched to the destitute family the means of existence for the period of her cousin's absence.

That term at length expired, however; and another, and another month, and he returned not! It was in vain that Manette Froslin deprived herself successively of all her little personal ornaments—of her clothes, of the needlework which she toiled many a long winter's night to complete—that it might be secretly disposed of for the benefit of the family of Eustache. Still did they lack and suffer hunger; till, having exhausted all her resources, the noble-spirited girl, on learning from the private communications she had established with Hâvre, that the miserable object of her cousin's seduction was sinking under a deep decline, threw herself upon the kindness of her parents, and implored their assistance and charity for the dying woman. The price put by her father and mother on their acquiescence, was, however, too heavy to be paid even by Manette. They exacted her promise to unite herself, at no distant period, with their rich kinsman, Isidore Leclercq; and she felt the sacrifice to be impossible. It was in vain she remonstrated, wept, implored, and represented the cruel urgency of the case—Père Froslin was inflexible.

A singular change of appearance soon became perceptible in the heiress of Trois-Fresnes:—a single curl of chestnut hair waved on either side her fine open forehead; but her rich *chignon* was missing! With many a bitter reproach did her angry parents question her concerning the disappearance of this indispensable accessory to the Norman toilet; but Manette remained obstinately silent; and, amid all their revilings, her countenance was cheered by a gleam of mournful satisfaction at the certainty that the wants of the expiring woman had been relieved by the receipt of ten louis from Monsieur Edouard of Paris. For a time, therefore, she was relieved from the necessity of renewing her appeal to the compassion of her father and mother.

Nor was there further occasion for the attempt. At the moment the price of her generous sacrifice reached Hâvre, Eustache was striving to soften the agonies of death for one whom he had arrived in time to support with his presence in her last moments. The kindness of his cousin was made known to him by those dying lips; nor could the intelligence that, although he had failed in the essential object of his voyage, he had been raised to wealth and independence as the recognised heir of a childless brother of his late mother, suffice to arrest the progress of prolonged disease.

Released, by this melancholy event, from his degrading entanglements, and sobered into a sadder and a wiser man, Eustache suffered six months to elapse before he presented himself at Trois-Fresnes; and the love he entertained for his noble-minded cousin must have been great indeed, since it had enabled him to overcome even his resentment against his uncle and Madame Eustache. Conscious, perhaps, that they had some plea for their animosity, in the desire to avenge his desertion of their child, he disposed himself, as far as possible, to amicable feelings; and, in the course of a day or two, when seated once more before the well-known fireside, and holding in his the hand of Manette, (who had already promised to become a mother to his little Isabella,) he frankly coincided in his gentle cousin's proposal, that—"bygones should be bygones."

The wedding was a merry wedding—the marriage a happy marriage; and even now, that Manette Froslin's glossy tresses have regained more than half their former length, and all their former beauty, Eustache—who has inherited the princely fortune of his Brazilian uncle, and replaced, with sparkling gems, the simple gold cross and ear-rings she formerly sacrificed for his sake—protests that his beloved wife never looked so fair in his eyes as when the short thick curls mantled closely round her slender neck, exhibiting a silent but affecting record in his eyes of her errand of womanly mercy to the HAIR-MARKET OF EVREUX.

FOX-HUNTING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

THE vanity of the French—that ruling principle in their national character, which leads them to estimate everything which their country produces as infinitely superior to every other in the world—prevents them from adopting many of the comforts and substantial improvements which have been the results of experience and wisdom in other countries, and also from participating in the enjoyments of their more active and manly amusements. France is a large country, and in its many provinces there exists a wide and marked difference in the manners, language, and character of the inhabitants, amounting, in many instances, almost to a total dissimilarity; but, throughout them all, this national vanity, this idea of superiority of intellect, this self-love and self-flattery, is inherent. It flourishes alike in the cold regions of the north, and in the more genial climate of the south; it is the one great and all-powerful chain which binds opposing parties and conflicting interests together, in every instance, and upon all occasions, where "La belle France," her honour, real or imaginary, is threatened with assault. They will uphold different political parties—they will aim at different forms of government—they will support a despotism, a mixed constitution, or a republic—a Louis Philippe, a Henry the Fifth, or a Bonaparte—as it may suit their wavering and uncertain minds; and each and all of these factions will find, among the throng, partisans to shout the "vive" for them; but let the cry of "Vive la France!" be raised, and, for the moment, all rivalry, all party animosity, will appear to cease; and the enthusiastic acclamations which rend the air will tell a tale which each successive power that has ruled over the French nation for any length of time, has studied well; and, by its moral, gilded the chains with which it fettered them; and, by throwing around its acts the flimsy but effectual web of nationality, united under it all sects and parties, moulding them to its will. Thus it has been, and thus it will continue.

The church and the ancient aristocracy of France, (which, but for their own narrow policy and consummate folly, might still have remained to guard her,) are now gone; and each individual who aspires to wear the emblem of dependence, the laurel-wreath entwined for him by the fickle fancy of the moment, must, if he wishes to retain the unsteady sceptre, bear well in mind the ruling foible of the people whom he would govern; and upon it, as the only restingplace among the shoals and whirlpools which surround him, threatening him each moment with destruction, lay the foundation of all his actions; and he may, for a long, a very long period, rule over the most capricious nation on the face of the globe.

But what has all this moralizing to do with fox-hunting? Why, it has more than may at first appear; for, although the French do ape us in many matters, still their confounded vanity prevents them doing so to the letter; and, consequently, they bungle and destroy, where they might, were they less conceited, have become worthy and successful imitators—and so it is in *fox-hunting*.

The notions which the French have regarding this true English sport, are so very antiquated, that they are, in all probability, derived from some fox-hunting cavaliers who accompanied Charles II. in his exile; for I imagine that it was before, or about that period, that their practices existed in England, if they were ever known here at any time.

Long ago, in England—

> "Our Squires of old would rouse the day
> To the sound of the bugle-horn;"

and, upon the same principle which led them to do so, I suppose the French act in the present day; and no arguments, no expostulations drawn from the practice in the land of fox-hunting, will induce them to alter or improve their mode of going to work. "It is not so in France," is the universal and conclusive answer. Thus, whoever wishes to go French fox-hunting, must make up his mind to tumble out of bed by half-past four, or five, at the latest. Should it rain while he is dressing, he may go to bed again, for, in their opinion, the scent will not lie at all; and, should a shower or two fall in the course of the day, the faults and mistakes committed, whether on the part of the huntsman or the dogs, are most knowingly laid to account of the weather.

I have seen one or two dogs good enough to have held a respectable place, even in an English pack; but the generality are good for nothing. They never hunt with what we should call *courage;* but potter about like a parcel of pigs in an Indian corn field. Often have I been amused by observing some of them, when unable to pick up the scent, sit down on their hind-quarters, and, with their noses in the air, composedly "bow-wow" away at the skies, instead of endeavouring to recover it, forgetting the new maxim of the politicians—*Aide toi.* But one cannot, considering their training, blame them for this. In one particular, I think, they are superior to our dogs, and that is, that their notes are even more musical than those of our dogs; but this, I believe, is owing to the climate—for I have been informed that English dogs, after having been some time in France, acquire the same melody of sound. They are totally dissimilar in appearance: there is the heavy strong muscular animal, more adapted for a bear-hunt; the long-backed, greyhound-looking brute; and a cur, something like the beagle—in sweet confusion blended. The owner hunts them himself, and has a whipper-in, or "piqueur," as they call him, mounted; and sometimes another on foot. The hunting party must now be

described; but they are sometimes so ludicrous in appearance, so oddly (at least to the eye of an Englishman) attired, mounted, and accoutred, that I fear I may fail in conveying a vivid impression of their appearance, which, indeed, beggars all description. To be justly appreciated and sufficiently admired, it must be seen. Oh! what a despicable figure the gentlemen of any of our crack hunts would cut alongside of these worthies! Their heads are crowned with a three-cornered, 'fore-and-aft-looking cap of fur, of cloth, or of oil-cloth, with huge "fall downs" to cover the ears, and studded and "illuminated" all over with glittering steel buttons. A black stock, with a piece of whitish linen peeping over it, encloses the throat; and a green, dark-brown, or velvet cut-away coat, and underneath it a bright crimson waistcoat, adorned with chains and clasps, and numberless odds and ends and a broad leathern belt, drawn around their waists, dignify the upper man. Light-coloured inexpressibles, of cloth or worsted cord, buttoned at the knee, or tied at the ankle; the enormous jack-boots of the Russian courier, or French gend'armes; or an imitation of our own hunting boot, but substituting a polished leather top for the one which we prefer; with a pair of spurs, which, in length and size, would mock even those of our old mosstroopers—complete a costume which is neither to be met with nor equalled anywhere, save in France. I have also seen French officers turn out in full uniform, sword and altogether; and ladies with their horses' tails elegantly twisted in their cruppers, to preserve them from the mud.

The quality of their horses being of little consequence in their style of hunting, some are mounted upon nags of sixteen hands high, others upon what, in the Highlands of Scotland, are called "shelties." As to their saddles, some are demi-piques; some have, and some have not, cloaks or greatcoats fastened in front or behind, either to preserve them from the weather, or in their seats; a pair of holsters, (the most sensible part of the whole,) one containing a loaf of bread, and the other a flask of wine; and cruppers—that deformity to a horse, without which you seldom or never see a Frenchman ride. A few of the party frequently augment these incumbrances to their horses, by the addition of a "cutty gun."

There are generally two horns to a pack, the one carried by the owner, or a friend, the other by the piqueur. These instruments have a mouth of at least a foot and a half in diameter; and when not in use, are suspended in the same manner as our shot-belts, by thrusting the head and one arm through the centre of their coils.

In the neighbourhood of Pau, there is an immensity of the very finest cover. Both gorse and copse, in abundance, perhaps too much; there is, therefore, no lack of foxes. One of the most frequent places of rendezvous for the pack which hunt the part of the country to which I particularly allude, is a place called the Bois de Pau. It is a wood, consisting of perhaps a couple of hundred acres, cut up and intersected in all directions by wide alleys and avenues. The French have no idea of a "run," their chief object being to accomplish what we call "mobbing in cover;" and this, to give them justice, they do set about in a most business-like manner. The dogs are thrown into a corner of this large wood, and instantly the hunters, like "knowing" old sportsmen in pheasant or woodcock shooting, gallop off to the different openings to guard them, and prevent Reynard, should he be inclined to break cover, and, if possible, to head him back into the woods; at the same time, never failing, if they have a gun, to salute him with a shot. A fox is generally found here, and after having been perhaps twenty or thirty times fired at and wounded, he is, in a short period, either most barbarously killed or run to ground. Scampering up and down the alleys or upon the road, and bawling and shouting, afford great amusement to the hunters; but of leaping or going across the country, they are guiltless. The shots are frequently as likely to take effect upon some of the party as upon the ill-used fox; and one day, a cantonnier, at work upon the road, was all but struck by a ball fired in the wood.

Sometimes, when they run a fox to ground, they unearth him, and turn him out on some other day. Upon one occasion, they thus acquired as fine a fox as I ever saw; and we, the English, had some hopes of having a good day's sport with him. There is some very pretty country for riding across, in the valley to the south-west of Pau, abounding in fences, but none of a very difficult nature; and we urged the master of the hounds to unbag him there; but our entreaties could not overcome their insurmountable objection to leaping, and the master resolved to turn him loose in the same place where he was found—their favourite haunt, the Bois de Pau. This fox was a fine catch for them; for, not satisfied with admiring each other's feats of noisy brawl and hardy daring in the field, they were determined that the fair sex should have an opportunity of admiring their achievements. But, as all this took place during the carnival—the dancing and quadrilling period of the year among the French—it was some time before a day occurred upon which the ladies, sufficiently refreshed by a night's rest, could accompany their cavaliers to the chase. Thus the period of the imprisonment of this unfortunate victim, was lengthened out beyond the fortnight: during which time he was fed high, and put out of wind.

Secure of finding a fox, and their gallantry forbidding them to disturb the ladies at so early an hour as their usual time of starting, eleven o'clock was the hour fixed upon, and the everlasting wood the place of rendezvous. Another friend and myself were among the last of leaving Pau, to join in the feats of this eventful day; and, in crossing the extensive landes which separate the town from the wood, we overtook the individual who, in a basket upon his head,

was conveying the fox. Of course, we were much disgusted at the mode of proceeding, and I voted for upsetting the basket, and giving Reynard his liberty, at least a couple of miles from the wood, when he would, perhaps, have taken an opposite direction to it, and the hounds being brought and laid upon the scent, we, in all probability, would, for once, have seen something to bring home to our recollection. But my sagacious plan was overruled, and the man and his burden were allowed to proceed in the even tenor of their way.

Upon arriving at the wood, we found the assembled host, "on dreadful thoughts intent," waiting anxiously for the coming of the object of all their hopes and wishes. We pleaded hard that twenty or thirty minutes' *law* should be given him. But, no; the hounds were to be slipped upon him the moment that he started. The basket was set down, and the lid lifted; when I observed that the fox was attached, by a chain, to the inside, (which would somewhat have deranged my plan of upsetting the basket upon the landes,) and he was so fierce that they could hardly untie it. To accomplish this, they let him get half-way out of the basket, and then squeezing the lid down upon him, they, with less danger from his teeth, managed, after having, I have no doubt, broken at least two or three of his ribs, to give him his freedom.

But, to my astonishment, they had resolved to make a dandy of him; and, for that purpose, had adorned his neck with a huge collar, with loads of small bells attached to it. This was horrid! In fact, he only wanted the tea-canister to his tail, to complete his costume. The chain being unloosed, he went off in great style, his bells jingling like those of a post-horse; and, before he had made a hundred yards, away went the dogs after him. No sooner had the dogs started than all the French party galloped off, not after them, but before them, leaving them to hunt in the best manner they could; forgetting, or unconscious, that the most beautiful and most intellectual part of a fox-hunt, is that, when the dogs, either having met with a check, display their sagacity and tact in recovering what the French call the "*quête*," and having succeeded, send forth the heart-stirring and joyous notes which tell us of the fact; or when, with their heads no longer at the earth, they shy along, breast high, causing the woods to ring again, and seeming to repeat the words of the old song—

Follow who can—oh, then! oh, then!

Breaking from the patch of wood, to which he had made at first, he was headed, in the next alley, into another division; and thus it continued, for about twenty minutes, out of one square into another; until, at last, being driven into a corner and mobbed, he was either killed by the dogs, or frightened to death by the hubbub. I think the latter must have been the cause of his death; for, when I came up to the spot, I found him seemingly uninjured by the dogs; but, at all events, he was, as the criers in the streets say, "most barbarously murdered." The body was then tied upon the pummel of the master's saddle; his head dangling upon one side, and his brush upon the other; so that passengers, on either side of the road, or damsels gazing from the windows of the street, might not be deprived of a sight of the glorious trophy, nor ignorant of the prowess by which it had been acquired.

This was what the French call "*une grande chasse.*" As only one half of the wood had been disturbed, the remainder was "drawn" for another fox: but without success. The owner upon this observed to me, "That it was no use drawing any more covers, as there had been rain in the morning." I thought of the "Fox and the Grapes;" and said that, in England, frequently the very best runs took place on rainy days; and not only was such the case, but I had more than once had my red coat made white with snow upon days on which I had seen very fair sport. "*Mon Dieu! mais c'est tout à fait different en France.*"

The hounds of Tarbes are much better, and the owner takes considerable interest in them. He has a court-yard behind his house, along one side of which is a double range of berths, each large enough for two dogs, and in which his hounds are kept exceedingly dry and clean. Mons. Dupont, the proprietor, who is a very polite person, frequently invites the English at Pau to come, and have a few days' hunting with him, and (which is rather unusual for a Frenchman) he never fails to give them one or two most excellent dinners.

Wolf and hare hunting are his favourite amusements; for, although, to oblige us, he would sometimes hunt a fox, still he is averse to it; as he thinks that the scent of the fox being so much ranker than that of the wolf, it spoils his dogs for the latter sport. I was not so fortunate as to be present at a wolf-hunt with his hounds, during the last winter; but, if in this part of the country during the next season, I shall not fail of witnessing one.

The wolves are frequently driven down from the mountains by the snow, and take refuge in the woods of the low country; and the peasants, when they see them there, inform Mons. Dupont of their presence. The wolf is a more difficult customer to deal with than the fox. He is hardly ever killed by being fairly run down by the dogs. Very few instances of wolves being so killed are known, although runs of this kind have been known to last a day and a night—the dogs following the same wolf for that length of time. On this account, the hunters always endeavour to wound or cripple him, so as to put him upon a more equal footing with the dogs; and, accordingly, every one, upon such occasions, is armed. Even when wounded, the wolf, if he is a strong one, will hold on for three or four hours; during which time, both dogs and horses, if their riders will follow, will have had enough of it. Oh! that I could see a first-rate pack of English dogs laid upon a wolf's track! It would,

indeed, be a sight worth seeing; he would find an enemy worth contending with; one that would not permit him, (as is frequently the case,) when having gained upon his pursuers, and aware of his superiority over them, to rest himself composedly until they come up, and then start off, as fast and as fresh as ever; but that would hang heavy on his heels, nor quit him until their strength failed them, or they had him in their fangs. It would be a glorious sight!

But, to return to Mons. Dupont's hounds. Afraid that we should not get out of bed early enough, M. Dupont had ordered his piqueur to come to our hotel about four in the morning, and "blow us up" with his great horn. About five, the master and his hounds, and a party of French gentlemen arrived, and we, being all ready, joined them. There were symptoms of rain; and, in the dusk of the morning, each of our companions being enveloped in a waterproof cloak or greatcoat, the assemblage looked more like a detachment of monks going to a funeral, than a party of jovial hunters. Our master of the hounds, a most enormous man, could not, with jack-boots, greatcoat, blunderbuss, holsters and all, ride under one and twenty stone. He was mounted upon a small chestnut mare, with legs like those of an elephant, and it was amazing to see how she moved under the prodigious weight she carried.

In hare-hunting, they have a tolerably good reason for disturbing one's sleep so early in the morning. There are (as every peasant carries a gun, and every man and boy in the whole country spend half their time in shooting) very few hares, and, consequently, the difficulty of finding them in their forms is very great. To obviate this, they endeavour either to come upon puss when she is actually feeding; or, if too late for that, skirting all the spots where she has been likely to do so, to come upon her scent, and track her to her form. This is a very good plan, if pursued soon after she has been feeding, but it will not do any length of time after she has gone; and, of course, if a hare is not found before eight or nine in the morning, she will not, in all probability, be found at all. Hare-hunting is not worth describing, because everybody knows what it is, and few people care for it. But the scene which took place upon our return home was too laughable to be passed over.

Before entering the town, we were requested to ride in a body; and the day having become fine, greatcoats and cloaks were all doffed, and strapped to the saddle bows; and, our companions, of whom, during the day, we had seen nothing but their faces, were now transformed into exquisites of the first water; and so completely, indeed, had they protected themselves from the rain and mud, that they looked more as if they had just finished their toilet than been exposed to the annoyances of ploughed fields and splashing roads. As for us, we resembled a parcel of half-drowned rats, who would willingly have sneaked into their holes, to avoid the vulgar gaze, which the presence of such gay cavaliers could not fail to attract; but, as we were told that our leaving the troop might be thought disrespectful to the master, we courageously faced the approaching exhibition. There are (as I observed before) generally two of these abominable French horns in a hunting party,—the one carried by the piqueur, the other by the master or a friend. M. Dupont's nephew was the bearer of this—to the ears of a sportsman—most disagreeable instrument; and he rode at the head of the party, while the piqueur, with the dogs and the other horn, brought up the rear. In this manner we rode into the town of Tarbes, our leader halting at each turn or winding of the streets, and sounding the "*Tantara*" for a few seconds; after he had been answered by the piqueur, with the other horn, from the rear, he moved on again, thus giving warning of our approach, and affording all the inhabitants plenty of time to come to their windows and admire us. Glad were we when the neighbourhood of our hotel permitted us to escape.

ANGLO-INDIAN SOCIETY.*

The middle, and even the higher classes of England, and especially of Scotland, have a closer and more intimate and endeared connexion with Hindostan than with all our other colonies put together. To India, Britain sends her sons, to gain fortunes; and her daughters naturally follow. India is, however, the only British colony to which the British have not at once transferred the language, manners, and habits of their native land. In the other colonies, the emigrants and adventurers have either found unoccupied ground or have expelled the aborigines. In India, they have been compelled, by the existing institutions of an ancient country, which had already made great progress in civilization and the arts, to adapt themselves to existing manners and customs. The conquerors of India must be content to remain the slaves of its enervating climate, and in that country alone they are forced to give up the habits of their own land. Anglo-Indian, or semi-Asiatic society, thus presents many singular aspects, for which we should look in vain in the West India islands, Australia, or British America. British-born persons in the latter colonies at once feel themselves at home; they have little that is new to adopt in their new society, and nothing to cast away. We can conceive very little difference, indeed, between Montreal, Hobart Town, and Sydney, and an English provincial town—save mere newness. Houses, furniture, dress, equipages, servants, language, habits, all are identically the same

* Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan. By Miss Roberts. London: Allen & Co. 3 vols.

There is nothing, save memory and a fine climate, to remind them that Van Dieman's Land is not England. There, social condition presents few new features, and excites little curiosity; while that of the semi-Asiatics—English in blood and language, and Indian in manners and modes of life—is an unceasing subject of interest. To gratify this curiosity, the interior of British society in Hindostan has of late been often described, in fictions, in travels, and in familiar letters; but never, as we think, with more liveliness and fidelity than by Miss Roberts. She appears to have seen a considerable portion of the country with her own eyes; and her strictures have all the good sense and indulgence which almost always accompany an enlarged understanding and a liberal tone of feeling. To young persons whose destination is India, her counsels will be found as valuable as her information is useful and extensive; and to those at home who would acquire a correct idea of Anglo-Indian society, with its novel, picturesque, and oriental features, her work is equally attractive. People have for some time discovered that residence in India is rather to be submitted to, for certain attendant or prospective advantages, than courted for its own sake. Even its boasted magnificence and grandeur shrink into small dimensions when viewed close at hand. The seat of true elegance and splendour is far more likely to be found in a third-rate English town, than in the "City of Palaces," Calcutta itself.

From the writings of Forbes, Tod, Malcolm, Monro, Heber, and others, we had obtained very considerable information regarding India; but the lively and minute pen of a woman was still required to give us those in-door details which none save a woman could note, and none describe so well. Her opening sketch of the scene to which the young adventurer from Britain is suddenly transferred, is striking and clear, and appropriately forms the ground-work of her picture.

"The approach to the City of Palaces from the river is exceedingly fine: the Hooghly, at all periods of the year, presents a broad surface of sparkling water, and, as it winds through a richly-wooded country, clothed with eternal verdure, and interspersed with stately buildings, the stranger feels that banishment may be endured amid scenes of so much picturesque beauty, attended by so many luxurious accompaniments. The usual landing-place, Champaul Ghaut, consists of a handsome stone esplanade, with a flight of broad steps leading to the water, which on the land side is entered through a sort of triumphal arch or gateway, supported upon pillars. Immediately in front of this edifice, a wide plain or *meidan* spreads over a spacious area, intersected by very broad roads; and, on two sides of this superb quadrangle, a part of the city and the fashionable suburb of Chowringee extend themselves. The claims to architectural beauty of the City of Palaces have been questioned, and possibly there may be numberless faults to call forth the strictures of connoisseurs; but these are lost upon less erudite judges, who remain rapt in admiration at the magnificence of the *coup d'œil*. The houses, for the most part, are either entirely detached from each other, or connected only by long ranges of terraces, surmounted, like the flat roofs of the houses, with balustrades. The greater number of these mansions have pillared verandahs, extending the whole way up, sometimes to the height of three stories, besides a large portico in front; and these clusters of columns, long colonnades, and lofty gateways, have a very imposing effect, especially when intermingled with forest trees and flowering shrubs. A certain want of keeping and consistency, common to everything relating to India, injures the effect of the scene. A mud hut, or rows of native hovels, constructed of mats, thatch, and bamboos, not superior to the rudest wigwam, often rest against the outer walls of palaces; while there are avenues opening from the principal streets, intersected in all directions by native bazaars, filled with unsightly articles of every description."

Formerly, strangers were, upon their arrival, thrown upon the hospitality of private families; but, of late, boarding-houses and hotels have been opened. The new arrivals fall into the hands of a species of knavish persons, named *circars*, who appear to unite the bad qualities of the Jew money-lender, the rapacious English steward, and the Irish agent. Miss Roberts allows that they are necessary; though evil, and admits that some of them are honest. The circars arrange all household establishments, and, in short, do everything, "for a consideration." One of their first duties is, to procure furniture and servants. "The former, though scanty, is handsome. The floors are covered with fine matting, and the walls are adorned with sconces, having glass shades to them, some containing two, and others three lights. The loftiness of the apartments renders a strong illumination necessary; and, as cocoa-nut oil is very cheap, all the houses have the advantage of being exceedingly well lighted. One of the most beautiful features of the city at night, consists of the bright floods issuing from innumerable lamps in the houses of the rich, when, all the windows being open, the radiance is thrown across the neighbouring roads. The punkah is another distinguishing ornament of a Calcutta mansion; it is formed of a wooden frame-work, a foot and a half, or two feet broad, hung in the centre of the room, and extending nearly its whole length. This frame is covered with painted canvass or fluted silk, finished round the edges with gilt mouldings. It is suspended from the ceiling by ropes covered with scarlet cloth, very tastefully disposed, and hangs within seven feet of the ground. A rope is fastened to the centre, and the whole apparatus waves to and fro, creating, if pulled vigorously, a strong current of air, and rendering the surrounding atmosphere endurable, when the heat would be much too great to be borne without it. The chairs and tables are usually of very fine wood,

handsomely carved, and the sofas are, for the most part, covered with satin damask; but, comfort and convenience being more studied than appearance, there are few of those elegant little trifles, in the way of furniture, by which an upholsterer in London contrives to make a fortune.

"One peculiarity strikes a stranger immediately as he enters a house in India inhabited by Europeans: all the sofas, chairs, tables, &c. are placed at the distance of a foot, at least, from the wall; a very necessary precaution in a country abounding with insects and reptiles of all kinds. Every side of every apartment is pierced with doors, and the whole of the surrounding antechambers appear to be peopled with ghosts. Servants clad in flowing white garments glide about with noiseless feet in all directions; and it is very long before people, accustomed to solitude and privacy in their own apartments, can become reconciled to the multitude of domestics who think themselves privileged to roam all over the house." These servants go and come at their pleasure, and at first startle female strangers by the scantiness of their drapery, and their incongruous appearance. The houses, or rather villas, of the European residents, are chiefly in the suburbs of Chowringee, and are placed in the midst of gardens. Their roofs command beautiful views of the city, the river, and other objects. A good notion will be obtained of the general appearance of the street population of Calcutta, from the following sentences:—

"The Black Town, as it is called, extends along the river to the north, and a more wretched-looking place can scarcely be imagined; dirty, crowded, ill-built, and abounding with beggars and bad smells. There is, however, a sort of debatable ground between the mud huts, the small dingy brick tenements, and the mean dilapidated bazaars of the middling and lower classes of natives, which is occupied by handsome houses enclosed in courtyards, belonging to Armenian merchants, Parsees, and Bengallee gentlemen of great wealth and respectability. The avenues which lead to these mansions are exceedingly narrow, but the premises themselves are often very extensive, the principal apartments looking out upon pretty gardens, decorated with that profusion of flowers which renders every part of Calcutta so blooming.

"The population of Calcutta and its environs is extremely great, and at every hour of the day the streets and the roads are filled with crowds of natives, chiefly dressed in white muslin, a costume which produces a singular effect upon a large multitude.

"A good deal of animation and activity is exhibited about sunset; horses, carriages, palanquins, or vehicles of some description, are to be seen at the doors of all the houses, and the roads are traversed by equipages of various degrees of splendour; but, with the exception of those which wind their way to the Strand, the favourite scene of an airing, they disperse; and, as no one thinks of walking abroad, people who have no conveyances confine themselves to the gardens, terraces, and house-tops. The public drive in Calcutta affords a gay and interesting spectacle, but is sadly deficient in the elegance which might be expected from the wealth and taste of those who frequent it. Gentlemen are rather too apt to adopt a favourite method of repose: when seated in their carriages, it is no uncommon sight to see the feet resting upon the door of the vehicle; an attitude much adopted by old and rich *Qui His*, and imitated by those who are desirous to shew their independence of every etiquette of civilized society. The dresses of the ladies have very little pretensions to splendour, compared to the displays of the toilette in the capitals of Europe. Many, during the warm weather, dispense with bonnets, and wear their hair in the plainest manner; circumstances which, though rendered almost necessary by the climate, detract from the general effect."

There is here room for the birch of Mrs Trollope; but surely Miss Roberts cannot think that ladies with no head-dress, save their own hair, are not as really ornamental to the public drive as if their heads were fresh from the fingers of a French milliner.

The expectations, adventures, and destiny of the young ladies, who, every year in increased numbers, betake themselves to the matrimonial bazaars of India, are, we presume, of peculiar interest to their sisters at home. We have never seen the statistics of Indian matrimony so fully elucidated as in this work, which corrects many fallacious opinions on this among other points. Young ladies are no longer sacrificed to old, dingy, bilious, rich Nabobs—a class of persons become extremely rare in India, and seldom, indeed, to be caught at all in the bachelor state.

Generally speaking, (says our authoress,) these elderly gentlemen have either taken to themselves wives in their younger days, or have become such confirmed bachelors, that neither flashing eyes, smiling lips, lilies, roses, dimples, &c., comprehending the whole catalogue of female fascinations, can make the slightest impression upon their flinty hearts. The damsel, educated in the fallacious hope of seeing a rich antiquated suitor at her feet, laden with "barbaric pearl and gold," soon discovers to her horror, that, if she should decide upon marrying at all, she will be absolutely compelled to make a love-match, and select the husband of her choice out of the half-dozen subalterns who may offer; fortunate may she esteem herself if there be one amongst them who can boast a staff-appointment, the adjutancy or quarter-mastership of his corps.

In the dearth of actual possessions, expectancies become of consequence; and now that old civilians are less attainable, young writers rank amongst the eligibles. A supply of these desirables, by no means adequate to the demand, is brought out to Calcutta every year; and, upon the arrival of a young man who has been lucky enough to secure a civil appointment, he is immediately accommodated with a handsome suite of apartments in Tank Square, styled, *par distinction*, "The Buildings," and entered at the college, where he is condemned to the study of the Hindoostanee and Persian languages, until he can pass an examination which shall qualify him to become an assistant to a judge, collector, or other official belonging to the civil department. A few hours of the day are spent under the surveillance of a moonshee, or some more learned pundit, and the remainder are devoted to amusements. This is the dangerous period for young

men bent upon making fortunes in India, and upon returning home. They are usually younger sons, disregarded in England on account of the slenderness of their finances, or too juvenile to have attracted matrimonial speculations. Launched into the society of Calcutta, they enact the parts of the young dukes and heirs-apparent of a London circle, where there are daughters or sisters to dispose of. The "*great parti*" is caressed, feted, dressed at, danced at, and flirted with, until perfectly bewildered; either falling desperately in love, or fancying himself so, he makes an offer, which is eagerly accepted by some young lady, too happy to escape the much-dreaded horrors of a half-batta station. The writers, of course, speedily acquire a due sense of their importance, and conduct themselves accordingly. Vainly do the gay uniforms strive to compete with their more sombre rivals; no dashing cavalry officer, feathered, and sashed, and epauletted, has a chance against the men privileged to wear a plain coat and a round hat; and in the evening drives in Calcutta, sparkling eyes will be turned away from the military equestrian, gracefully reining up his Arab steed to the carriage-window, to rest upon some awkward rider, who sits his horse like a sack, and, more attentive to his own comfort than to the elegance of his appearance, may, if it should be the rainy season, have thrust his white jean trowsers into jockey boots, and introduced a black velvet waistcoat under his white calico jacket. Figures even more extraordinary are not rare.

When a matrimonial proposal has been accepted, the engagement of the parties is made known to the community at large by their appearance together in public. The gentleman drives the lady out in his buggy.* This is conclusive; and, should either prove fickle, and refuse to fulfil the contract, a breach of promise might be established in the Supreme Court, based upon the single fact that the pair were actually seen in the same carriage, without a third person. The nuptials of a newly-arrived civilian, entrapped at his outset, are usually appointed to take place at some indefinite period, namely, when the bridegroom shall have got out of college.

The allowances of a writer in the Buildings are not exceedingly splendid; writers do not, according to the notion adopted in England, step immediately into a salary of three or four thousand a-year, though, very probably, with the brilliant prospect before them, which dazzled their eyes upon their embarkation, not yet sobered down to dull reality, they commence living at that rate. The bridegroom-elect, consequently, is compelled to borrow one or two thousand rupees, to equip himself with household goods necessary for the married state, and thus lays the foundation for an increasing debt, bearing an interest of twelve per cent. at the least. The bride, who would not find it quite so easy to borrow money, and whose relatives do not consider it necessary to be very magnificent upon these occasions, either contrives to make her outfit (the grand expense incurred in her behalf) serve the purpose; or, should that have faded and grown old-fashioned, purchases some scanty addition to her wardrobe. Thus, the bridal paraphernalia, the bales of gold and silver muslins, the feathers, jewels, carved ivory, splendid brocades, exquisite embroidery, and all the rich products of the East, on which our imaginations luxuriate when we read of an Indian marriage, sink down into a few yards of white sarsenet. There is always an immense concourse of wedding guests present at the ceremony; but, as invitations to accompany a bridal party to the church are of very frequent occurrence, they do not make any extraordinary display of new dresses and decorations.

The mode of living in India is exceedingly adverse to bridal tours. Unless the parties should procure the loan of some friend's country mansion, a few miles from Calcutta, they must proceed straight to their own residence; for there are no hotels, no watering-places, and no post-horses—circumstances which detract materially from the eclat of a marriage. The poor bride, instead of enjoying a pleasant excursion, is obliged to remain shut up at home; and her first appearance in public creates very little sensation, probably from the absence of expectation on the score of new garments.

In up-country stations, marriages are even more commonplace affairs, and the clerk of a country church would be absolutely scandalized at the neglect of the customary observances. Some writer upon India has remarked that the ladies are over-dressed. That must have been the case in the bygone days of splendour, when they could afford to give *carte blanche* to milliners in London or at the presidencies. Much to their credit be it spoken, in the wildest jungles, they endeavour to make an appearance suitable to their rank and circumstances. But this is, very frequently, a matter of great difficulty: patterns are sometimes useless from the want of materials to make them up, and materials nearly so from the impossibility of procuring patterns.

This account detracts very considerably from European notions of Indian splendour and magnificence, though there is no doubt that it is in all points correct. The contrast between the splendid dresses of a London ball-room, fresh in their first gloss, and the tarnished, faded, lustreless habiliments of Calcutta, strikes every stranger's eye. There is a better view of the case. These unmagnificent marriages are, according to Miss Roberts, generally productive of lasting happiness.

They entail, comparatively speaking, little additional expense, and the small preparations which alone are considered essential offer great facilities for early unions. A young man, depending, as he must do, for all his enjoyments upon domestic comfort, naturally feels anxious to secure a companion to enliven his otherwise dull home. His resources out of doors are few; there may not be many houses in which he can lounge away his mornings in idle visits; the billiard-room does not suit all tastes; and, however addicted he may be to field sports, during several hours of the day he must seek the shelter of a roof; his military duties occupy a very small portion of his time; and, with little to interest, and nothing to divert him, he becomes anxiously desirous to taste the calm delights of wedded life. If he should be so fortunate as to be a successful wooer, the marriage speedily takes place.

It is an amusing thing for a spectator to observe the straightforward, business-like manner in which marriages in India are brought about. The opinion entertained by the Princess Huncamunca, respecting the expediency of short courtships, seems to prevail. A gentleman, desirous to enter the holy pale, does not always wait until he shall meet with some fair one suiting his peculiar taste, but the instant that he hears of an expected arrival, despatches a proposal to meet her upon the road; this is either rejected *in toto*, or accepted conditionally; and, if there should be nothing very objectionable in the suitor, the marriage takes place. Others travel over to some distant station, in the hope of returning with a wife; and many visit the presidency on the same errand. Numbers return without achieving their object, and these unfortunates are said to be members of the "*juwaub* club," a favourite Indian phrase, which is exceedingly expressive of the forlorn state of bachelors upon compulsion.

There are few regimental messes established in native regiments; the officers inhabit separate bungalows, and if two happen to chum together, the intended Benedict turns his friend out to make way for his bride. If he should be rich enough, he may be seen at sales, (for there is always some person quitting a station and selling off,) purchasing looking-glasses, toilette-tables, and such unwonted luxuries in a bachelor's mansion. But they are not absolutely necessary, nor are they considered essential to connubial felicity; very frequently the whole of the preparations consists in the exit of the chum and his *petarrahs* (boxes which may be carried banghie, that is, sus-

* The lady who is so fortunate as to achieve the buggy, is, in the slang of India, said to be *carted*, though Miss Roberts is too decorous to adopt the phrase.

pended at either end of a bamboo slung across a bearer's shoulder,) and the entrance of the bride, and her wardrobe, crammed, to the special injury of the flounces and furbelows, into half a dozen square conical tin cases painted green.

The *trousseau* of the bride varies according to the means and appliances of the station, and of her own or relatives' purses. There are a set of men in India, very closely resembling the pedlars and duffers of Scotland and England, denominated *box-wallahs*, who enact the character of *marchand des modes*, both in Calcutta and in the upper provinces. The box-wallah himself is a well-dressed respectable personage, frequently very rich; his goods are conveyed in large tin chests upon the heads of coolies; and, instead of making a tour of shopping, the lady, desirous to add to her wardrobe, sends for all the box-wallahs, and examines the contents of their chests. The party thus formed presents a singular scene: nearly the whole are seated, the lady upon a chair, the merchants and their ragged attendants upon the floor; each vender pulls out his own goods and offers them for sale, with numerous but not noisy commendations.

The bride makes her selection where there is probably little choice, and the dresses are handed over to the household tailor, (the *dirzee* as he is called,) who occupies a conspicuous place in the anteroom or verandah, seated upon a piece of white cloth, with his work spread out around him. Should there be occasion for despatch, assistants are hired by the day; and with these poor substitutes for milliners and dress-makers, the bride must perforce be content. Probably, a bonnet comes up with the license from Calcutta; but, as the latter is conveyed by dawk, (post,) and the former must travel dawk-banghie, a less rapid mode of transportation, it is not unfrequently dispensed with.

Miss Roberts does admit that compulsion is sometimes employed to obtain the consent of the lady, and that necessity urges others against their inclination; the same kind of necessity which the evil state of society imposes at home—that of not being a burden upon parents and friends. The condition of dependent unmarried young women in India appears in her shewing truly deplorable. We shall cite the following passage in compassionate warning:—

"There cannot be a more wretched situation than that of a young woman who has been induced to follow the fortunes of a married sister, under the delusive expectation that she will exchange the privations attached to limited means in England for the far-famed luxuries of the East.

"Soon after their arrival in India, the family, in all probability, have to travel to an up-country station—and here the poor girl's troubles begin: she is thrust into an outer cabin in a budgerow, or into an inner room in a tent; she makes perhaps a third in a buggy, and finds herself always in the way; she discovers that she is a source of continual expense; that an additional person in a family imposes the necessity of keeping several additional servants; and where there is not a close carriage she must remain a prisoner. She cannot walk out beyond the garden or the verandah, and all the out-of-door recreations, in which she may have been accustomed to indulge at home, are denied her."

The usual occupations of ladies in Britain are of difficult practice in India. The climate banishes the fair exile from the garden.

"She may be condemned to a long melancholy sojourn at some out-station, offering little society, and none to her taste. If she should be musical, so much the worse: the hot winds have split her piano and her guitar, or the former is in a wretched condition, and there is nobody to tune it; the white ants have demolished her music-books, and new ones are not to be had. Drawing offers a better resource, but it is often suspended from want of materials; and needlework is not suited to the climate. Her brother and sister are domestic, and do not sympathize in her *ennui;* they either see little company, or invite guests merely with a view to be quit of an incumbrance."

Lovers do not always appear in plenty; and the young woman, left to the politeness of her own male relatives, is said to be *wrecked;* and it requires great moral courage in a gentleman to confess partiality for a girl who has not secured early offers, or the reputation of having refused them. Miss Roberts gives a painful account of one part of domestic life. Children are separated from their parents at so early an age that they meet again with cold or alienated feelings on both sides; and the attached and happy families which render home a Paradise in England, are scarcely seen in India. The prejudice against colour is even stronger in India than in America and the West Indies. Yet "the dark beauties" are often wealthy, and frequently extremely handsome; and, though they generally intermarry with natives, yet Englishmen sometimes venture to address them. Less formal ties are often entitled to respect. To the romantic story of Governor Charnock, who rescued a beautiful Hindoo female from the funeral-pile, who lived under his protection till her death, Miss Roberts has appended the following liberal remarks:—

"Connexions between Indian women and English gentlemen of rank and education, are often of the tenderest and most enduring description. Nor do these unions excite the horror and indignation amongst the natives that might be expected from their intolerant character; so far from it, indeed, that, in many instances, they have been known to offer public testimonials of their respect to those who have been faithful in their attachments throughout a series of years.

"There is a very beautiful mausoleum, which attracts the visiter's eye in the immediate neighbourhood of a large native city, erected to the honour of a Moosulmanee lady, who lived for forty years with a civilian attached to the adjacent station. Some of the rich inhabitants of the city, desirous to shew the opinion they entertained of the conduct of both parties, presented a canopy of cloth of gold, richly embroidered, of the value of £1000, to be placed, according to native custom, over the sarcophagus. That native women do not consider their seclusion from the world as any hardship, is plainly evinced by the mode of life which they voluntarily adopt on becoming the nominal wives of Englishmen. In most cases, (always, if they have been respectable before their entrance into his family,) they confine themselves as strictly to the *zenana* of

their Christian protector as if the marriage had taken place according to their own forms and ceremonies; and, excepting in a few instances, where they adopt the externals of Christianity, they never make their appearance abroad, but act in all respects as they would deem becoming in the lawful wife of a Moosulman or Hindoo of rank. This, of course, does not hold good with the lower orders, ayahs, and others, who, having already forfeited their characters by publicly associating with men, have no respectability to keep up, and act openly in the most profligate manner."

In another place, Miss Roberts remarks that —"Neither fortune nor connexion is much regarded in India in the choice of a wife; a few shewy accomplishments—that of singing especially—will always be preferred; and even where all these are wanting, gentlemen of high birth and suitable appointments will stoop very low: the European waiting-maid has as fair a chance as her young mistress of making the best match which the society can afford, and mortifying instances are of no unusual occurrence, in which a *femme de chambre* has carried off a prize from the belles of the most distinguished circle of the presidency."

When, to the details of wooing and wedlock, we have added the interior of an Anglo-Indian household, and the style of entertainments, an idea may be obtained of domestic life in India. The servants are partly Hindoos, and partly Moosulmans; but the head servant, or *khansamah*, is always a Moosulman.

He acts in the capacity of major-domo, purveyor, and confectioner—superintending the cooking department, making the jellies and jams, and attending to all the more delicate and elaborate details of the *cuisine*. All the other servants are, or ought to be, under his immediate control. In addition to the khansamah, whose place at table is behind his master's chair, there are other attendants of his own class, called *khidmutgars*, one being attached to each individual of the family. Strictly speaking, the duty of these men is merely to attend at meals; but they will cook upon occasion, and, indeed, are fond of shewing their skill in the art; and also, where economy is considered, act as the *abdar*, (butler,) who cools the wine, &c., or as the *hookah-badar* (pipe-bearer) and chillum manufacturer. The master of the mansion, either abroad or at home, is attended by his *khansamah*, *abdar*, and *hookah-badar*, all splendidly dressed, and standing at the back of his chair. One or two cooks, according to the style of living, and the same number of *mussaulchees*, (scullions,) complete the table servants, who must all be Moosulmans; the Hindoos objecting, on account of their religion, to have anything to do with the kitchen, carrying their scruples so far as to refuse to touch a clean plate, in consequence of its having been defiled by a portion of a slaughtered animal. The *sirdar-bearer*, a Hindoo, acts as valet to the master of the house; he has the care of the oil and wax-candles, and sees to the lighting of the lamps, the dusting of the furniture, and making the beds. He is assisted in these concerns by one or two mates, (according to the number of individuals belonging to the family,) who pull the punkahs, and, in a large establishment, where four or eight are kept, carry the palanquin.

The *mēter*, (sweeper,) a very essential person, is a low-caste Hindoo, above all prejudice, who sweeps the floors, clears away dirt, and will take care of a dog or other unclean animal. These, with the *ayah*, (lady's-maid,) the *metrance*, (her assistant,) and the *dirzee*, compose the servants employed in in-door offices—to whom, however, the *bheestie*, or water-carrier, may be added, who supplies the bathing-rooms with water. The *chuprassies* are running-footmen, employed to attend a carriage or palanquin, to go upon messages, carry letters, bottles, books, or other light articles which they can take in their hands. They are usually, if Hindoo, high-caste men, brahmins being frequently candidates for this office; and, in the upper provinces of Hindoostan, are seldom seen without swords by their sides. The messengers of Bengal, called *hurkarus*, are a very inferior description of persons, performing the same duties: they sit in the anterooms, and are always ready to answer to the "*Qui hi?*" (Who waits?)

The out-door servants are almost innumerable: every horse must be supplied with a groom and grass-cutter; few houses are destitute either of a garden or a small piece of ground, which requires the care and attention of one or more persons, (*mālees*;) then there is the *dobhy*, (washerman;) the *bery-wallah*, who has the charge of the goats or sheep; men or boys to look after the poultry; extra water-carriers, and other extras, *ad infinitum*.

In Calcutta, every house must have a porter, or *durwān*; and, in the provinces, a *chokeydar*, or watchman, at night.

When the family assemble for the day, the servants in attendance, *salaam* as each person enters the breakfast-room. The *khidmutgars*, of course, are at their posts, and might be deemed sufficient for the purpose; but the tea-kettle being under the especial superintendence of one of the bearers, he is seldom found willing to entrust it to other hands, scrupulously performing the duties of his office; and, although there may be half a dozen other servants in the room, he is seen to fill the tea-pot, or, at any rate, to bring in the kettle from an iron tripod, called an *ungeeta*, the substitute for an urn, which is filled with lighted charcoal, and kept either outside the house, or in an open verandah. During breakfast, the *mālee* makes his appearance with his baskets of fruit and vegetables, and a small bouquet for each lady placed upon the top. The fruits, &c., are neatly arranged in plantain-leaves; and, as he offers his basket round the table, each person takes something, custard-apples, guavas, chillies, sallad, or cresses. After breakfast, the khansamah, who has made his bazaar early in the morning, either lays out his purchases in an anteroom, or sends them in to the lady upon dishes or in baskets; after they are inspected, he takes his orders and retires. The bedrooms and bathing-rooms being properly arranged for the day, the bearers, with the exception of those left to pull the *punkahs*, betake themselves to their repose, lying down in all directions in the antechambers, well covered up, to secure them from musquitoes, and looking like so many corpses swathed in grave-clothes.

Such is the state of affairs until the hour of *tiffin*; the chuprassies in attendance announcing guests, and ushering them in and out. As soon as the sun begins to decline, the water-carrier appears with his *mussuck*, and sprinkles the verandahs, and the *chubootur*, a terrace raised in some elevated place. The *mēters* come in with their brooms, and sweep the floors; the bearers draw up the *chiks* or blinds, and beat the flies out, taking care to shut them again before they light the lamps, an operation which is performed the instant it gets dark. Every sleeping apartment is supplied with a lamp duly placed upon the dressing-table, or in a wall-shade, at the closing in of the brief twilight. Where there is an active and steady khansamah to see that these things are regularly and thoroughly done, the lady of the house has very little trouble; but indifference to comfort and appearance upon her part, will invariably occasion idleness and slovenliness on that of the servants, exhibited in dusty, worm-eaten furniture, ragged mats, dirt, and dilapidation of every kind; for a single day's neglect is quite sufficient to allow the multitudinous hosts of insects, which form the grand destructive power, to gain a head. An ill-kept house in India is the most deplorable, comfortless-looking place imaginable; it is overrun with vermin of every kind; "rats and mice, and such small deer," disport themselves over it at all hours; frogs croak in the cor-

nors, and bats nestle in the cornices. . . . . A lady, desirous of preserving neatness and order throughout her dominions, will sometimes visit the cook-room, which is generally at a distance from the house, and take a peep, *en passant*, at the poultry yard, and the domiciles of her servants. Native attendants have a pride in appearing to advantage, and will take care that nothing shall offend the lady's eye. The cook-room ought to be kept extremely clean; it is generally rather a small place, and so scantily furnished, compared with an English kitchen, that it is marvellous how it can be made to supply the endless number of dishes which issue from its humble roof: but the greater part of the preparations being carried on outside, and there being always several ranges of hot hearths in the interior, the difficulties are not so great as may be imagined at first sight. The principal fuel in use is charcoal, and the meat is roasted *over*, and not *in front of*, the fire—an arrangement to which connoisseurs in the gastronomic science object.

In India, we may almost invariably read the character of the master in the countenances and deportment of his servants. If they be handsomely, but not gaudily dressed, respectful but not servile in their demeanour, quiet, orderly, and contented, they bear evidence of the good qualities of their superiors; but where servants exhibit any signs of terror or of absurd obsequiousness—where they never approach without their hands folded as if in prayer, and almost touch the earth in their *salaams*—where they are dirty, ragged, noisy, and constantly changing—the head of the house may safely be pronounced tyrannical, unreasonable, or a bad paymaster—a description of persons who will never succeed in retaining respectable domestics. A very short residence in the country is sufficient to render the natives well acquainted with the characters of the Europeans round them; and, if once a disgraceful notoriety be obtained, none save thieves and outcasts will take service where ill-treatment is sure to follow.

The difficulty regarding female domestics is certainly very great. It is generally considered essential for the *ayah* to be a Moosulman woman, as none but a low Hindoo would take the office; and it may safely be averred that not one respectable woman out of a hundred is to be found in this class. The single circumstance of her mingling unveiled with the male domestics, is sufficient to shew that she has lost all claim to reputation; she has seldom any good quality left, excepting honesty; she is idle, slatternly, and dissipated, and frequently even too lazy to see that her assistant performs her duty. Few *ayahs* are at the slightest pains to make themselves acquainted with the mysteries of the European toilette; they dress their ladies all awry, and martyrdom is endured whenever they take a pin in hand: they have no notion of lacing, buttoning, or hook-and-eyeing, and only shew themselves skilful in the bathing room, and in brushing and braiding the hair. Folding up dresses is an art wholly unknown; and Griselda herself would find it difficult to keep her temper in the midst of crushed flounces, broken feathers, and gauzes eaten through and through by cockroaches.

The style of their entertainments does not say much either for the elegance or refinement of the Anglo-Indians. Their dinners, with a mixture of oriental splendour, appear as barbarous as the European banquets of the fifteenth century.

The receipt for an Indian dinner appears to be, to slaughter a bullock and a sheep, and place all the joints before the guests at once, with poultry, &c. to match. The natives are excellent cooks, and might easily be taught the most delicate arts of the *cuisine*; but, as their own recipes differ exceedingly from ours, they can only acquire a knowledge of the European style from the instructions of their employers: their hashes, stews, and haricots, are excellent, but a prejudice exists against these preparations amidst the greater number of Anglo-Indians, who fancy that "black fellows" cannot do any thing beyond their own *pillaws*, and are always in dread of some abomination in the mixture—a vain and foolish alarm, where the servants are cleanly, and where no one ever objects to curry.

For these, or some other equally absurd reasons, made dishes form a very small portion of the entertainment given to a large party, which is usually composed of, in the first instance, an overgrown turkey (the fatter the better) in the centre, which is the place of honour; an enormous ham for its *vis-à-vis*; at the top of the table appears a sirloin or round of beef; at the bottom, a saddle of mutton; legs of the same, boiled and roasted, figure down the sides, together with fowls, three in a dish, geese, ducks, tongues, humps, pigeon-pies, curry and rice of course, mutton-chops and chicken-cutlets. Fish is of little account, except for breakfast, and can only maintain its post as a side-dish.

All the guests are attended by their own servants, who congregate round the cook-room, and assist to carry in the dinner. Were the soup to enter first, these worthies would rush to their masters' chairs, and leave the discomfited *khansamah* at the head of his dishes, without a chance of getting them conveyed to table by his *mussaulchees* under an hour, at least. The second course is nearly as substantial as the first, and makes as formidable an appearance: beef-steaks figure amongst the delicacies, and smaller articles, such as quails or ortolans, are piled up in hecatombs. At the tables of old Indians, the fruit makes a part of the second course; but regular desserts are coming, though slowly, into fashion.

There is always a mixture of meanness and magnificence in every thing Asiatic; the splendid appointments of silver and china, which deck the board, have not their proper accompaniment of rich damask,* but appear upon common cotton cloths, the manufacture of the country. All the glasses are supplied with silver covers, to keep out the flies; but the glasses themselves are not changed when the cloth is removed. The *burra khanas*, as they are called at Calcutta, certainly afford a festal display, in which the eye, if not the palate, must take pleasure. In a hall paved with marble, supported by handsome stone pillars, and blazing with lights, sixty guests, perhaps, are assembled; punkahs wave above their heads, and chowries of various kinds, some of peacocks' plumes, others of fleecy cow-tails, mounted upon silver handles, are kept in continual agitation, to beat off the flies, by attendants beautifully clad in white muslin. At every third or fourth chair, the *hookah*, reposing on an embroidered carpet, exhibits its graceful splendours, but unhappily the fumes of the numerous chillums, the steam of the dishes, the heat of the lamps, and the crowd of attendants, effectually counteract the various endeavours made to procure a free circulation of air. The petticoated bottles, which make the circuit of the tables instead of decanters, form one of the peculiarities of an Indian table; their ugliness is compensated by their utility, as the wine is kept cool by the wetted cloths which are somewhat fancifully arranged round the necks of the bottles.

Suppers are the fac-similes of dinners, excepting that there is only one course, and a greater abundance of *Mul-tāānee* soup, which seldom appears excepting at tiffin and supper. Where large parties assemble, a whole sheep is considered necessary to make the stock of this liquid curry, which differs materially from its European namesake; lime-juice and curds forming the principal condiments. It is no uncommon thing to see hot sirloins, rounds and ribs of beef, saddles and haunches of mutton, at suppers, in the upper country, while those of Calcutta exhibit geese and turkeys. The delicacies of an entertainment consist of hermetically-sealed salmon, red-herrings, cheese, smoked sprats, raspberry jam, and dried fruits: these articles coming from Europe, and being sometimes very difficult to procure in a fresh and palmy state, are prized accordingly. Female taste has here ample room for its display; but a woman must possess the courage of an Amazon to attempt any innovation upon ancient customs, amid such bigoted people as the Indians, Anglo and native. To abridge the number of the dishes, or to diminish the size of the joints, would infallibly be imputed to the meanest motives; the servants would be

* This should be a hint to our friends in Dunfermline.

ready to expire with shame at their master's disgrace, and the guests would complain of starvation.

This load of provisions is literally thrown to the dogs, as no Hindoo will touch any kind of animal food that comes from an English table. The conversation does not seem more elevated than the style of the entertainment. Speculations upon line steps and the restoration of *batta* form topics that never lose interest. "New novels and new poems, those fertile subjects of discussion at parties in England, if spoken of at all, are mentioned coldly and carelessly; they come out to India unaccompanied by the *on dits* which heighten their interest in the land of their production; if anonymous, none know, or care to know, the name of the author; they do not elicit lively disquisitions upon their merits or demerits, nor are people ashamed, as in England, to confess that they have not read a popular work."

Frequent change of residence and their attendant vicissitudes, give spirit and relief to Indian life; and long marches and voyages on the Ganges afford an agreeable variety from the ordinary tedium of existence. The march is exceedingly picturesque in its details.

Chests and other heavy goods are packed in *hackerys*, (small carts drawn by bullocks,) and where there are ladies, a conveyance of this nature is secured for the female attendants: other bullocks have trunks, made purposely for this mode of transportation, slung across their backs; the tents become the load of camels, or an elephant, and light or fragile articles are carried either on men's heads or over their shoulders; nothing that will not bear jolting being intrusted to four-footed animals. The china and glass are packed in round baskets, and conveyed by *coolies* on their heads; looking-glasses, *chillum-chees* (brass wash-basins), and toilette-furniture, are tied upon a *charpoy* or bedstead, and carried by four men; and cooking-pots, gridirons, frying-pans, chairs, tables, stools, and bird-cages, are disposed of in a similar manner. The *mēter* appears with his dogs in a string or strings; the shepherd drives his sheep before him, and cocks crow and hens cluck from the baskets in which they are imprisoned; spare horses are led by their *syces* or grooms, who never mount them, and the washermen and the water-carriers are there with their bullocks. The head servant, or *khansamah*, seldom compromises his dignity by marching on foot, but is generally to be seen amid the equestrians, the steed being some ragged, vicious, or broken-down *tattoo*, caparisoned *à la Rozinante*; the other domestics, *khidmutgars*, bearers, &c. either walk, or bestride the camels, if their drivers will permit them to mount, or take a cast in a hackery, or get on in any way that happens to present itself. All are well accustomed to the mode of travelling, and proceed with cheerfulness.

The master of the family, if with his regiment, must be on horseback, unless the commandant should be sufficiently indulgent to permit him to drive his wife in a buggy. The lady sometimes rides an Arab steed, and sometimes travels in a close carriage, or a palanquin, according as inclination or convenience may direct. The children, if there be any, are usually enclosed with their attendants in a peculiar kind of vehicle, called a palanquin-carriage, but different from those used by adults, and not very unlike the cage of a wild beast placed upon wheels. The nurse sits on the floor of this machine, with a baby upon her knees, and the larger fry peep through the prison-bars of the clumsy conveyance, which is drawn by bullocks, and moves slowly and heavily along, floundering over the rough roads, and threatening to upset at every jolt. The passage of such a cavalcade through the country is very amusing, but *griffins** only are seen to laugh at the droll appearance made by this gipsy mode of travelling; the natives are accustomed to it, and the immense multitude (the regiment itself scarcely forming a third part) move along without molestation, and with comparatively little difficulty, in consequence of the few enclosures which impede their progress.

The train of a family, amounting to three persons, will not consist of less than a hundred individuals, the wives and children of the servants included, who not unfrequently carry their aged parents along with them.

The rapid manner in which the multifarious materials which are to compose the temporary city are reduced to order, and arranged in their proper places, is truly astonishing. It is both curious and interesting to watch the progress of the formation of a camp, from some neighbouring bungalow, when it occurs in the vicinity of cantonments. The desert appears to be peopled as if by magic; men and animals crowd upon the scene; the earth in every direction is strewed with uncouth packages and bundles; these, amid much gesticulation, and no small expenditure of lungs, assume graceful forms, and arise glittering in the sun, like the pavilions of some fairy princess. Long lines of pent-house streets appear; banners are floating in the air; the elephant, who has trodden out the ground and smoothed it for his master's tent, retires to his bivouac; and spacious enclosures, formed of *kanauts*, secure the utmost privacy to the dwellers of the populous camp. The exertions of a little army of followers have succeeded in imparting comfort and even elegance to interiors fitted up in haste in the midst of the wildest jungle. Palanquins and carriages begin to arrive; the ladies find their toilette-tables laid out; the gentlemen are provided with a bath; the *khidmutgars* are preparing breakfast, and the *hookah-badars* are getting the *chillums* in readiness; while camels, bullocks, and their drivers, tent-pitchers, coolies, and all those who have been employed in fatiguing offices, are buried in profound repose. The sheep are lying down to rest, and the poultry are more peaceable than usual.

It is at these times that a kind master is rewarded for his attention to the comfort and well-being of those beneath him, by the devotion manifested by his servants. It seems to be a point of honour amongst faithful and respectable domestics to prevent their employers from suffering inconvenience or privation of any kind.

The dinner in camp is usually as well supplied with the products of the larder, as the repast served up in a settled establishment. Several very excellent dishes have been invented, which are peculiarly adapted to the cooking apparatus suited to a jungle or some unreclaimed waste hitherto unconscious of culinary toils. A *Burdwān* stew ranks high amongst these concoctions, and two sauces, which go under the name of *shikarree* (hunters') and camp sauce, are assuredly the most piquant adjuncts to flesh and fowl which the genius of a *gastronome* has ever compounded. Immediately after dinner, the *khidmutgars*, cooks, and *mussaulchees*, pack up the utensils belonging to their department, and set forward with the tent, which is to be the morrow's dwelling, leaving the bearers to attend at tea, or to furnish the materials for a stronger beverage for the evening's refreshment: their objection to the table-service extending only to repasts composed of animal food.

Sometimes, upon a long march, it is necessary to halt for a few days for rest and refreshment. The halt is usually made in the vicinity of a large station.

"The camp on these days presents a busy scene; the *dobies* seize the opportunity to wash and iron their masters' clothes; mending, making, and repairing of garments, saddles, harness, and tackle of all descriptions, take place, and if there has been a fall of rain, the wetted articles are dried in the sun. Should the station be celebrated for its gaiety, invitations for a ball and supper meet the regiment upon the road."

A more delightful change is usual among the

* *Griffins* is the name given to the Johnny Raws in India.

civilians, who escape from the tedium of their customary life at their stations as often as possible, and contrive to unite pleasure with duty.

In the cold season, the civilians of India often realize those exquisite dreams raised by the charming pictures of the wood of Ardennes, in Shakspeare's enchanting delineation of sylvan life. They frequently live for weeks together "under the green-wood tree"—a merry group of foresters—not even encountering an enemy "in winter and rough weather;" for the finest period of the year is chosen for their visits to remote parts of the districts, and the climate is of the most desirable temperature: clear sunny skies, attended by breezes cool enough to render woollen garments and the cheerful blaze of a fire essential to comfort. Upon these occasions, large parties are invited to accompany the judge, or the collector, who, while he is engaged in business at his temporary kutcherry, amuse themselves with hunting, shooting, or playing at golf. Ladies are always ready to accompany their male relatives upon these excursions; they are glad to exchange the strict formalities of some dull station for a social circle composed of picked persons, bent upon enjoying any pleasure that may offer, and anxious to meet each other every day, and all day long.

Double-poled tents, thickly carpeted, and containing numerous apartments, furnish all the luxuries of a settled home in these gay *pic-nics*, which afford the best display of the grandeur and magnificence of India which the Asiatic style of living can produce. It is peculiar to the country, and could not be surpassed by a congress of princes meeting in the open field. A guard of mounted *suwars*, a train of elephants, and studs of horses of the finest breeds, are amid the most splendid accompaniments of the gorgeous tents, which spread their light pavilions under the embowering trees. The servants are all in their richest attire, and in such vast numbers as to appear like the myriads conjured up on the greensward by the magician of some fairy tale.

A youth of a vivid imagination can scarcely be persuaded that the romantic scene before him is not a fanciful creation of the brain, a dream of enchantment from which he must awake to sad and sober reality. Notwithstanding the evidence of his senses, it is difficult to convince him of the possibility of the actual existence of so much elegance and refinement in the centre of moss-grown rocks and apparently interminable forests; he is full of doubt and wonder, now delighted with some incident of savage life—the rousing a huge elk from his lair—and now solacing himself with the latest importation of Parisian perfumery, or the pages of a fashionable novel. His apartment is furnished with all the luxurious appendages which modern art has invented; his breakfast consists of delicate viands, exquisitely cooked; and after a day's delightful sport, rendered still more exciting by exposure to danger, perils faced and overcome, he returns to a lighted apartment, spread with a noble banquet, and filled with a charming assembly of graceful women, with whom, for the rest of the evening, he enjoys sweet converse, or listens to still sweeter songs.

The ladies have their full share of the pleasures of the sylvan scene, and the unmarried females are doubly dangerous when appearing in the shape of wood-nymphs: many a determined bachelor has surrendered his heart to the fair one who has smiled sweetly on the tiger-cub snatched by his daring hand from its enraged mother, and has made so great a pet of it that he cannot bear to part them, or to leave her with so dangerous a playmate. There is no ball-room flirtation half so hazardous to bachelorhood as the attentions which gentlemen are called upon to pay in the jungles of India.

The wealthy natives, in the neighbourhood of a moving *kutchery*, or court, anxious to pay their respects to the great man who is at the head of it, make their appearance in the encampment, with all the pomp they can muster.

Travelling by the budgerow is still more frequent, and almost equally pleasant. A young couple will often proceed from the altar to the budgerow, in order to reach the husband's station in the upper provinces; and, with a few drawbacks, the voyages on the Ganges may be termed those of pleasure. These boats are fitted up with everything that can add to the comfort of the voyage, and sail only by day, and never after sunset. Miss Roberts gives much good and useful advice to those who intend to make this picturesque insular voyage, which we shall not inflict upon our readers. It is enough to indicate where it may be found.

The exterior of the great towns of this portion of India are skilfully, and, we have no doubt, faithfully delineated; but, next in interest to the social state of the Anglo-Indians are the few notices which are obtained of the manners of the natives. A few of these scattered notices we shall now select. In the description of Benares we find the subjoined account of native costumes:—

"Besides the extensive traffic which the merchants of the city carry on in shawls, diamonds, and other precious articles, numbers are engaged in the manufacture and sale of the celebrated gold and silver brocades which are known in India by the name of *kincob*. These costly tissues are worn as gala dresses by all the wealthy classes of Hindostan, whether Moslem or Hindoo; they have not been superseded, like the calicoes and muslins of native looms, by European goods of a similar description: and even the magic power of machinery may be defied by the artisan who weaves his splendid web of silk and silver, after the methods taught by his forefathers in the secluded factories of Benares. Scarfs of gold and silver stuff, called Benares turbans, with deep fringed borders, beautifully wrought, and resembling a rich setting of gems, have found their way to the shops of London, and are much esteemed for the peculiar brilliance of their materials; but these do not equal in beauty the embroidery of the native *puggree*, or turban, upon velvet. These superb headdresses look like clusters of precious stones; and a handsome, well-proportioned native, attired in a vest and trowsers of crimson and gold brocade, a cummerbund, composed of a Cashmere shawl wound round his waist, a second shawl thrown over one shoulder, and the belt of his scimitar, and the studs of his robe sparkling with diamonds, may challenge the world to produce a more tasteful and magnificent costume. Nobles clad in this glittering array, and mounted upon chargers decked with trappings of solid silver, often flash like meteors through the square of the city; and sometimes the accidental opening of the curtain of a native palanquin will reveal a still brighter vision—a lady reclining on the cushions covered with jewels."

In sketching remarkable living characters, Miss Roberts gives us the costume of the celebrated Begum Sumroo, a lady who has overstepped many of the prejudices of her country:—

"The dress of the Begum differs, in some degree, from that of other Hindostanee ladies, her Highness choosing to substitute a turban for the veil invariably worn by the females of her

country; a circumstance which, though apparently trifling, shews that she entertains little or no regard for native opinions and prejudices, the turban being only assumed by dancing-girls during some performances which are considered highly indecorous, and are not exhibited before ladies. The Begum's costume usually consists of a short full petticoat of rich stuff, which displays a few inches of her gold or silver brocaded trowsers. The *coortee* and under-garment are similar to those worn by other ladies; and she throws a shawl over her turban, which envelops her throat, arms, and shoulders, in the muffling though not ungraceful manner in which the veil is worn in India. Her slippers are as bright and as small as those of Cinderella; and, notwithstanding the near approach of her eightieth year, are displayed with a considerable degree of coquetry. She smokes out of a magnificent hookah; and, upon most occasions, is decorated with a prodigious quantity of jewels."

The costume of the nautch girls is exceedingly picturesque, though the drapery becomes voluminous from its amplitude. "Their attire consists of a pair of gay-coloured silk trowsers, edged and embroidered with silver, so long as only to afford occasional glimpses of the rich anclets, strung with small bells, which encircle the legs. Their toes are covered with rings, and a broad, flat, silver chain is passed across the foot. Over the trowsers a petticoat of some rich stuff appears, containing at least twelve breadths, profusely trimmed, having broad silver or gold borders, finished with deep fringes of the same. The *coortee*, or vest, is of the usual dimensions, but it is almost hidden by an immense veil, which crosses the bosom several times, hanging down in front and at the back in broad ends, either trimmed to match the petticoat, or composed of still more splendid materials, the rich tissues of Benares. The hands, arms, and neck, are covered with jewels, sometimes of great value, and the hair is braided with silver ribands, and confined with bodkins of beautiful workmanship. The ears are pierced round the top, and furnished with a fringe-like series of rings, in addition to the ornament worn in England: the diameter of the nose-ring is as large as that of a crown-piece; it is of gold wire, and very thin; a pearl and two other precious gems are strung upon it, dangling over the mouth, and disfiguring the countenance. With the exception of this hideous article of decoration, the dress of the nautch girls, when the wearers are young and handsome, and have not adopted the too prevailing custom of blackening their teeth, is not only splendid but becoming; but it requires, however, a tall and graceful figure to support the cumbrous habiliments which are worn indiscriminately by all the performers."

The performances of the nautch girls have been so often described, and are, upon the whole, so tiresome to the English, that we shall not advert to them; but the celebrated Nickee, of Calcutta, is deserving of notice, were it but to shew the difference between an ephemeral European and an enduring Oriental reputation. "Nickee has long held the rank of *prima donna* of the East. In India, a reputation once established is not endangered by a rage for novelty, or the attractions of younger candidates: fashions do not alter, new styles are not adopted, and the singing of an angel, if differing from that of Nickee, would not be thought half so good. She has been styled the Catalani of Hindostan; she is now the Pasta, and will be the Sontag, or the Malibran, whoever may next arise to delight the European world."

In another place we are told that—"Few things surprise the natives of India more than the changes in European fashions. No sooner has an unfortunate *dirzee* (tailor) mastered the intricacies of a folded body, than he has to exert his bewildered faculties upon the production of another, without plait or pucker. Some ladies, who are unable to afford any instructions to their work-people, exhibit prints of fashions to the wondering eyes of these poor men, who gaze upon them with amazed and hopeless countenances, honestly acknowledging their inability to follow such a guide. The mysterious phraseology in which the milliners of Paris and London are wont to envelope their descriptions, are equally puzzling to the ladies themselves; and strange, indeed, are some of the articles produced by the joint-efforts of the mystified *dirzee*, and his equally perplexed mistress. This state of things is not very propitious to feminine display; and, accordingly, it must reluctantly be said that the court at Lucknow does not derive any additional lustre from the ladies of the Residency when they make their appearance at it, the effect being rather diminished than heightened by the contrast of the somewhat plain, if not dowdy, apparel of the fair visitants, with the gorgeous show of the Asiatic groups."

Miss Roberts asserts that the prejudices of the Hindoos are beginning to give way before the spirit of innovation. It is no small triumph that an English painter has been permitted to penetrate into the zenana of the King of Oude, to take the portrait of the favourite wife; and she anticipates, at no distant period, the entire emancipation of the women of Hindostan from the yoke of jealous restriction. We can see few symptoms of so happy a change, or of the breaking down of the wall of partition raised by the invulnerable prejudices of caste. In one part of the narrative, and that not the least curious, she remarks:—

> The horror with which even those Asiatics who adopt foreign fashions in equipages and household furniture regard the manners and customs of the Europeans brought in close contact with them, is sometimes openly displayed, by urgent remonstrances to those for whom they have contracted a friendship; but this is nothing, compared to the expression of their disgust in private. In Delhi, the opinions entertained upon the subject are widely, though secretly, circulated through the medium of the native *ukhlars*—scandalous chronicles, very much resembling a few of our English newspapers, except that they are in manuscript: the language is Persian, and the editors do not scruple to write at full length the names of those who are the subjects of the most atrocious libels. It is not very easy for a European to procure a sight of the animad-

versions passed upon the conduct of himself or his friends; some artifice is requisite to obtain samples of the method employed to amuse the reading portion of the native community at the expense of persons differing so widely in the habits of their public and private life. As the writers are not very scrupulous in the language they use, there is not a little difficulty in making an extract which will display the spirit of their comments, without shocking the eye by coarseness of expression. The following description of a European entertainment will convey some idea of the estimation in which such promiscuous meetings are held:—

"The *gentlemen of exalted dignity* had a great feast last night, to which all the military chiefs and lieutenants were invited. There was a little hog on the table, before Mr ——, who cut it in small pieces, and sent some to each of the party; even the women ate of it. In their language, a pig is called *ham*. Having stuffed themselves with the unclean food, and many sorts of flesh, taking plenty of wine, they made, for some time, a great noise, which doubtless arose from drunkenness. They all stood up two or four times, crying, 'hip! hip!' and roared before they drank more wine. After dinner, they danced in their licentious manner, pulling about each other's wives." Here follows a bit of personal scandal: "Captain ——, who is staying with Mr ——, went away with the latter's lady (arm-in-arm), the palanquins following behind, and they proceeded by themselves into the bungalow; the wittol remained at table, guzzling red wine." The uncourteous, ungracious manner, which too many Englishmen assume towards the natives, is touched off with truth and spirit in the following paragraph: "The Government has manifested singular want of sense in appointing Mr —— to be —— at ——. The man is a capacious blockhead, and very hot-tempered; he can do no business himself, yet he has the extreme folly to be angry when abler persons wish to do it for him. When the most respectable Hindoostanee gentlemen waited upon him yesterday, he just stood up, half-dressed, when they salaamed, and said, 'Well, what do you want?' And when they answered, 'Only to pay our respects,' he growled out '*Jow*' (go.)" This sort of rudeness is, indeed, but too common, and seems to excite the native ire as much as dancing, wine-bibbing, and eating the flesh of pigs. Even the highest person in the state is not exempt from the lampoons of these purveyors of scandal, as the following extract will attest:—"The European King and his viziers, having heard that the Governor-general is a fool, exceedingly slack in managing affairs, he is to be recalled, and a clever lord sent out to save Bengal."

This does not look like the removal of prejudices, which the injudicious, and too frequently insulting conduct of the English tend to rivet. This much is repeatedly confessed by Miss Roberts, who makes frequent and merited animadversions upon the petulance and insolence shewn by newly-arrived young Englishmen to the natives. We are much pleased with the tone of the following observations; and of their justice there can be no doubt:—

"Native opinion is held in great scorn, and set at defiance by the European residents of India; who—with the solitary exception of a few, refusing to eat pork, out of deference to the prevailing prejudice—indulge themselves in everything that appears to be most hateful to the surrounding multitude. But the excesses of which they are guilty would be excused or overlooked, were they more anxious to make themselves popular by affability and kindness of demeanour. In India, public admiration is not an evanescent feeling, or liable to the mutations which attend it in Europe. The people of Hindostan have no caprice in their affections, nor do they forget the benefits they have received. Instances have been known at Delhi, of natives flocking to condole with a resident on his disgrace by the British Government, notwithstanding their hopes and expectations from his favour were at an end. And yet many persons, who have never for a single instant endeavoured to conciliate the people over whom they have been placed in authority, with power to render them happy, by accepting their services or courtesies with corresponding kindness, are loud in their invectives against native insincerity and ingratitude. It is precisely those whose pride and insolence have rendered them objects of dislike, who thus animadvert upon the character of the people of Hindostan."

We are far from having done justice to the feelings of admiration with which this lively and entertaining work has inspired us; nor have we even adverted to one-half of its beauties and merits—it is so full of spirited delineations of scenery, and facts and information, which do not admit of compression. It gives us a much clearer notion of the present state of Anglo-India, and particularly the female part of its society, than we have derived from multitudinous books, and forms the aptest guide to young persons about to be launched into Indian life, that we have ever fallen in with. And this as much from the sensible moderate tone of the writer, as the spirit and fidelity of the details.

THE WHITE RAVEN OF MOHER.

Of all the beauties of nature with which Ireland abounds, none can be compared, for magnificence and sublimity, with the cliffs of Moher, on the western coast of Clare. Stretching for miles along the shore, and in many places rising to the height of two hundred feet, they seem placed as a barrier to the further inroads of the ocean. Nothing can be more beautiful than the view from the summit of these cliffs. In front, as far as the eye can reach, the Atlantic rolls its waters, the isles of Arran seeming but as a few specks on its boiling surface; below, the waves, dashing in fury against the rocks that confine them, hurled back in a thousand columns of spray, and gaining new force at every repulse, present the most beautiful and sublime spectacle. Perhaps, in the distance, some small fishing-boat may appear, struggling with the waves; at one moment, almost sunk beneath the waters, the next rising triumphant above them. Though these cliffs appear perpendicular, they are not so in reality; in many places, large ledges of rock project several feet in breadth and extent for more than a mile without interruption. On these ledges, sea-gulls and other water-fowl build their nests, while, in the more inaccessible parts, the

eagle reigns alone, and ravens and other birds of prey fix their abode, as near that of their lordly master as he will permit. Even here, where nature seems to have placed insurmountable obstacles to his dominion, adventurous man has, in search of food, surmounted them. The peasantry of the neighbourhood are in the habit of taking these birds in the nestling season, when they may be caught in great numbers. As these cliffs are inaccessible from the water, the party provide themselves with a long rope, a windlass, a basket, and several poles. Nothing can equal the danger of the hardy adventurer who dares to go upon this perilous expedition. He is placed in a basket, and let down, by means of the windlass, from the top of the rock. Suspended by a rope, the least inattention of his companions would precipitate him into an abyss from which there is no hope of escape. The rope, if permitted to touch any part of the projecting rocks, may loosen some portion of them, or may be cut by the sharp points of the stone. In either case, death is inevitable; but this danger has been foreseen; and, to provide against it, he carries with him a pole, by the dexterous use of which he directs his movements, and continues to keep the rope a sufficient distance from the cliff, until he arrives at that part of it on which the birds are settled. Having arrived upon the ledge, an extraordinary sight presents itself; a thousand nests built in every crevice of the cliff, on which the birds, undisturbed by his presence, and little dreading the havoc that will so soon be made among them, remain sitting; numberless others are hovering about in every direction, ready to take the place of whatever bird leaves its nest in search of food. The man immediately begins his operations, by attaching to one of his poles a noose, which he dexterously contrives to throw over the head of the bird nearest to him; as soon as it is removed, its place is immediately occupied by another, which he treats in the same manner, and thus, probably, takes seven or eight off one nest. As soon as he has caught as many as he wishes, he places them in a basket, and makes a signal to his companions to draw it up; the basket is again lowered, and he is raised in the same manner.

In the spring of the year 1830, when the system of outrage and insubordination, which afterwards desolated the county of Clare, under the name of the Terry-Alt System, was in its infancy, the peasantry suffered much from a scarcity of food, and, as usual on these occasions, endeavoured to procure a scanty subsistence by catching birds on the cliffs of Moher. A young man, who had been let down the cliffs early in the morning, on one of these expeditions, and had sent up, in the course of the day, several baskets laden with birds, was at length pulled up in the evening, and brought with him three young ravens, which he had found in the same nest. Two of them were black, and the third, which appeared to belong to the same family, perfectly white. The young man's father, who was on the cliff anxiously watching the safe return o. his son, after looking attentively at the young birds for some time, observed that he was certain strange things would soon happen. He had, he said, seen many a bird, and spent many a day on the cliff; indeed, he said he recollected some fourscore years, and during the whole of that time, only saw one white raven. It came, he said, before the Whiteboys, many, many years ago, and many a sorry heart it left with the grieving widow and helpless orphan; and he insisted that his son should return and replace the ravens in the nest, saying that no good would come to him or his people if this were not done. The young man at first hesitated; but his father conjured him, in the most pressing manner, to obey him; and the old man was observed to drop a tear, as he alluded to the fate of some inhabitant of the village, who had fallen a victim during former disturbances. He at last succeeded in persuading his son to follow his advice, and the birds were safely deposited in their nest on the cliff. In process of time, this ominous bird arrived at maturity, and the old man's prophecy was remembered, when it proved one of the most destructive birds in the country. In the winter of 1830, the Terry-Alts committed several outrages, and seemed, for a time, to defy the law. It was remarked that the proceedings of the white raven were particularly connected with those of the Terry-Alts. While the poultry yard of the obnoxious magistrate, the tithe-proctor, and land-jobber, were desolated, that of the poor man remained uninjured; whenever the Terry-Alts were successful in any public outrage, the raven shewed the greatest signs of joy, and its depredations were immediately redoubled. If any resistance was made to the collection of tithes, it testified its delight in the most remarkable manner: it was seen to precede the march of the tithe-proctor, and, by its hoarse croakings, warned the peasantry of his approach. It even seemed to have a prophetic knowledge of the place where any disturbance would occur, or outrage be committed, and was frequently present at them. Its proceedings were watched in the most anxious manner—its flight in the morning, the way it returned at night, were regularly attended to—and it was observed that it seldom returned without being marked with blood. Early in the year 1831, the special commission partly restored tranquillity to Clare; the Terry-Alts were discomfited, and several of their principal leaders were executed or banished. The white raven appeared to watch the proceedings most attentively. It was seen near the place where any execution took place, and hovered round the convicts sentenced to transportation, for many a dreary mile, on their dismal journey to the place of embarkation. From that period, it became melancholy; it seldom quitted its native place, but sat for hours on the summit of the cliff, as if mourning over the failure of its exertions. After some time, a clergyman of the Church of England, who was on a visit in the neighbourhood of the cliffs, and had heard many stories of the prowess of the white raven,

thought it inexpedient that a bird, who had shewn such hatred to his darling tithes, should escape, and determined to avail himself of the favourable opportunity which the altered habits of the raven presented, for destroying it. For this purpose, he armed himself with a musket, and went every day to the cliff, to watch the white raven. He felt, however, that it would not be perfectly safe to go on this adventure unattended; and, accordingly, the sergeant of the police stationed in the neighbourhood, was summoned to join in the peril and pleasure of the expedition. There were still hopes for the Terry-Alts, and the raven for some time did not allow his pursuers to approach sufficiently near to him. Some weeks were spent by the clergyman and his escort in endeavouring to effect their purpose; but still the watchful raven foiled them, though it was observed that the reverend gentleman spared neither time nor exertion to ensure success. His anxiety to destroy the raven seemed to increase every day. He frequently remained for hours together near the summit of the cliff, watching its return; and it was observed that he kept up a constant correspondence with several of his clerical friends, in which, it was generally believed, the result of his proceedings were communicated to them. This circumstance added much to the interest which the peasantry previously felt in the movements of the raven; and some of them would contrive to remain on an exposed spot near the place where the destroyers of the bird were concealed, apparently employed at some work of husbandry, but really in the hope that their appearance on the cliff would make the raven more wary. At last—on the very day on which the last of the ill-fated Terry-Alts expiated, on the scaffold, those crimes to the commission of which many of them had been driven by misrule and oppression; and when the last of the banished convicts left their native shores, and all that was dear to them, weeping for that country and those friends they were never to see again—the reverend sportsman succeeded. On that melancholy day, when no sound was heard but the wailing of the widow and the orphan, mourning the banished and the dead, the raven, who had been observed in the morning near the place on which the scaffold was erected, and was afterwards seen watching the mournful cavalcade, which escorted to the seashore such of his followers as were doomed to linger out their miserable existence in exile, returned to his solitary cliff, and remained some time gazing on that ocean on which so many of his followers were embarked. The parson and his companions approached; but the raven, though he perceived them, seemed entirely regardless of his own safety, and still looked o'er the waves of the Atlantic, as if they bore all that was dear to him. The parson seized the favourable opportunity, and, levelling his piece, put an end to the mortal career of the chief of the Terry-Alts. He returned back in triumph to the house of his host, much elated with his success; while his companion of the police looked as if he felt he had lost a friend, and that, with the death of the raven, and the discomfiture of his followers, his occupation would cease. Many of the peasantry grieved for the death of the raven, and remarked that it was strange he should be killed by a parson; while others consoled themselves, saying that there were troubled times since he appeared, and that it was always in such times that the police and the tithe-proctors thrived, and the poor man suffered. The gentleman whose guest the clergyman was, not feeling the same interest in tithes, but rather inclined to agree with what were supposed to be the feelings of the white raven towards that impost, did not join in the triumph of his guest. He recollected that, though he lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the cliff, the raven, who passed his poultry yard every day, had, with his usual discrimination, left him unmolested; and, wishing to preserve the memory of this extraordinary bird, had the skin carefully stuffed; and the remains of the white raven may still be seen, preserving, even in death, that look of fierce defiance which distinguished him when living, and seeming to express that, to the latest moment of his life, his hatred of tithes, and all the countless wrongs which oppress the Irish peasant, was as lasting as his love of plunder.

TO THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

SPIRIT! a cry from the earth
Has gone forth for thee!
The throbbings of wo and the thrillings of mirth
Are forgotten for thee!
Though the world is teeming with beautiful things,
With the star that shines, and the bird that sings—
In all that wanders, or walks, or wings
Its way in the earth, or the sea,
Or the luminous folds of the silent sky,
There is beauty to feed the desire of the eye—
But we pant for thee!

Without thee, Spirit! we feel
Forgotten and lone.
Our hearts to thee are true as the steel
To the spirit that sways the stone.
Angel of Liberty! fleet and fast,
Come down on the wings of the chartered blast—
The dreams of the dark and the poisoned past
Will scatter and flee;
And the re-born hearts of repentant men
'Neath the breadth of thy pinions will gather again
New pulses from thee!

Spirit! walk over the West
To our island shore;
Where silence for ever is cradled to rest,
In the ocean's roar!
Come, with thy train, o'er the hyaline sea,
From the homes and the hills of the brave and the free,
Where the demon was strangled that warred against thee!
Come in thy silver car!
Bring with thee peace—or our hearts may grieve—
More fair than the spirit that wanders at eve
In the western star!

Spirit! five mighty voices
Remind us of thee—
My heart and the heart of the world rejoices
To behold their glee:—
There is one, when the tongue of the cloud-belted thunder
Awakens the world with awe and with wonder—
There is one, when the tempest is splitting asunder
The glass of the sea—
There is one of the forests, and one of the fountains,
And one that I heard on my own native mountains,
And thought upon thee!

Some god in the world has stirred—
We receive the sign—
A sound, like the break of a trumpet, is heard—
Was it not thine?
On the mountains a banner is blazing afar—
It glows like the light of a new-born star,
And summons the long-trampled nations to war
For the rights of the free.
Come—for too long has the world been curst—
With the drought of the desert we pant and we thirst,
Great Spirit! for thee.

S. T. C. D.

TO AN EAR OF UNRIPE WHEAT.

WHO pluck'd thee in an idle hour,
As if thou wert a gaudy flow'r,
When flow'rs are rife,
Unmindful of the seeds that twine
Around that wondrous head of thine,
Thou staff of life?

Of native genius early cropped,
By the great spoiler too soon lopp'd,
Ere it was ripe—
Of wit and worth, that could not save
The young and gifted from the grave—
Thou art the type.

Like thee, they bore a precious gem
Upon a tender graceful stem,
Alas, too frail!
That rip'ning store, that unfledg'd pow'r,
Like thine, within a little hour,
Death caus'd to fail.

We dare not mourn—their lot was blest,
Their warm pure feeling unrepress
By life's cold frost;
We dare not mourn—they never knew
The heart's fond pang, the friend untrue,
Or true friend lost.

The world's deceit, suspicion's chill,
The kindly deed repaid by ill,
Were still unknown;
And, snatch'd from bland temptation's pow'r,
No trials dimm'd their sunny hour,
No bitter moan.

Ingenuous, warm, their heart's fair book,
Open to all, no scornful look
Had clos'd in doubt;
Hope's lovely visions written there,
No withering drop of dark despair
Had blotted out.

The flashing eye, the thought of fire,
Doom'd in self-brightness to expire,
Regarded not,
They wist not of—they thought to find
The answering eye, the kindred mind,
On earth's bleak spot.

The world's pernicious creed untaught,
The speech at variance with the thought,
Cost them no sigh;
Like thee, they were untouch'd within,
All blight, but that of native sin,
Had pass'd them by.

Thou diest, and art seen no more;
But they to the pure ether soar—
The land of day;
Where doubts are solved, and light appears,
Where sin and sorrow, grief and tears,
Are wip'd away.

For human lore they no more long,
But learn to sing the seraph's song—
All else forgot;
Their robes of clay now spotless white,
They praise the One Eternal Light!
We mourn them not.

TO O'CONNELL.

"A HUNDRED thousand welcomes!" in the name
Of injured Erin, greets thee, patriot chief;
Fanned into life by no ignoble flame—
No momentary rapture, bright and brief;

But kindled at the altar, where thy vow,
As saviour of thy country, first was made—
At Freedom's violated shrine, where now
The bloodless trophies of thy fame are laid.

Oh, who could see thee in that glorious day,
When shouts of joy were heard around, above,
Nor feel how far beyond a monarch's sway
Is his who revels in a people's love?—

That ever can forget the contrast grand
Of the hushed stillness, when thy voice was first
Upraised to thank us for thy native land,
And when the wrapt and pent-up feeling burst;

Or who, that heard thee speak of Ireland's wrongs,
In thunder peals, which none hath ever woke
But he to whom the hidden art belongs,
To make us feel as if a nation spoke.

But, hark! his hand hath touched a tenderer string,
And music sweet attests his magic power;
The mighty arm that laid the forest king
Low at his feet, hath stooped to pluck a flower.

A wilder strain, and you might almost deem
You saw Rathcormac's murdered patriots walk
Across the stage in funeral garb, and seem,
With their avenger, in familiar talk.

"My country," still was ever on thy tongue,
And through the crowd the soft infection ran;
When, with a pathos minstrel never sung,
Thou toldst us, half in tears, of that old man,

His lovely grandchild used to lead, amid
The pastoral dells, his helpless age to cheer;
And where, awhile from strife and danger hid,
The sweet child's voice was music to his ear;

Till one sad day, the ruthless soldiers laid
His bird of beauty lifeless at his feet;
And, in his blindness, doubly childless made,
Left wandering, staff in hand, from street to street.

How long shall pampered prelates point, for hire,
The thorny way a lowly Saviour trod?
How long intolerant bigotry aspire
To be high priest of Mammon and of God?

How long a Church, by crime and rapine built—
The altars in her temples bought and sold—
Be left to riot in her hideous guilt,
And count her victims as she counts her gold?

But shall O'Connell speak to us of blood—
His country's blood—and we look tamely on?
Shall faction mar the bond of brotherhood,
That pants to see two nations really one?

No; Ireland owes thee much, and England turns
To render thee her grateful homage now;
And with as heartfelt joy, the land of Burns,
Prepares her heathy garland for thy brow.

And from Edina first the greeting came,
To ask thee o'er the Border, to partake
A Highland welcome, and, in Scotland's name,
To hear what she'll endure for Erin's sake.

Oh, is there, then, a miscreant wretch that breathes,
Within whose breast one generous feeling glows,
Dares call him false, for whom a nation wreathes
The Shamrock with the Thistle and the Rose!

POLITICAL REGISTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE PARLIAMENT.—Contrary to our expectation, the Commons have agreed to the amendments of the Lords on the English Incorporation Bill; and, mutilated as it is, it is now the law of the land. We may rest assured that there was good ground for the conduct of the Commons, when it meets the approbation of such men as O'Connell, Hume, Bowring, and Ruthven. The Bill has been received only as the first instalment of a debt due to the people, and it was therefore good policy to accept it, the more especially as the receipt of this instalment enables us the more easily and surely to recover the remainder of our claim from our reluctant and fraudulent debtors. With increased power and renewed urgency, the claim will be again brought forward within less than six months; and then, we trust, the full measure of justice on this question will be obtained. There is much reason to believe that the Tories were outgeneralled in this matter. They expected and hoped that the Lords' amendments would be rejected, and then they would have endeavoured to prevail on the King to dismiss the Ministry. Had they succeeded, they would have dissolved the House of Commons, and made a desperate effort to regain their ascendency, by a new election. They would have perseveringly urged against the Liberal members the rejection of a bill which, though mutilated in the details, is sound in principle, and deals a deadly blow to corrupt influence. The postponing of a new election is of the utmost importance; for, although Scotland and Ireland would, in all probability, return an equal, or greater number of Liberal members than those countries possess in the present Parliament, there is much reason to apprehend that the result might be different in England.

The Session which has now closed is to be valued, not so much for the reforms which have been carried, although these are unquestionably important, but for shewing, in a manner which it is impossible to mistake, the real impediment which prevents us from obtaining the blessings of good government. It is now as clear as noonday that the House of Peers is the real impediment, and all efforts to carry particular measures, as well as all differences among Reformers, should be laid aside, until that master nuisance is removed. Whether this be done by depriving them of the *veto* on a bill passing the House of Commons a second time during the same session, as proposed by Mr Roebuck, by making their Lordships elective by the people, as proposed by Mr O'Connell, or by the simple abolition of the Upper House, is in a great measure immaterial. Provided the House of Lords be dealt with in such a manner that they are incapacitated from obstructing the reforms carried through the Commons, we care not in what form the object is obtained—whether by turning the river into the Augean stable of the Peers, or turning their Lordships into the river.

Since the commencement of the Session, the Tories have suffered greatly in public opinion, and have sustained losses which they will never recover. In the early part of it, they had, under the leadership of Peel, an opportunity of fully explaining their course of policy, and, upon a fair trial, have been found wanting. The discovery of the Orange plot—an armed conspiracy to alter the succession to the throne—and the conduct of the "illustrious" head of that treasonable association must have disgusted and alarmed every one whose political prejudices have not blinded him to the difference between right and wrong. The exposure of the corruptions of Ipswich, York, and Yarmouth, has shewn the base means by which alone the Tories expect to regain their ascendency. The punishment of the corruptionists will deter, in some degree at least, their tools from a similar course of proceeding at future elections; and the Corporation Bill will, with all its defects, abolish Tory influence in a great many municipalities. Above all, Reformers of every degree are now satisfied of the honest intentions of the Ministry; and, in consequence, have united to support them, convinced that, by their continuance in office can alone be obtained good and cheap government.

ENGLAND.

ORANGEMEN.—The number of Orangemen in Ireland is 220,000, almost all well armed. In England, they are estimated at 40,000 in London, and in all 140,000. In Scotland, there are numerous lodges in Glasgow and the neighbourhood, and in the western counties generally. There are two lodges in Edinburgh; but their numbers have not been ascertained.

MR O'CONNELL.—Some time ago, Mr O'Connell was invited by a public meeting of 3000 persons to dine with the Reformers of Edinburgh. This hint was immediately acted upon by the inhabitants of Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, and other places; but in all of them, the rooms selected for the dinner were so confined that only a small portion of those who wished to honour by their presence the greatest and most influential man now existing, were enabled to attend. At Edinburgh, about 1500 persons were present—a number greater than that which attended the dinners in all the other towns put together; and many others would have been present, had the hall fixed on for the dinner (the largest in the city) been capable of containing them.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—A dinner was given to Sir Robert on the 3d September, by about 200 gentlemen, at Tamworth. Sir Robert delivered a long speech in defence of his conduct as Premier, and of his more recent proceedings in Parliament. He dwelt on the necessity of respecting the privileges of the Peers, and endeavoured, somewhat absurdly, to prove that monarchy was better than republicanism, by quoting the accounts of some outrages in America, although these outrages did not arise from any political cause whatever, but from the failure of a bank. Are there no outrages in this country? Does the Ex-Premier forget Lord George Gordon's riot, the Corn-Law mobs, the Manchester massacre, and the daily bayoneting of the peaceable inhabitants by a drunken and licentious soldiery?

SILK.—A company has been established at Norwich, for the production of silk in this country. They have already 1500 mulberry trees, from which they have produced a sample of silk, and sanguine expectations are entertained of ultimate success.

SCOTLAND.

The Tories often assert that the change in the Scotch municipal system has thrown the government of the towns into the hands of persons of small property. Lord Lyndhurst stated this with respect to Glasgow; but was proved to have been misinformed. In Edinburgh, the aggregate rents paid for shops by the members of the old Town Council, within the police bounds, was £1056, while that of the new, is £1556. As to house rents—of the thirty-three members of the unreformed Town Council in office during the year ending November 1833, there were twenty-nine who lived within the bounds of the police, and the present aggregate rents of the houses they occupied, amount to £1,209, giving an average of £41 : 13 : 9, each. Of the thirty-three members of the

present Council, thirty-two live within the bounds of the police, and their aggregate house-rents amount to £1466, giving an average of £45 : 16 : 3, for each. Whether, therefore, we take shop-rents or house-rents as the criterion, the new Council decidedly surpasses the old in respectability.

GLASGOW.—There is more building going on in this city than at any former period, not excepting the year 1825. The city is extending most rapidly to the north-west. In Edinburgh, building has almost entirely ceased for several years, and there is no prospect of its being again commenced.

EDINBURGH COUNTY.—The total claimants admitted to the registration roll are 228. Of these, there are in the Liberal interest, . . . 146
In the Tory interest, . . . 79
Majority of Liberals, . . 67
Claimants unknown or undeclared, 3.

At the last election, Sir George Clerk polled 565, and Mr Gibson-Craig 534 votes, giving a majority to the former of 31. The new Liberal voters registered will turn the scale, and give the Liberal candidate a majority of 36 at next election.

IRELAND.

Mr Thomas Moore, the poet, has received from Government a well-merited pension of £300 a-year.

Mr Perrin has been appointed one of the Judges of the Irish Court of King's Bench; Mr O'Loughlen, Attorney-General; and Mr Richards, Solicitor-General.

The Belfast election has been decided in favour of Mr Dunbar, the Tory candidate. His opponent was Mr Tennent, a Liberal.

The O'Connell Tribute for the year 1834, amounts to £13,454.

THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The Government law against the press has been voted in the Chamber of Deputies by a majority of 226 to 153. The security for payment of fines has been increased from 2000 to 4000 francs. This alteration will, of itself, extinguish many journals. That an explosion may shortly take place is very probable. The secret associations in Paris have increased rapidly since the tyrannical proceedings of the Ministry have commenced. Louis Philippe appears to be afraid to shew himself in public, confining himself almost constantly to his Palace. The French Ministry has refused to comply with the urgent request of the Spanish Government for the loan of an army to put down the disaffected of all opinions.

SPAIN.—The accounts from the seat of war are favourable to the Queen's cause. Don Carlos, at the head of a considerable body of men, was defeated on the 2d Sept. at Los Arcos, by General Aldama, with the loss of 150 prisoners, 180 killed, and about 400 wounded. Another engagement between the Queen's troops and the Carlists took place in the neighbourhood of St Sebastian's, on the 4th inst. The latter left 1400 prisoners in the hands of General Evans, besides a large number killed on the field of battle. The British Legion had 160 men killed. The consequence of these victories has been the withdrawal of the Carlists from before Bilboa to the mountains. The Queen Regent of Spain has had a child to Colonel Munoz. Efforts are making in Spain to get rid of monarchy, (a form of government sinking rapidly in popular estimation throughout Europe,) and to establish a number of federal republics in its place. In Cadiz, Barcelona, Saragossa, Granada, Malaga, and many other places of the first importance, juntas have been chosen, who act independently of the Government.

PORTUGAL.—Some large sales of national property have taken place. At first, the prices were low, but, subsequently, a considerable quantity of land was sold at three times the valuation. These sales will have the effect not only of replenishing the Treasury, but also give stability to the Government; for the purchasers of the national property will naturally support it, to secure their own acquisitions. The Miguelites purchased freely; and hence it is concluded that they consider the chance of the monster's return hopeless.

UNITED STATES.

The excitement on the subject of the slave question continues to increase. On the 11th of August there was a large meeting of planters and slave-holders at Charlestown, on the subject of the attempts made in the north to effect the abolition of slavery; and it was the unanimous resolution of the meeting to break up the Union rather than allow any interference in the management of the slave population. Measures were also taken to prevent the circulation of publications advocating the abolition of slavery. The northern States appear to have taken the alarm at the spirit shewn by the slave-holders. On the 21st August, a great meeting was held at Boston, at which resolutions were passed, condemning, in strong terms, the conduct of the abolitionists, and stating their reprobation of all attempts to coerce any of the States to abolish slavery by appeals to the terrors of the master or the passions of the slave. Similar meetings have been held in several other towns. The slave question seriously endangers the existence of the Union. We earnestly hope it may be speedily and satisfactorily settled.

WEST INDIES.

The accounts of the working of the new system of negro labour continue favourable. The habit of working for wages is quite general, and the idea that the apprentices would decline working at all during their own time, has been shewn to be erroneous. In Jamaica the produce is one-sixteenth under that of last year; but, as none of the canes remain uncut, the deficiency is to be attributed, not to the change of system, but to unfavourable weather.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

Much dulness and languor has prevailed for some time at Manchester. It extends to yarns and manufactured goods of every description, and prices have, within these few weeks, fallen five or six per cent. At Leeds, stocks are very low, and there is a brisk demand for winter goods. At Bradford, the demand for the middling and lower qualities of merinos is greater than can be supplied. At Rochdale, there has been a partial turn-out of the weavers; in consequence, the buying of flannel has become brisker than it has been for some weeks. At Paisley, the demand for weavers is greater than can be supplied. Trade is brisk, particularly in the richer descriptions of harness, and the only article which is flat is silk gauze Trade was hardly ever better at Birmingham than at present; workmen are becoming scarce, and their wages are nearly equal to what they were during the war.

AGRICULTURE.

In East Lothian, wheat does not present the equal plump sample exhibited in former years, and much of the crop is of an inferior quality. Oats are deficient both in straw and in grain, but barley is a good crop. In Fife, the quality of new wheat is very variable; a great proportion of it is shrivelled and stained, and the quantity will fall short of what was anticipated. Turnips and potatoes are likely to be a deficient crop, having been stinted by the long protracted drowth. All the grain crops were much blackened by the heavy rains on the 25th and 26th of August. In England nearly the whole crop was housed in the best condition. The accounts of the produce vary greatly—some representing the crop to be more than an average, others complaining that it is deficient both in quantity and quality. In Scotland, owing to the showery weather, fully two-thirds of the crop, even in the early districts, still remain in the field. It has, of course, suffered much in the colour, and a considerable loss has also been sustained by growing.

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